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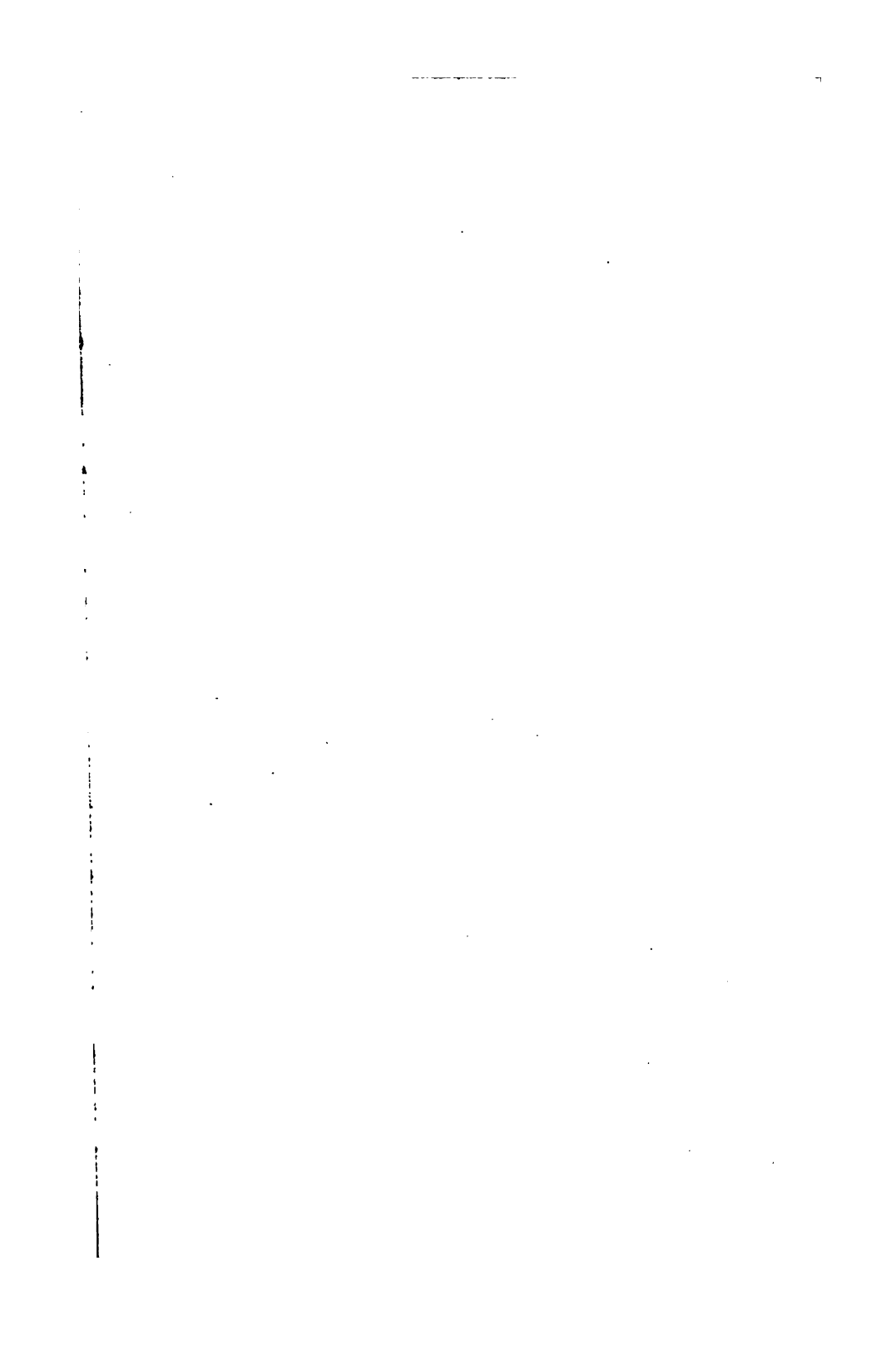


THE GIFT OF
ALBERT ARNOLD SPRAGUE
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A Merry Xmas
Stanley Field
Dec 1895.







Attack on Count Fersen.

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1863

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REMARKABLE ADVENTURERS

AND

UNREVEALED MYSTERIES.

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"THE WORLD'S MINE OYSTER."  
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BY

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

"Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Farolles, live.

* * * * *

There's place, and means, for every man alive."

All's Well that Ends Well.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1863.

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Albert A. Sprague

PREFACE.

THE following work is the result of many years' random readings and research. During a lengthened residence on the Continent, I had opportunities for coming across quaint books and materials which are not often consulted by Englishmen, and it eventually grew into a habit to enter in a common-place book every passage which appeared to me to contain any novelty about the class of adventurers who flooded Europe during the last three centuries.

Much of the matter offered in these volumes is, I think, novel: while in those chapters more familiar to the English, but which my scheme did not allow me to omit, I have done my best to exhaust the subject, and bring together every scrap of information which may prove of the slightest use for elucidating a mystery.

It will be, probably, objected that I have not faithfully adhered to the promise of my title. My original intention was that the book should be composed exclusively of the lives of adventurers; but, as it progressed, I found it assume such a sombre hue, that it was absolutely necessary to lighten it by a few more

cheerful pictures, such as the memoirs of Prince Kaunitz and others. Still, I do not think that my readers will be disposed to blame me on that account.

That the scene of so many of the adventurers is in Germany may be explained partly by the nature of my reading, which has been to a great extent in the old literature of that country, partly by the fact of such a swarm of princes residing there, who were the predestined prey, as it were, of all the rogues and knights of industry who preferred to gain a livelihood by any other means than honest industry.

In conclusion, it is but right to add that several chapters have already appeared in periodicals and other literary organs: in the majority of instances, however, these have been revised and additions made.

As it is possible that errors of date may have crept in, in spite of all my care, I would ask the critics kindly to remember that the persons with whom I principally deal had an interest in keeping their past career concealed; and hence it is a matter of extreme difficulty to arrive at satisfactory *data*.

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

Drayton Terrace, West Brompton.

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REMARKABLE ADVENTURERS.

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"THE WORLD'S MINE OYSTER."  
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CHAPTER I.

FALSE DAUPHINS.

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THERE are two classes of pretenders : as regards the first, not the slightest doubt or difficulty can be raised as to their individuality. They are truly what they say they are. What is discussed and denied is their right, and even though, in the eyes of some persons, this right is indisputable, they are still unable to exercise it, and this is a state of things which in public right possesses far greater importance than in private right. In our century there has been no lack of such pretenders, or, to speak more correctly, of these sovereigns *de jure*, who were not so *de facto*.

The other class of pretenders is composed of individuals who pass themselves off for a person who is generally supposed to be dead, or else has disappeared for a long time amid circumstances which have remained enveloped in a great deal of mystery and obscurity. In our days, when publicity plays so important a part in everything, and with our judicial formalities, so multiplied and so precise, these individuals have become extremely rare in civilized states. Still, we saw, not so very long ago, a whole series of men, who issued from the humblest classes of society, claim one of the most brilliant thrones in the world, and each try to palm himself off as the heir to that throne, who had been supposed dead for many years. A characteristic feature of our age is, on one hand, that not a single one of these individuals has succeeded in establishing even a temporary possession on these claims, as the most enigmatical of all known pretenders, the pseudo Waldemar, or the false Demetrius, was able to do in former times; and, on the other hand, it has not been found necessary to employ with any one of them the extreme measures which were formerly used against the false Sebastians, Warwicks and Peters. They have been left at peace, or have merely been brought before a magistrate; for it was thought that the humiliating and degrading manner in which they were treated would be the best method of putting a stop to their claims and pretensions. In acting thus, we think that the wisest course was selected.

If such facts could occur in our days and under such

circumstances, they could only happen through the exceptional character of the period in which the death of the person represented occurred. In fact, it required nothing less than the terrible direction taken by the French Revolution, and the universal overthrow which its successive phases produced, for it to be possible some day to raise doubts as to whether the only son of the King of France died, or did not die, at a given moment, in the capital of the old kingdom of his fathers. Most of the historians, and especially those whose statements possess the greatest weight, do not hesitate to regard these doubts as perfectly ridiculous, and utterly devoid of basis. In this we believe that they go too far; not that we are ourselves disposed to express similar doubts, but we are compelled to allow that it is not perfectly demonstrated that the death of Louis XVII. is an indisputable fact, or at any rate that it happened at Paris on June 8, 1795, in the Temple.*

We know that this unhappy prince was left in the

* Louis Charles, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born March 27th, 1783, at Versailles, and first bore the title of Duc de Normandie. His elder brother dying on June 4, 1789, he became Dauphin. He is represented as a lad in flourishing health, with a character full of liveliness, and a most cheerful temper, which caused the brightest hopes to be formed, even during his captivity, so long as he was not separated from his parents; for his judgment and strength of mind had been singularly developed by the circumstances. He followed his family to the Tuileries, Varennes, and the Temple. In June, 1793, he was separated from his mother, and placed in the hands of a brutal cobbler, of the name of Simon. The end of the Reign of Terror (July, 1794) delivered him from the tortures which this wretch made him endure. But it was too late, and, according to the generally received opinion, he died on June 8, 1795, of physical and moral exhaustion. His corpse, it is said, was buried in the cemetery of the parish of Sainte

most cruel abandonment, especially after the separation from his mother. A few rare friends of the family alone took an interest in his fate, but were unable to approach him, because the entrance of his prison was closed against all, excepting a few individuals belonging to the most abject classes, who took a delight in tormenting and maltreating him. Nearly two years passed thus, either because the royal child was forgotten amid the tempest which assailed the new government from all sides, or else because the republicans displayed a certain ostentation in behaving to the youngest scion of a dynasty which had governed France for a thousand years as if he were an orphan belonging to the dregs of the people. Perhaps, too, the Jacobins, who were then in power, or the secret instigators of whom they were the unconscious instruments, had conceived the Machiavellian plan of getting rid of the young prince by gradually enervating him physically and intellectually, instead of having direct recourse to assassination. At any rate, when the men of the Terror were overthrown, the maltreatment ceased; and, after a visit paid to the Temple by some members of the Convention, among whom was Barras, the position of the unhappy captive was slightly ameliorated. He was daily visited by a civil commissary, selected in turn from a list of two hundred and forty-eight individuals. Condemned to an isolation in which he had no means of

Marguerite, and placed in the common grave, where it was carefully covered with lime; hence, when an exhumation was attempted in 1815, nothing was found. *Cfr.* Eckard's '*Mémoires Historiques sur Louis XVII.*' (Paris, 1813), and the '*Journal de Cléry.*'

amusement or instruction, coming scarce into contact with other human beings, and deprived of almost all attention, the Dauphin, it is said, eventually fell into a state of complete atrophy, mentally as well as physically. His strength was almost entirely gone when, in the course of February, 1795, his condition was made known to the Convention of Paris, who instructed the celebrated physician Desault, to go and see him : but the latter declared that he had been called in too late to be of any service to the patient.*

Now, a fact at once offers itself here, which has been amply commented on by those who doubted the prince's illness and death. Desault died on June 1st (according to others the 2nd, and even the 4th), and the same fate befel his intimate friend, the apothecary Choppard, on the 9th. Both died suddenly and under circumstances which excited suspicions of poisoning. Many writers assert that these suspicions have no connexion with the question of the Pretender, and add that the autopsy of the bodies made by the surgeons in no way confirmed them. This would not signify much under the supposition that the poisoning had been effected at the instigation of the men then in power ; but it proves at any rate that these two successive deaths appeared

* According to the report addressed in the name of the Committee of Public Safety to the Convention by Sevestre, this visit did not take place till after April 20, 1795. We read in it : " For some time past the son of Capet had been incommoded by a swelling in the right knee and wrist. On the 15th Floréal (April 20) the pain increased ; the patient lost his appetite, and fever supervened. The famous Desault, officer of health, was sent to see him, and prescribe for him, &c."

suspicious. Many legitimist writers have profited by the uncontested existence of these suspicions to declare that Desault was poisoned, because he refused to murder the prince, or that he was put out of the way for expressing too loudly his indignation at the ill-treatment to which the Dauphin was subjected. According to another version, Desault told his friend Choppard that the boy shown to him as the Dauphin was not that prince, but a lad substituted for him, and that both lost their lives in consequence of such a revelation. A certain M. Estier, who formerly resided at New York, is said to have made a declaration at London on May 22, 1843,* to the effect that Dr. Abeille, a physician of New York, stated to him that he had been one of Desault's pupils, and was certain that his master had not recognized the Dauphin in the boy introduced to him, that he imparted his suspicions to a friend, and was poisoned in consequence.† In consequence of this, he, Abeille, had considered it prudent to go and settle in America.

Doctors Pelletan and Dumangin were then appointed, on June 5th, to give the aid of their skill to the prisoner, but he died on the 8th. Neither of the two physicians had ever seen the Dauphin previously. On June 9th

* Gruau de la Barre's '*Intrigues dévoilées : ou Louis XVII., dernier roi légitime de France.*' Rotterdam, 1846-1848.

† In the declaration of the Sieur Estier, the young prince is designated by the name of Duc de Normandie, which he bore before he became Dauphin through the death of his brother. In this slight inaccuracy we find a motive for believing in the veracity of the declaration; for had it been pure invention such a mistake would have been carefully avoided.

Sevestre, in the name of the Committee of General Safety, announced to the Convention the illness and death of the "son of Capet." After the details we have already quoted in a note, he alludes to the nomination of the two physicians, and adds: "Their bulletins, dated at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, announced symptoms which caused fears for the patient's life; and this afternoon, at a quarter past two, we received the news of the death of the son of Capet. The Committee of General Safety has instructed us to inform you of it; all proper evidence has been taken, and the depositions will be lodged at the Archives." We notice here a slight contradiction; the death, according to the depositions, took place *at about three P.M.*, and yet we see by Sevestre's report that the Committee of Safety was acquainted with the fact *at a quarter past two*, although the Tuileries, where the Committee sat, was a considerable distance from the Temple.

The examination of the body was made by MM. Dumangin, Pelletan, Jeanroy and Lassus, doubtless perfectly honourable physicians or surgeons, and all attached to the hospitals or professors, but not one of them had ever seen the prince previously. In their report they say expressly, and certainly in a very striking manner, *that they found on a bed the body of a boy who appeared to them to be about ten years of age; that the Commissaries declared to them that it was the corpse of the deceased Louis Capet, and two of them recognized the boy as having attended him for several days.* All this, however, does not constitute a certain proof that the body was

really that of Louis XVII. The report, moreover, refers to the state of the body; and among the details into which it enters we will more especially refer to the passage in which it is stated that the brain and the various organs connected with it were in a perfectly healthy state.* It ends by the conclusion that the accidents described in detail are evidently the result of a long-standing scrofulous malady, to which the death of the lad must be attributed.

This last assertion appears somewhat strange; for, on one hand, all the information we possess as to the young and happy years of the prince represent him as a boy strongly built and in flourishing health, which he did not cease to enjoy during the whole period that he remained with his parents; and, on the other hand, the reports dating from a later period make no mention of a disease, which we are told was of long standing. After the death of Robespierre, the members of the Convention visited the Temple; and though they state in their report that they took pity on the state of neglect and abandonment in which the Dauphin was, and recommended his better treatment in future, there is not a word relating to his state of disease. On December 19th, 1794, the members of the Committee of General Safety, as well as the Deputies to the Convention, Harmand, Mathieu, and Reverchon, again visited the

* This part of the report would contradict, up to a certain point, the data according to which the lad, owing to the ill-treatment and severity shown him by Simon and his wife, as well as the vicious habits he had been forced to contract, had fallen into such a state of consumption that he at last lost his intellect and the use of speech.

Temple, with the express purpose of assuring themselves as to the real situation of the young prisoner. The cause for this visit, as they themselves declared to him, was that the Government had been informed *too late* of his bad state of health, as well as his refusal to take any exercise or answer the questions asked him. They found him (or, at least, they found the boy who, as they were told, was the Dauphin) well dressed, and playing with a pack of cards in a clean, cheerful room. Their entrance did not produce the slightest impression upon him ; he gave no answer, either verbal or by signs, to the most friendly questions, and merely looked very intently at his questioners. It was only when they drew nearer to him, and ordered him in a firmer and more imperative tone to show his hands and feet, and walk, that he obeyed. They discovered tumours on his elbows, wrists, and knees, but these did not appear to be accompanied by pain. He had a very rickety aspect ; his thighs and legs were long and wizened, as were his arms ; his body was short, his chest high, his shoulders thin and close together ; his head was very fine ; his complexion was clear but pale, and his hair was long and silky, well-tended and of a bright auburn. No reply or sign was obtained from him to the effect that he understood what was being said to him, and no one thought of attributing this silence to any physical or intellectual infirmity ; they only saw in it a resolution not to speak again made by the prince on the day when Hébert and Simon constrained him to sign a dishonouring accusation against his mother (October 5th,

1793). Now, the description given of this lad, it is said, does not at all agree with what is known of the Dauphin's appearance. The President of this Commission, who behaved very kindly to the young prisoner, was sent a few days after on a mission to Brest, and did not return to Paris until the Dauphin had long been dead. It is impossible that at this period the prince's malady could have made any great progress, since it was not till four months later that a physician was sent to him, after a visit paid him by an official on March 16th, 1795. On this occasion he behaved very differently, he looked at no one, seemed quite dull, but at least answered "yes" sometimes. He ate and drank with appetite, played with his visitor's little dog, stood for a long time at the window, and appeared generally phlegmatic, desponding, and discouraged.

The act of declaration of the decease, besides, does not prove anything of itself, for it is based on the testimony of Etienne Lasne, porter of the Temple, and an employé of the name of Remy Bigot. The first styles himself a neighbour, and the other a friend, of the defunct. The document bears date June 12; it is consequently four days posterior to the prince's presumed death, and three to the autopsy. What proof is there that this Bigot, who was never mentioned before or ever again after, had really seen and knew the prince? As for Lasne, who was still alive in 1834, and figured as witness at the trial of one of the pretenders, Baron de Richemont, and declared that the prince died in his arms, the friends of Louis XVII. answer that he only entered the Temple

a fortnight before the prisoner's death, and up to that time had only noticed the Dauphin once playing in the garden. This Lasne also asserted that, on his arrival at the Temple, the boy was perfectly well ; while it is declared, on the other hand, that it was a notorious fact that he had been pining away for several months ; so that it was found necessary to call in a physician in April, and from that time he grew worse and worse. Such are the gaps and contradictions noticed in the evidence produced in the case of a death, a regular proof of which, however, was of such importance for the negotiations the republic was carrying on at the time, both with the Vendée and foreign states.

It is a certain fact, in addition, that immediately after the asserted decease of the prince a rumour spread that he was not dead ; and even admitting that the rumour emanated from some devoted partisans of the fallen dynasty, the measures taken by the Republican Government could only give the rumour consistency. A certain Morin de la Guérivière, at that time ten years of age, was travelling under the charge of a M. Jenais-Ojardias. On reaching Thiers, this Ojardias, who was obliged to go further on some personal business, and did not wish to take the lad with him, confided him to the care of a friend, Barge-Réal by name. The gendarmes, who had surrounded the boy when he got out of the carriage, and followed him to the house where he was to stay, heard Barge-Réal say that he regarded the boy as a *sacred trust*. The circumstance was at once reported to the authorities, and a municipal decree informed

Barge-Réal that he was henceforth responsible to the nation for the boy who had been entrusted to him. Still, Ojardias had no sooner returned than he obtained the quashing of this decree, by an order bearing date July 10, 1795, the original of which is still in existence. It reads textually: "I authorize you to annul the orders which confined the boy to the house of M. Barge-Réal, as well as any which may have been issued against the liberty of Ojardias;" which proves that the order pre-eminently referred to the boy. This Morin de la Guèrivière, we may remark, afterwards became a fanatic partisan of one of the false Dauphins, Baron de Riche-mont, and we may be permitted to presume that this accident of his youth, engraved on his memory, induced him to act thus.

Another boy was also arrested at Chalons in 1800, who was believed to be the Dauphin, and who was taken to Vire. A description, dated September 10, 1800, roundly designates him by the name of Louis Charles de France, and asserts that he had on his right thigh a tattooing representing *fleurs-de-lis*, surmounted by a royal crown and surrounded by the initials of his own names, and those of his father, mother, and his aunt Elizabeth. It is also stated that an individual, of the name of Léon-Louis Maillard, and who was still living in 1840, was arrested about the time of the Dauphin's presumed death by order of the Committee of General Safety, because he was taken for the prince. There is, also, in the archives of the Angoulême Courts a rescript, by which that tribunal, long after June 8, 1795, ordered

the liberation of a lad, because it was proved on examination that he had been wrongly taken for the Dauphin.

We will merely mention in passing, and without laying any stress on the fact, that the proclamations and manifestos of the chiefs of the Vendée were for a long time issued in the name of Louis XVII., as if those chiefs were ignorant of his death, and still presumed him to be living.

Among the persons who tried to pass themselves off as Louis XVII., Naundorff, the clock-maker, is assuredly the one whose fraud has been least proved judicially, if indeed it has been proved at all; and we are bound to confess that great mystery and obscurity still prevail about his individuality. It seems certain, that, in spite of all the researches made at various times, and with the greatest care, to discover who he really was, it has been impossible to go back in his early life beyond the year 1812. At that period he left Berlin to go and establish himself at Spandau, where he obtained the right of citizenship, without any inquiry being made, as the law prescribed, as to his origin and conduct previously to that time.

Though the organs of the French Government asserted on two different occasions that the more than humble origin of Naundorff had been perfectly proved in Prussia, this fact is in reality corroborative of his statements and declarations. In truth, the successive assertions of the French police are virtually refuted and annihilated by the flagrant contradictions which they

offer. Thus, we are first told that Charles William Naundorff was the son of Charles Naundorff, a locksmith, and was born in 1786 at Neustadt-Eberswald; that he learned at an early age the clock-making trade, and continued to carry it on till 1806; that when Spandau was captured by the French he enlisted in a free corps, which the latter organized there; that he then formed the acquaintance of an officer of the name of Maressin, who tried to pass himself off to him as the Dauphin, or at least to make Naundorff believe that he had been intimately acquainted with that prince; that, in 1810, he returned with this Maressin to Spandau, where he started again in his trade; that Maressin eventually persuaded him to give himself out as the Dauphin, supplied him with the necessary information as to the localities, and then started for France, to prepare the way for him, and that, nevertheless, Naundorff remained at Spandau, where he acquired a right of citizenship in 1812.

Then, according to another version equally offered as authentic, we are told that Naundorff belonged to a Jewish family of Polish Prussia; that he went to Berlin in 1810, and resided there for two years; that he then turned hawker of wooden clocks, and falsely passed for his wife the widow of a soldier, Christina Harfert; that in 1812 he went to Spandau, where he became a citizen; and lastly, that at the period of his marriage in 1818, he declared that he belonged to the Augsburg Confession, and was forty-three years of age, or, consequently, born in 1775. These two statements offer numerous contradictions; in both we find details about

Naundorff's birth, the correctness of which the Prussian Government would not have had the least difficulty in proving, and that would at once have destroyed Naundorff's pretensions and disillusionized his adherents. The second statement, on the contrary, is contradicted by a letter from the Minister Von Rochow, who, writing on August 27th, 1840, declares that the Prussian Government never asserted that Naundorff was of Jewish origin, and that he was not aware of any fact which could serve as basis for such a statement. What is true is solely that Naundorff, after living in Berlin from about 1810 to 1812, settled in Spandau in the latter year, became a citizen of that town, carried on the clock trade, and that so long as he resided there he was known as an artisan, esteemed by his fellow-citizens, and even well regarded by the higher classes. But, in that case, his perfect knowledge of French, his skill in speaking and writing it, his education evidently superior to the class in which he was born and always lived, and which enabled him to familiarize himself with the slightest details of the French Revolution, are facts as remarkable as they are difficult of explanation. However this may be, we prefer to let him tell his own story than receive it through the mediation of his historiographer, M. Gruau de la Barre.

We will begin with his name. He calls himself Charles Louis, while the prince for whom he wishes to pass is generally known by the names Louis Charles. In order to explain this contradiction, he states that he was baptized by the names of Charles Louis ; but that,

on the death of his elder brother, the king, to soften the queen's sorrow, said, "The Dauphin shall always be Louis." Hence the introversion effected in the order of his Christian names; and it was not till he had written from Prussia to the different members of his family that he re-established them in their primitive order. He attaches great weight to his knowledge of this trifling family detail, while his various rivals allowed themselves to be drawn into error by the almanacs, &c. It is certainly a point which is not without weight. If the prince really received at the baptismal font, and bore the names of Charles Louis, it is evident that by this very fact the Pretender proves his perfect acquaintance with the family affairs of the Bourbons. Still, it was not at all a family secret, and besides, we do not see exactly why he afterwards departed from an arrangement made by his father, though it is true that it no longer had a motive. If his assertion be incorrect, it looks very like a clumsy expedient employed to cover, by the aid of a necessary falsehood, a fault committed through inadvertence, and consequently it at once destroys the faith we might be disposed to set upon his declarations.

We do not conceal from ourselves that a very serious fact in support of this reflection is, that in all the almanacs and genealogical books published from 1785 to 1789 which we have been enabled to come across, we have always found the names written in this order—Louis Charles. It is possible, we grant, that the Pretender, who in any case would only know the fact by

hearsay, was himself deceived about a detail, or, again, that the mistake was made by the almanac. Still we cannot exactly see how the idea could occur to him that it would be to his interest to commit an inaccuracy so easy to avoid, or to differ on this point from the generally received opinion.

The recollections which he has retained of the early years of childhood are psychologically correct. They are attached to various historical events, which are doubtless well known, but which were of a nature to produce the liveliest impressions on him : for instance, the moment when Louis XVI., after the day of August 10th, sought an asylum in the hall where the National Assembly held its meetings ; the flight to Varennes ; the queen's secret interview with Mirabeau, of which he was the sole witness ; then, several other circumstances, unimportant for history, but of a nature to engrave themselves deeply on the memory of a boy, especially when his mind was over-excited by the events being accomplished around him. Now, amid these real events, he remembers exactly what was adapted to strike a child. In his narratives we see nowhere a pretension to know things which it was improbable that he could remember, and these different narratives fit into each other so well that, if they are invented, the mere invention demanded a skill and denotes a strength of intellect which are not to be found in the arguments of the Pretender, in whom we doubtless recognize a well-educated and sensible man, but of very ordinary calibre as regards intelligence and sagacity.

The recollections of the Temple are more precise and consecutive, but here again refer to facts in which the prince was himself employed by his parents. Another very remarkable circumstance is the exactness and striking manner with which he describes, in the slightest details, and as only a person who had resided there for a long time could do, not only the internal arrangement of the apartments inhabited by the royal family in that building, which still existed at the commencement of the Empire, but even the peculiar use made of the smallest corner by the inhabitants of the sorrowful place to hide things from the cognizance of their gaolers. On this head, Gruau de la Barre, the devoted advocate of the Pretender, quotes a fact which we will state here, because it would not be difficult to verify it.

A certain Bulot, a tinman by trade, who had the care of the Temple lamps from 1792 to 1797, and who declared the doubts raised as to the death of the Dauphin supremely ridiculous, was one day, during the Pretender's sojourn in Paris, brought into his company, in the presence of M. Bourbon-Leblanc, and a republican of the name of Fougère, but of course did not suspect who he was. The conversation was directed to the Temple, and Bulot at once began recounting his personal reminiscences; but, on his making an incorrect statement, the Pretender interrupted him, and, to his great surprise, rectified his statements by giving such a minute and exact description of the building as it was in 1792, and relating so many private circumstances, that the old man's eyes filled with tears, and, falling on his

knees, he exclaimed through his sobs : “ *You can only be the son of Louis XVI.*”

Is the story true ? or was it from his conversations with this Bulot that the Pretender acquired the intimate knowledge which he displayed on all relating to the interior of the Temple ? This would be easy to verify, especially if this Fougère be still alive. The Pretender passes over all that relates to the period when he was placed in the charge of the brutal Simon, which can be easily explained from a psychological point of view, because that period was not only painful, but also degrading for him, and belongs to that period of his misfortunes whose memory weighed most heavily upon him ; and he says of his torturer : “ That coarse man did me a deal of injury, but he was less cruel than many others.”

Another fact which we will mention, as possessing a certain psychological importance is, that he has only retained from that period one recollection repugnant to any delicate mind, when he tells us that he saw Simon and his wife lying on his father's bed, at the foot of which his own flock bed was laid. Simon's wife favoured his flight, which, as he tells us, was mainly the work of Josephine Beauharnois, Hoche, Pichegru, and Frotté. The principal instrument employed to effect it was Simon's successor, the Creole Laurent, for whom Josephine obtained the situation through the protection of Barras.

Thus represented, the escape of the prince does not appear utterly improbable ; but gradually accessory circumstances spring up in various passages of the narra-

tive, which render it more and more confused, and we no longer understand how the affair took place. In the first instance, we are told that the saviours of the prince did not at once get him out of the Temple, but limited themselves to concealing him in a small room situated beneath the roof of this prison, where he remained for several months, while they made the government believe that he had escaped. Upon this, the men then in power resolved to keep the escape a secret, and for this purpose substituted for the fugitive a dumb boy, whom Josephine Beauharnois procured.

This boy was the one whom the Commissaries of the Convention saw in Dec. 1794, and from this time only persons initiated in the secret, or individuals who did not know the prince, were admitted into the prison.

But, in spite of these precautions, the rumour spread that the real prince was no longer in the Temple. Hence, the government, in order to be able to announce to France and Europe that the Dauphin was dead, decided on killing the dumb lad, and in consequence deleterious substances were mingled with his food. Desault administered an antidote, and at the same time declared to his friend Choppard that the lad he was attending was not the son of Louis XVI., and it was therefore resolved that Desault and his friend should die too. Then the government, whose anxiety was growing,*

* What could men, who had not hesitated to cut off the head of father, mother, and aunt, have to fear from a boy of ten years of age? Were they afraid, perchance, that France, at the sight of the royal orphan, would rise as one man to hurl them from power, and re-establish the old

substituted for the little dumb boy, who would not die so easily, another lad, quietly selected this time from a Parisian hospital, and who was in a very advanced stage of illness when he entered the Temple. Finally, on the other hand, when the friends of the young Dauphin had succeeded in concealing him under the roof, they substituted for him in the prison another lad, trained to play his part. The box employed to bring in the latter was used to carry off the dumb boy, whom influential persons delivered for a heavy sum to the friends of the young Dauphin, who, having never seen him, believed that they were in possession of the heir to the throne.* The person entrusted with this delivery, a man of the name of Jean Paulin, carried the dumb boy to Josephine Beauharnois, whose terror was extreme on perceiving the error which had been committed.

This is not all: the third boy, the little patient from the Hôtel Dieu, whom it was thought advisable to substitute for the little dumb lad who declined to die, and whose mother had a garden at Versailles, could not disappear suddenly without somebody inquiring what had become of him. Hence a healthy child, fetched

order of things? This is an absurd supposition. Were they not perfectly well aware that by the old monarchical law there could be no vacancy of the throne, and that when Louis XVII. was dead his agnates were *ipso facto* invested by order of primogeniture with all his rights?

* We elucidate, to the best of our ability, Gruau de la Barre's very obscure and confused narrative; but we confess that we do not understand for what object this substitution could have been effected, nor do we know what can have become of the lad substituted in this way for the Dauphin.

from the Foundling, was substituted for him. The newspapers of the day, if we may believe our author, even mentioned as a species of prodigy that a boy, who was in a desperate state at the Hôtel Dieu, had completely recovered his health in two and forty hours.

In the meanwhile the boy fetched from the Hôtel Dieu, and passed off for the Dauphin, who still remained in hiding under the roof, really died in the Temple on June 8, and the autopsy reported to the Convention was made upon him. On the day fixed for the burial, at a very early hour, the persons implicated in the plot of escape took his body out of the coffin and placed the real prince in it. As for the body, it was secretly interred in the Temple gardens; and Napoleon, we are told, who afterwards had it exhumed, assured himself fully, by the complete agreement between the remains found here and the report of the autopsy, that things had really happened as Josephine described them to him. Then the coffin, which the government agents believed to contain the corpse, was taken to the cemetery of Sainte Marguerite. But the prince's friends had concealed in the vehicle employed for the purpose a box filled with waste paper. On the road they took the prince out of the coffin and put the waste paper in, in his stead, while the Dauphin was concealed in the box. It was this coffin, filled with rubbish, that was buried, while the box containing the prince was taken away. The latter was then disguised as a girl, and conveyed in another coach to a place of safety. Jean Valjean's escape

from the convent is but a pale invention by the side of this wondrous tale.

Our readers must not suppose, however, that we have yet finished with this terrible *imbroglio*. We hear of several other lads sent at the same time into the provinces in different directions, in order the better to throw out the persecutors of the royal orphan. It is to the employment of these various instruments of plot and counter-plot that the partisans of the Pretender partly attribute the great number of rivals, who afterwards tried, and possibly in good faith, to pass themselves off for him.

Although all these complications appear very obscure and entangled, although we do not see their object, and they are of a nature to make us doubt strongly the truth of the whole story, we are still compelled to allow that it was not necessary to accumulate so many improbabilities to serve as the basis of a fraud ; that, once a resolution was formed to cheat, it would have been easy to give a far more probable aspect to the invention ; and lastly, that what is improbable is not on that account impossible. It was, in fact, an affair in which all, in order better to insure its success, were bound to try and deceive each other, and over which the deepest mystery must necessarily brood. Consequently, it was permissible to employ very strange ways and means, which under other circumstances would appear utterly improbable.

It is thus that the Pretender's life, especially from the moment when he quitted the Vendée, up to his

arrival in Prussia, presents many episodes of a romantic nature, intermingled with a multitude of obscure and highly improbable details. But we must add that none of them are radically impossible, strictly speaking, and that their falsehood has never been absolutely demonstrated.

Once escaped from the Temple, the Pretender states that he remained for some time in Paris, concealed in the house of a Swiss lady. He then reached the Vendée and was received into the chateau of M. Thor de la Sonde, where he had a lengthened illness. When he was cured, the favourable moment had passed away. The recollections he has preserved of his solitary, but generally calm and happy life in the Vendée, are very insufficient and obscure; but this circumstance can also be explained psychologically. Charette came to see him once, and at a later date he was confided to General de Frotté. The Marquis de Brizes also paid particular attention to him. It was at the house of the latter nobleman that he met a young lady of the name of Marie, and a pretended gamekeeper, who was no other than the Count de Montmorin, who eventually became his most faithful guardian and protector.

From the Vendée they all proceeded together to Venice, and thence to Trieste and Rome, where Pope Pius VII. took them under his protection. They could not accept any other protection, because, on one hand, the uncles of Louis XVII. regarded his friends as their most determined foes; and, on the other, there was reason to fear that the European Powers, with the exception, per-

haps, of Russia, might be disposed to sacrifice the prince to political considerations; lastly, because the prince would have most certainly been assassinated if it were known where he was. At Rome he declares that he was at first concealed in a monastery, and afterwards went to reside with his protectors in an isolated country-house. They were joined there by the Swiss lady who had sheltered the Prince when he escaped from the Temple, and who in the interval had married a clock-maker. It was in this way that the Pretender learned German, and acquired the first notions of clock-making.

When the Pope was made prisoner in 1798, the prince and his friends were exposed on all sides to treachery and persecution. Their house was burnt down; the Swiss lady and her husband died suddenly on the same day; the Marquis de Brizes and his daughter were poisoned—we are not told, though, where or how; and the prince, who embarked for England,* was captured at sea, taken back to France and imprisoned. He did not deny his origin, but repulsed all the attempts made to induce him to give up the names of his protectors. Transferred to another prison, he asserts that he was treated there in a manner which the most refined cruelty and the most infernal cunning could alone imagine. His face

* The circumstances of this episode are surrounded by even greater obscurity than the others; for the author of the '*Intrigues Dévoilées*,' while passing before our eyes the slides of his curious magic lantern, and describing to us the scenes which they represent, has only forgotten one thing; that is, to place the smallest candle-end in the interior of his machinery. Thus, he does not tell us by whom the prince was accompanied on this unlucky voyage, nor how M. de Montmorin succeeded in escaping.

was pricked all over by instruments resembling boxes of needles ; and, when it was entirely covered with blood, it was washed with a sponge impregnated with some peculiar liquid. The result of this operation was, in addition to atrocious pain, to make his face swell, which henceforth retained a bronzed hue ; and for many years he looked like a person who had been attacked by small-pox.*

At length, in 1803, M. de Montmorin obtained by the intercession of Josephine, who had become in the interval Madame Bonaparte, and of Fouché, the Police Minister, the liberation of his prince ; and it was then resolved that he should go and join the Duc d'Enghien at Ettenheim. Prior to this, in order that he might recover a little from his fatigue and sufferings, he was concealed in a sure asylum ; but uncle Louis, who had assumed the name of Louis XVIII. and the title of King of France, having discovered this asylum, they were compelled to fly once more. In the neighbourhood of Strasburg, the Pretender was again arrested, conducted to the citadel, and thence transferred to Vincennes, where he was plunged into a gloomy and damp dungeon. He was left to pine there till about the year 1809, when the faithful and devoted Montmorin managed to get him out once again and take him to a secure place. The individual who had served as gaoler at Vincennes eventually fled the country, and M. Appert, another adherent

* We must remark that the sole persons in the world who could have an interest in committing such a crime were the two princes, brothers of Louis XVI., themselves at that time fugitives, but who for all that found in certain republican officials convenient and discreet instruments for their Machiavellism. This is certainly remarkably probable.

of the Pretender, afterwards learnt in Switzerland that this man, having got into trouble with the police, when called upon to declare where he had passed the years from 1804 to 1808, replied that during all that period he had been employed in guarding the son of Louis XVI. at Vincennes. The famous German refugee, Stromeyer, so well known for his repeated quarrels with the various police corps of his fatherland, also declared that he had known this man, and heard him tell the same story.

The Pretender had scarce recovered his liberty ere he had a long and dangerous illness, during which the police looked after him in all parts of Germany. When he at length regained his health in the spring of 1809, he started for Frankfort with Montmorin, who told him that Josephine consented to the captivity which he had undergone because Napoleon had always led her to hope that her son Eugène would inherit the empire; but so soon as she acquired the certainty that the Emperor was thinking of a divorce she had helped in procuring him his liberty.

They then proceeded together towards Bohemia, and, after long detours, they met in a small town in the Elbe valley a man who introduced them to the Duke of Brunswick, and the latter gave them letters of introduction to the Prussian court. After residing for some time in a small town on the Austrian frontier, and being unable to obtain leave to take up their abode in Dresden, they at last reached with great difficulty Prussia, where they fell in with Schill's corps. They remained with

it up to the moment when Schill, pursued more sharply than ever by the French, sent them off with an escort commanded by a Count Veptel, Vedel, or Wedel. Surprised and attacked on the road by a detachment of French troops, Montmorin was killed in the skirmish, while the prince, seriously wounded, lost his senses and also remained on the ground. When he recovered he found himself in a hospital, whence, in spite of his extreme weakness, he was transferred to Wesel. There he was condemned, with other men who had formed part of Schill's corps, to the galleys for life, and shortly after he was on the way to Toulon. Midway, they were obliged to send him to hospital again through a serious illness, the result of his wound and fatigue. In this hospital he met a certain Frederick, who had been one of Schill's hussars, and the pair contrived to escape. After crossing a great part of France without obstacle, they reached the Westphalian territory. There, his faithful comrade in misfortune was arrested by the gendarmes: as for himself, aided by a shepherd who took pity on him, he succeeded in reaching Saxony. One day, when, utterly exhausted with fatigue, he was resting on the high road near a small monument erected to the memory of Luther, a carriage drawn by post-horses passed him. The person inside permitted him to get in, and urged him to see what the havresac of his comrade Fritz might contain: he found in it one thousand francs in gold.*

The individual in the post-chaise asserted that he

* Here evidently Gruau de la Barre exaggerates the range of human credulity and stupidity by telling us such absurdities.

belonged to Weimar—but, our author adds, the authorities of Weimar at a later date declared this to be false—and that his name was Naundorff. It was in his carriage and with his passport that the Pretender reached Berlin, where naturally the police, before granting him a permission to reside, asked him for the documents with which our advanced age of civilization expects a man to legitimate himself in Prussia. Then he asserts that a certain Madame de Sonnenfeld, to whom this enigmatical Naundorff introduced him, and who continued to keep house for him so long as she lived, advised him to go honestly to the prefect of police, a gentleman of the name of Lecoq, and confide his story to him. The Pretender consequently handed to the prefect, as evidence, the various papers and documents which he had been able to preserve through so many dangers and difficulties sewn up in his coat-collar. The prefect at once recognized the handwriting of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette: he took away with him the queen's letter to show it to Prince von Hardenberg, and from that time the Pretender was never able to recover it.* M. Lecoq, seeing the impossibility of granting him right of citizenship in Berlin unless he produced the requisite documents, advised him to settle in some small town in the vicinity of the capital, and to keep the name indicated on the passport lent him. He gave him

* In 1810 this Lecoq was not yet prefect of police at Berlin. In 1810 he could not have called Von Hardenberg prince, because he did not obtain that title till 1815. These may be only mistakes of memory on the part of M. Gruau de la Barre, but they seriously injure his narrative.


a clock-maker's licence in that name, also provided him with money, and recommended him, in the event of the authorities of the place where he intended to settle asking him for his papers, to restrict himself to telling them that he had deposited them with the prefect of Berlin.

The Pretender remained very quiet in Berlin till 1812, when he went to settle at Spandau; and, on a simple certificate from Lecoq, attesting his irreproachable conduct, he was admitted a citizen of that town on December the 8th. The documents quoted in support of this fact are really curious, always supposing that they are authentic. The authorities of Spandau, by-the-by, wrote his name Nauendorff, and not Naundorff. In this town he was easily enabled to satisfy his wants by carrying on his trade, for he was protected by Burgo-master Kattfus and other personages of distinction. His hopes were then rekindled by the turn which political events had taken, and he consequently wrote to Lecoq and Hardenberg, but obtained no answer. After the recapture of Spandau, he wrote to the King of Prussia and the Emperors of Austria and Russia; but it was equally useless. He asserts that in 1809 and 1811 these sovereigns had been informed of his claims, either by M. de Montmorin or M. Thor de la Sonde, the Vendean.

In 1815 a French officer of the name of Marsin, or Marassin, who was returning to his country after being a prisoner in Russia, arrived at Spandau. As Naundorff had had opportunity to do him a service in 1812, this Marassin went to see him, and was most kindly wel-

comed. His host having confided his secret to him, Marassin devoted himself entirely to his cause, and Naundorff resolved to employ him in paving the way for his own return to France. He gave him money and the letters which might be useful for his mission, at the same time as he informed the Duchesse d'Angoulême of the speedy arrival of his emissary. But Marassin was never seen again. If we may believe M. Gruau de la Barre, the police, after arresting him at Rouen, mysteriously got rid of him, and substituted for him one of their own agents, a certain Mathurin Bruneau. In 1818 the Pretender again wrote to his self-called uncles and to the Duc de Berry, offering to surrender his claims to the throne in favour of his uncles and his cousins, the Ducs d'Angoulême and Berry; as well as their descendants, in case that, on the death of the Duc de Berry, his eldest son was twenty-five years of age. In the contrary event, he reserved to himself the exercise of the rights of sovereignty up to the day when his cousin attained his twenty-fifth year. All these letters remained unanswered.

His faithful Sonnenfeld having died in 1818, the Pretender henceforth resolved to give up the lofty sphere for which he was born, and contract a marriage in the citizen class. Still he again wrote to his pretended sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to inform her of the great resolution which he thought it his duty to take; and as his family still remained obstinately silent, he married, on the 18th October of the same year, Jane Einert, a poor but respectable girl of the



artisan class. He declares that on this occasion he was not called upon to produce his baptismal certificate. When he became a father, the desire of rescuing the fortunes of his descendants was aroused in him again with fresh energy, and toward the close of 1819 he wrote on this subject to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and in 1820 to the Duc de Berry. He declares that the latter prince answered him this time, but, unluckily, never produced the letter. As for Hardenberg, he continued to maintain the same silence as in the past.

About this period Naundorff resolved to settle at Brandenburg, owing to trifling disputes which he had with sundry citizens of Spandau over the election of a certain Daberkow as burgomaster. He supported this gentleman warmly, who gained a majority of votes, but was not accepted by the government, because, we are told, this Daberkow protected Naundorff against the system of persecutions which they had now resolved to organize against him. Hence, in 1822, Naundorff was accepted as a citizen of Brandenburg.

. Then commenced a long series of new tribulations and persecutions, for which he gives as primary cause the appeals which he did not cease to make to the reigning family of France, although the paltry low intrigues and vulgar crimes employed against him seem highly improbable. Thus, he purchases a house, and all at once he is mixed up in a lawsuit about a trifle, which, however, keeps him enchained to the territory of Prussia, which is dragged by all the dilatory processes suggested by chicanery, and which he only

gains when he is in prison for other causes. In the first place he lodged with the ex-director of the post, a man of the name of Shernbeck. A robbery was committed in his house, and suspicions were directed upon Naundorff, who succeeded in discovering that the culprit was the robbed man's own daughter. He himself was also robbed of a large number of watches. After that the theatre, close to which his shop was, caught fire: he left the house in great alarm with his family, and during his absence his stock in trade was carried off. He was accused of being the incendiary, although the investigation did not supply the slightest evidence against him. Two men, of the names of Engel and Lydow, were arrested for passing bad money, and one of them, in his examination, pointed out Naundorff as the manufacturer, though the latter declares that the real culprit was probably the father of the accused, who had been condemned in 1805 for a similar offence.

Naundorff was thrown into prison, and, according to his statement, his examination was conducted with as much harshness as partiality by one Schulze, councillor of justice. What appears proven is, that the researches made during the course of the trial for the purpose of discovering Naundorff's real origin did not produce the slightest result. After all, sufficient motives could not be found to find him guilty of the charge, but "considering," the sentence runs, "that, in the course of the investigation, he has shown himself an *impudent* liar, in wishing to pass himself off as of princely birth

and a member of the Bourbon family," he was sentenced to be imprisoned for a certain period in a house of correction. While there he attracted the attention of a Baron von Seckendorf, who was at the head of the establishment: this gentleman gave him his entire sympathy, and continued at a later date to offer unequivocal proofs of it. This protector obtained the revocation of his sentence, and he was set at liberty in 1828, but was interdicted from living in Brandenburg or the vicinity of Berlin. During this period, as we may suppose, his little property was quite exhausted, and his family were reduced to the last stage of misery.

After this Naundorff lost a small situation which Seckendorf had procured for him at Gassen, and he went to establish himself at Krossen. In this town, Petzold, the syndic and commissary of justice, first felt an interest in him and then completely espoused his cause. This official wrote to princes and ambassadors, and would not let himself be intimidated by the personal threats of a Prince Carolath, so intense was his conviction of the innocence and rights of his client. But this protector died in 1832, from a violent cholic, with which he was attacked after swallowing a cup of broth.

At this period we see a certain Lauriscus mixed up in the Pretender's affairs, who had long before worked in his house and promised to devote himself to his cause, with the most minute details of which he was intimately acquainted: but he, too, died a month

after, and with equal suddenness. Seals were placed on all the papers in his house, and Naundorff was never able to obtain the restitution of his own. The latter was therefore reduced to a state of utter abandonment, and, as an anonymous letter warned him that he was about to be imprisoned in some fortress, he resolved, toward the close of 1832, on proceeding to France.

The Pretender arrived at Dresden almost without any resources, and the steps he took to obtain audiences from the various members of the royal family brought upon him a police order to quit the Saxon territory forthwith. He attributes this result to the intrigues of Father Kunitz, the king's confessor; but he allows that his passport had only been countersigned for Berlin. A man whom chance brought him across then obtained for him by stratagem a passport signed by the French minister at Berlin. The kindness of a clergyman of Friburg, whom another accident caused him to meet on the road, supplied him with the necessary means to continue his journey in the company of a large number of Polish emigrants, and after an infinitude of adventures, accidents, and asserted persecutions, which he constantly escaped in a miraculous way, he at length reached France.

We are next told, though in a manner as obscure as it is confused, that the Pretender was expected, and that there was an intention of procuring him an interview with the Duchesse de Berry, who was at that time in Brittany. But all these schemes failing, he considered it prudent to go for a while to Switzer-

land, whence, after taking the precaution to change his name, he reached Paris on May 26th, 1833. At first he lived in a state of great wretchedness, from which he was drawn by the sister-in-law of a M. d'Albouys, who had already entered into a correspondence with Syndic Petzold, after what she had read in the papers. He was introduced by this lady to a certain Madame de Rambaud, who had not quitted the Dauphin from his birth up to August 10, 1792, and next to Mlle. Marie de St. Hilaire, who had also known the prince in his childhood.

Madame de Rambaud at first evinced considerable incredulity, but, on seeing certain marks of which she alone was cognizant, and after the answers given by the prince to different questions which she asked him with the greatest dexterity, she was fully convinced, and became one of his most fervent partisans. The St. Hilaires, also, before surrendering, behaved with infinite caution.* It is impossible for us here to record all the peculiar circumstances which gradually caused Naundorff to be recognized by a number of persons as the veritable son of the martyr king. Some old childhood's comrades of the prince, who had since attached themselves to the fortunes of other governments, on the contrary, avoided him with the greatest care; and that fraction of the legitimist party which only regarded legitimacy as a

* On the other side, it is asserted, we must allow, that in all this there was merely an intrigue got up by a small knot of legitimists, who only wished to employ Naundorff as an instrument, and regarded him either as a scamp or a monomaniac.

means to serve its own interests would not listen to a word about him. Among those who recognized him, we will mention more especially M. de Brémont, who had been private secretary of Louis XVI. from 1788 up to August 10, 1792; next, M. de Joly, one of the king's last ministers; and lastly, that old mason of the Temple, Jean Paulin, who notoriously took a most active part in the different efforts attempted in favour of the royal family, and whose testimony, we are assured, confirmed several important circumstances of the story of the escape. We must also add that, possibly, many persons attached themselves through motives of personal interest to the cause of the Pretender, in the same way as many others deserted it, because their personal interests found no satisfaction.

The Pretender and his adherents repeatedly bestirred themselves to gain over the Duchesse d'Angoulême to his cause. If we admit—which, however, is formally denied by the Pretender—that she regarded him as an impostor, his persistence in wishing to have an interview with her must have been extremely painful to her: and we can easily understand the disdain with which the princess repulsed every attempt of this nature. But if it be true that the duchess proposed to have an interview at Prague, to test the revelations which he would only make to her personally, while he asked that it should take place at Dresden, we cannot exactly see why she did not consent. She risked nothing in going to Dresden, while there would have been danger for him in proceeding to Prague. In 1834, she certainly visited

Dresden, but left again so soon as she learned that the Pretender was about to arrive.

The situation of the prince's family improved so soon as he found partisans. The Baroness de Genères, a niece of Madame de Rambaud, resolved, in 1834, to go herself to Krossen, and devote herself to the education of his children. In April of the same year she removed Naundorff's family to Dresden, where she spent several years with them, and the resemblance of the children to the Bourbon family gained them considerable sympathy. Dr. Von Caro, among others, the celebrated Carlsbad physician, took a lively interest in them and their cause. Among the believers we may also mention Generals Von Gablentz and Von Leyser; Chamberlain Von Schorlemer, and a Herr Von Langerke. It was probably owing to this influence that one of Naundorff's sons was admitted as a pupil at the military school of Dresden.

It is also added that the Saxon government peremptorily repulsed all the remonstrances addressed to it by the French government on this subject. It was not so easy, however, to dismiss the claims of the Prussian government, although we cannot understand exactly by what title or for what purpose Prussia could demand the extradition of Naundorff's wife and children as Prussian subjects, as, in 1833, the father, who was at that time in Switzerland, formally repudiated that qualification. The Saxon government, therefore, did not hand them over, and restricted itself to refusing the Naundorffs a prolongation of the permission of residence, while allowing them

to go wherever they thought proper. The members of the Naundorff family, therefore, proceeded to Switzerland, and afterwards rejoined their head in England.

The Pretender's historiographer tells us that during his stay in Paris his prince had been the object of various attempts at assassination, and on this subject enters into details which are very lengthy, but neither explicit nor interesting. Naundorff was also obliged to defend several lawsuits, and, on this point, it is worthy of remark that, while the French government had eagerly brought all the other pretenders before the police magistrates as rogues and vagabonds, Naundorff, even though he petitioned the Chambers, and founded a paper to defend his cause, was never arrested. It seems, on the contrary, as if the government wished to avoid bringing him before the courts, while all his efforts tended to make himself the pedestal of a political trial. Finally, in 1836, the authorities, when they could not fall back any further, got out of the difficulty by having Naundorff conveyed across the frontier. It was only then that his favourers and adherents were brought to trial; but nothing came of it. The chief editor of his newspaper got a warrant out against him, but he was acquitted.

In London, whither Naundorff then proceeded, he was again the victim of various attempts,* found no influential protectors, and gradually fell into great straits; in the first

* His adversaries asserted in the papers that these were pure mystifications of which he was himself the author. The very extensive details into which Gruau de la Barre enters on this head, if they are correct, do not at all agree with such an assertion.

place, because he kept up an establishment, in accordance with his social claims; and next, because he spent large sums in mechanical experiments. In the end, he settled at Delft in Holland, where he died on August 10th, 1845. He figures in the registers of that town with the names and titles which he asserted that he had a right to assume.

Judging from the portrait engraved on steel of Naundorff, his face had the Bourbon type. His character is greatly praised, and he appears to have been excessively kind-hearted and obliging. As for his intellectual faculties, we cannot agree with his adherents; for we have not read a single sentence of his rising above mediocrity and conventionalism, or that does not belong to the stereotyped commonplaces used by what are termed "good kings and worthy men." Admitting that there was no fraud on his part, we must allow that during the greater part of his life his behaviour and demeanour were unpretending, and combined dignity with simplicity and moderation. It was only towards the close of his life, when all his illusions faded away in turn, that we see something of the adventurer in him; and a curious circumstance worth noting is, that it was only at a very late date that he began to talk of the large sums of money held in trust for him, and which were kept back. Possibly this results from the fact that he only heard of them from M. de Brémont, Louis XVI.'s ex-secretary. On the other hand, from his earliest youth he evinced the greatest liking for mechanical inventions, in which pursuit he resembled Louis XVI.

All these facts are lengthily narrated and defended in the work of M. Gruau de la Barre, which we have so repeatedly quoted : a work which, through its size, the form given it, and the circumstance that it was not published till after the decease of the person who is the hero of it, and who died in indigence, it would be difficult to accuse of being merely a publisher's speculation, and hence itself constitutes one of the thousand enigmas of this enigmatical history. It contains a multitude of letters, statements, documents, and assertions to which we have not referred, and which, could their authenticity be demonstrated, would prove at the least that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, and that, up to a certain point, it is probable that Naundorff was no other than Louis XVII. But who guarantees their authenticity? and, yet, we ask ourselves for what object, when a cause was so desperate, and after the death of a pretender, whose children have even less chance than he had, so many falsehoods could be framed, and so many false documents fabricated?

Still, there are at the present day many persons in Europe in a position to answer positively the chief questions raised in this affair. It is but reasonable to suppose that the various considerations which formerly induced them to be silent have now disappeared; and, in spite of the political insignificance which this matter may possess under existing circumstances, it is still desirable, in the interest of historic truth, that it should be thoroughly investigated, and any discoveries made published. With each year that passes away such in-

quiries naturally become more difficult. Besides, if the data in M. Gruau de la Barre's work are correct, much precious information must exist in the secret archives of England, the Papal States, Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

Besides, it is not merely a question about this Naundorff and his pretensions. Even were he an impostor, or merely a monomaniac, it would not necessarily follow that everything stated by himself and his adherents is pure invention, and consequently unimportant. He may have been induced to become a monomaniac, or commit a fraud, through private and true information which he managed to procure about many things which had remained enveloped in mystery and obscurity. The persons who employed him as a tool may have initiated him into these secrets; and even though the main facts were false, there might be a good deal of truth in the statements produced in support. M. Gruau de la Barre's work will, in any case, serve as a species of commentary on an entire series of apocryphal or suspicious memoirs, about which this author tells us that their writers did not know the truth, or did not know it entirely, or else did not wish to tell it—memoirs, whose manifest contradictions, reticences, and improbabilities find very natural explanations in this work, so long as we do not hesitate to believe in its statements. M. de la Barre also amply discusses the claims of his hero's rivals, and we will mention in a few words what the generally received public opinion says of them.

The first whom he brings on the scene is Jean Marie Hervagault, son of a tailor of Basse-Los, and born in

that village on September 20, 1781. After running away from home in 1796, he gave himself out as the son and heir of some great family, first one and then the other, and lastly as Louis XVII. Many of the provincial gentry accepted his statements as true, and gave him a most hearty reception. After being arrested several times on a charge of vagabondage, and being released by his father's interference, he was at length sentenced at Rheims, in 1802, to four years' imprisonment for swindling. He never mixed himself up in politics; but for all that Napoleon had him confined in Bicêtre, where he died in 1812.

Mathurin Bruneau was born, it is said, in 1784, at Vezins, and was the son of a clog-maker. He, too, ran away from home in 1795, and, after wandering about for some time, was arrested in 1803 as a rogue and vagabond. He joined the marine artillery, but deserted and went across to America; he did not return till 1816, but he was then provided with a passport, in which he was described as Charles de Navarre. He then gave himself out as Louis XVII., persisted in retaining this character before the correctional police and in prison, and also found partisans. In 1818, the Police Court of Rouen condemned him to seven years' imprisonment, which he expiated at Mont St. Michel. When set at liberty, he is said to have taken to his father's trade.

The pretender who asserted the highest claims was Henri-Ethelbert-Louis-Hector Hébert, a native of the environs of Rouen, at first a clerk in the Prefecture of

Rouen, as the information supplied about him by the police informs us, and then proprietor of a glass manufactory at Lesuire. He called himself Louis-Hector-Alfred, Baron de Richemont, Duc de Normandie, and forwarded in 1828 and 1829 petitions to the Chambers, in which he claimed the recognition of his titles and rights. According to his statements, he was brought up by Kléber, whom he had served as aide-de-camp, and went in 1808 to America, whence he returned in 1814. Though kindly welcomed by Louis XVIII., he was repulsed by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and was arrested in 1821 on Austrian ground, where he shared the captivity of Silvio Pellico and De Witt de Dæring. It is a very curious circumstance that, long prior to the trial of Hébert, called Baron de Richemont, Dæring confirmed the truth of the latter assertion, simply, and without any premeditation: they had met in the citadel of Milan. Silvio Pellico made the same declaration. Hébert defended his cause in pamphlets and memoirs; and, being tried at the assizes in 1834, was sentenced to twelve years' detention. He, however, escaped from prison and took refuge in England, where he lived very comfortably, but was, it is said, the object of attempted assassinations in 1838 and 1843. He died in the same year as Naundorff, 1845.

Naundorff, or his biographer, asserts and tries to prove, by a very detailed comparative examination of the declarations made by these three individuals, by information supplied about them, and several other circumstances, that Hervagault, Bruneau, and Hébert, were only

one and the same person, whose real name was the first of the three. Hervagault was the boy whom Frotté and Paulin introduced into the Temple on June 4, 1795, to play the part of the prince, when, after the escape of the latter, his hiding-place in the Temple ran a risk of detection. This Hervagault was also got out of the Temple, and was then carried to Charette, who treated him for some time as the real Dauphin, in order the better to secure the latter's asylum. At a later date he fell into the hands of government, who made him one of its secret police agents. In this capacity he in turn served Fouché, Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe, all three comprehending how useful it was to have at their disposal a false dauphin to oppose to a real one.

In this way the authorities brought him out whenever they required his services, and pulled him back when the farce was played out, leaving him at liberty to assume another mask when the first was worn out. But Hervagault also lied on his own account. In any case, there exists a very remarkable letter, if it be authentic; for it proves that in 1808, or the period when it is asserted that Hervagault was in Bicêtre, he was put on board the *Calypso* frigate for America, whence we know that Bruneau returned in 1816. The arrival of Bruneau coincides with the period when Naundorff began at Spandau his measures to have his individuality and rights recognised; and this Bruneau was employed to foil the steps taken in Naundorff's name by Marassin, his agent. By producing these two false dauphins, whose deception could be so easily proved, government

wished to discredit the real one beforehand. If it was necessary, they were tried and sentenced, but were soon set at liberty again. Such, at any rate, is the explanation given by M. Gruau de la Barre on the subject of the co-existence of the two false dauphins.

Since then, another claimant has appeared in the person of a Rev. Eleazer Williams, a missionary among the Choctaws, whose claims have been very warmly taken up by the American press, and whose story was told at length in the first number of 'Putman's Monthly Magazine.' His claims are probably just as well founded as those of Naundorff; at any rate, his story is more "slab," to use a Yorkshire expression; but, for all that, we may be permitted to give our opinion that, whether the Dauphin of France really exist, in himself or his descendants, the wisest thing that they can do is to keep their claims quiet, if they wish to remain on the safe side of a lunatic asylum.

CHAPTER II.

CARDINAL ALBERONI.

The war of Succession—Diplomatic adventurers—Origin of Alberoni—His education—The Duc de Vendôme—Alberoni in Spain—Philip V.—The Princess Ursini—Elizabeth of Parma—Diamond cut diamond—Diplomatic intrigues—War between England and Spain—Admiral Byng—The Cellamare conspiracy—The Regent of France—The Duc du Maine—Cardinal Dubois—The roués—Cellamare—France declares war with Spain—The Duke of Berwick—Fall of Alberoni—His exile—His old age and death.

THE interval that elapsed between the end of the Spanish war of succession and the Austrian war was probably the most fertile the world has known in adventurers, intriguers, and political speculators; while men who, at other times, would have acted in a way that became statesmen, descended to the same trickery. In these great wars the principle at stake was the maintenance or overthrow of the political balance of Europe; but, during the interval that separated them, the sole questions involved were such as were regulated quite arbitrarily, and depended on the situation of the moment.

In the details we find a predominant mania for territorial aggrandizement and intrigue. There were at that

time so many instances of fantastic plans : of strange combinations : of alliances concluded and broken on a sudden : of exchange of provinces whose inhabitants were bartered like sheep : that a school of diplomatic adventurers was formed, who, by flattering the mania of their masters, enticed them to join in the wildest schemes, which perturbed all the courts of Europe—the adventurers themselves being the only persons who derived any profit from the mysterious transactions. The peace of Utrecht, while regulating the more important questions, had left some subordinate details in suspense. The project makers, consequently, had a fine time of it ; the more so because there were at the head of affairs in most of the states peaceful men, deficient in energy, and ready to yield to the slightest pressure, in the hope of escaping from interminable wars.

This will explain how it was that Spain, a country which, from the death of Philip II. up to the extinction of the House of Hapsburg, had only attracted the attention of Europe by its decadence, was yet enabled to impart a decisive direction to the course of events, and implicate many other states in its intrigues, as well as in the new interests which it had contrived to institute in Europe. Our attention is especially concentrated upon a personage who, under other circumstances and at another period, might have been a great statesman, but who, owing to the conditions under which he was destined to display his activity, was led to employ means only befitting a political adventurer.

Jules Alberoni, son of a poor gardener, Jean Marie

Alberoni, and his wife Laura, was born on May 31st, 1664, in one of the suburbs of Piacenza. He grew up without any education, and at first helped his father in his humble avocations, for which he showed but slight inclination, though from an early age he displayed excellent abilities and a desire for learning. At the age of twelve he was appointed to assist the sacristans of the two parochial churches in their duties, and thus attracted the notice of a priest, who taught him to read and write. At a later date he acquired the rudiments of Latin from the Carmelites della Carità, and eventually entered the Jesuits' College. It also appears that he temporarily acted as cathedral bell-ringer. Through his talent, his love of learning, and his agreeable manners, he gained numerous friends and protectors; and a member of the Criminal Tribunal, Ignazio Gardini, protected him so warmly, that when he lost his situation and was obliged to return to his native city, Ravenna, Alberoni followed him. At Ravenna he formed the acquaintance of the vice-legate, Count George Barni, who chose Alberoni as his intendant when he was appointed Bishop of Piacenza. But such a position could not satisfy Alberoni for long; in 1690 he took orders, and, owing to the influence of his protector, he obtained a small cure as well as a prebend. Afterwards, he accompanied the bishop's nephew to Rome, where he learned French, among other acquirements. He also formed the acquaintance of Count Alexander Ronconieri, who was appointed to accompany the hereditary Prince of Parma on his travels. This new acquaintance was destined to exert a

marked influence over Alberoni's existence : for when he returned to Piacenza, the Duc de Vendôme was at the head of a French army in the Duchy of Parma. The duke entrusted the negotiations with Vendôme to Count Ronconieri, and as the latter gentleman did not understand French he employed Alberoni as his interpreter. Through his pleasant, hearty humour, which at times made him descend to buffoonery, and his skill in preparing with his own hands certain Italian dishes, which tickled the jaded palate of the epicurean, Alberoni succeeded in gaining the good graces of the French commander-in-chief. By the advice of Ronconieri, the Duke of Parma entrusted to Alberoni the entire management of the affair, with a special salary ; he also gave him a canonry, and furnished a house for him in the capital where he could receive his military guests. A contemporary chronicler says of him : "His jovial humour pleases the French officers ; they amuse the Duc de Vendôme by repeating to him Alberoni's jests, clever repartees and sallies ; his person is as comical as his conversation, for he has a clumsy head set on wide shoulders, with a short neck, and his complexion is a dark brown."

Our adventurer became so intimate with Vendôme that, when the latter was recalled from Italy in 1706 to take the command in the Netherlands, Alberoni followed him and acted as his secretary in the other campaigns. Presented and recommended to Louis XIV. by his patron, he received from the Grand Monarque a pension of 1600 livres. When Vendôme, after two years' inaction, was

sent to Spain in 1710, to try and re-establish the affairs of Philip V., which were in a desperate state, Alberoni again followed his protector, who recommended him on several occasions, and in the most pressing manner, to the courts of Versailles and Madrid.

Philip V., owing to his want of energy and melancholy humour, was compelled to undergo the impulse of somebody, and preferred that this somebody should be a lady. His clever wife, Marie Louise of Savoy, and her camerera mayor, the Princess Ursini, who ruled the whole court, undertook the duty at this period. Vendôme constituted Alberoni his agent with the princess, and the crafty Italian soon managed to gain her confidence and favour. When Vendôme died in his arms, Alberoni's first care was to hurry to Versailles, to give any information that might be required, and he obtained fresh rewards and recommendations to the court of Madrid. After this he succeeded in settling a dispute between the Spanish government and the Duke of Parma in favour of the latter, who appointed him his resident minister at Madrid.

On the death of Queen Marie Louise, who was as sincerely regretted by the Spanish nation as by her consort, Philip V. was under the exclusive influence of the Princess Ursini, and when the latter was compelled to find him a new wife, she determined to select the lady herself. She wanted a princess of a small house, who joined to personal charms a character so gentle and a capacity so negative that she might be easily led. The princess spoke to Alberoni on the subject at the very

moment when the funeral procession of the late queen passed them, and told him of several princesses whom she had thought about. Alberoni raised objections to them all; then, after passing the different royal families in review, he mentioned, as if accidentally, Elizabeth Farnèse, daughter of Odoardo II., Duke of Parma, and niece of the reigning duke, and added, carelessly, "She is a stout Lombardese wench, bred on Piacenza cheese and butter, brought up at a washing-tub, and ignorant of everything but sewing and knitting." He also made the princess understand that the selection of Elizabeth Farnèse would supply them with plenty of claims upon Italy. It must be confessed that this scheme of Alberoni's appears to have been a very rash and unreflecting step, because, if he served Madame Ursini honourably, he could certainly count on the continuance of his fortune and influence. He was perfectly well aware that the information he gave her was in every point false; that Elizabeth Farnèse was as clever as she was ambitious, and that he would be hopelessly lost if Madame Ursini learnt the truth in time. One thing that favoured him was that the princess, through fear of France and Austria thwarting her plans, managed the affair with the greatest secrecy, and intrusted to Alberoni the negotiations with Parma. Still, it was three months ere she could resolve to let the king marry again, and even then a Papal dispensation was needed. Everything was arranged, however, and the indispensable notification was given to France, who consented with very ill grace. It was only when the matter was

quite ripe that the princess learned that she had been grossly deceived on the subject of the real character of the future queen, and that she must not hope to exercise the slightest influence over her. A courier was at once despatched to Parma, bearing the necessary instructions to delay the marriage. This courier only arrived on the very day on which the ceremony was to be performed by procuration; the nature of his instructions was suspected, and he was delayed at the gates for twenty-four hours, during which the marriage was celebrated by the Bishop of Imola. As Philip V. himself manifested his pleasure, the Princess Ursini was obliged to conceal her vexation.

The young queen passed through France, where she spent two days with the queen-dowager of Spain, an Austrian princess, who apparently did not speak favourably of the Princess Ursini. On reaching the Spanish frontier she dismissed all her attendants, except the Duchess of Piombino, and took a Spanish suite, and at Pampeluna she met Alberoni, to whom she handed a patent as count, and his appointment as Parmese ambassador at Madrid. It is stated that during the journey she received a letter from her husband the king, in which he earnestly recommended her to get rid of the Princess Ursini, because if she spent two hours in her company she would be fascinated. This advice did not emanate, as has been repeatedly asserted, from Alberoni, for the latter raised many objections, which were defeated by the peremptory terms of the king's letter. The princess was shortly after discharged with great ignominy.

The princess naturally drew down in her fall the cabinet of which she was the soul. On the proposal of Alberoni, the portfolio of foreign affairs was given to Cardinal del Giudice, who was nominated at the same time Governor of the Prince of the Asturias. By Alberoni's recommendation, also, the queen took as her confessor Domenico di Guerra, an Italian of slight intellect and servile character. Alberoni remained her confidant, her favourite, and readily consented to leave to others for a while the shadow of the power which he really possessed. He managed the king, and had the ear of the queen, who completely ruled her husband. She governed him as every clever woman rules her husband; that is to say, without letting him see it. She was indefatigable in her attentions, never contradicted him, praised what pleased him, blamed what did not seem to suit him, and always persuaded him to accept the views which best accorded with her own. She strengthened his aversion for the world, and shared in his sole pleasure, the chase. She endured a perpetual *tête-à-tête* with a coarse, ill-tempered husband, without ever displaying fatigue or satiety, and always possessed an inexhaustible stock of gaiety and good humour. In this way she acquired and consolidated an influence which neither time nor misfortune could destroy, and up to the last hour of the reign of Philip V. she remained the real sovereign of Spain.

Unfortunately, the idea that guided the queen's policy, though coinciding up to a certain point with the prejudices of the Spaniards, had not in view the real interests

of Spain. By his first wife Philip V. had two sons, Louis and Ferdinand, presumptive heirs of the crown of Spain.* On January 20, 1716, Elizabeth gave birth to a son, called Charles, and had reason to anticipate a large family. Hence, her great desire was to insure her children establishments and partisans, and the future seemed to reserve the fairest chances for her. In the first place, her husband might regain his succession to the throne of France, from which he was now merely separated by a frail child, and by his own renunciation, which was still regarded as of no effect from the French point of view. Next came her own claims to the sovereignty of Parma, Piacenza, and Tuscany, whose thrones seemed on the eve of becoming vacant; and lastly, the possibility, which was really great, of recapturing from Austria and Savoy Naples and Sicily, which had very recently belonged to Spain. As regards the first of these ideas, Elizabeth quite agreed with the secret desires of her husband, whose habitual sorrow emanated from the preference which he continued to give to France over Spain.

Alberoni, in the first instance, undertook to effect a reconciliation between Spain and the maritime powers, who might, in so many ways, decide the success of his combinations. The ambassadors of England and Holland, who had hitherto met with difficulties from ministers devoted to French politics, received from Alberoni,

* Louis (born August 25, 1707) ascended the throne in the lifetime of his father, on January 15, 1724, but died on September 6 of the same year; Philip then resumed the reins of government. Ferdinand (born September 23, 1713) succeeded his father on July 9, 1746, and died *sine prole* on August 10, 1759.

whom they knew to be the intimate confidant of the monarch, the most agreeable overtures with reference to the negotiation of commercial treaties. The Pretender, who had hitherto been zealously supported, was now entirely abandoned; a formal treaty was drawn up to refuse him and his partisans all help in future, and the publication of this treaty contributed no little to discredit his cause. What greatly helped Alberoni in all this negociation was that he had known Stanhope, the English ambassador, at the period when the latter was prisoner of war at Saragossa, while he was himself still attached to the suite of the Duc de Vendôme. Cardinal del Giudice lost his portfolio, and went off, highly dissatisfied, to Rome; while Cardinal Alberoni only awaited his cardinal's hat in order to declare himself officially prime minister. Louville, a French agent, who had formerly exerted a great influence over Philip V., but whom the Princess Ursini dismissed, received no audience, when sent by the Regent of France.

In spite of this, Philip V. and Alberoni soon perceived, to their annoyance, that the maritime powers were anything but inclined to make themselves the instruments of Spain, and incur the risks of an European war: on the contrary, they attached greater importance to remaining on good terms with France and Austria than to all the fine promises Spain might offer them. At the first sign of a possibility of an Italian war being provoked by Spain, a species of reconciliation took place between England and France, which led to an offensive and defensive alliance, which Holland soon afterwards

joined. The Spanish ambassador at the Hague could only succeed in deferring the accession of Holland to the triple alliance until the beginning of 1717. Alberoni then recognized the futility of his efforts to prevent a war, and understood that Spain would be compelled to carry it on without allies.

So soon as this perspective was clear to him, he displayed extreme activity in making the warlike preparations. The pretext for their justification was offered by the support which he had given the Venetians in their struggles against the Turks, and which had also gained him the formal promise of a cardinal's hat. This was the manner in which he compelled the Pope to fulfil his promises.* After lengthened disputes between the holy see and Spain, it was arranged that a Papal nuncio should be again accredited to Madrid. At the moment when the prelate was preparing to cross the Pyrenees, and had already reached Perpignan, Alberoni found measures to stop him, and at the same time sent a message to Rome, stating that, so long as he did not hold the promised hat, the Papal envoy would not be admitted to Spain. He declared, too, that Spain was not arming against Austria, but solely against the infidels. The Pope yielded: Alberoni at length obtained his coveted hat, and the expedition, after leaving Barcelona, suddenly attacked Sardinia, where the Marquis de Leede

* As the Pope displayed slight eagerness in carrying out his promise, and tried to drag the affair along indefinitely, Alberoni had the following distich put up in Rome :

"Promittis, promissa negas, deflesque negata :

Te, tribus his junctis, quis neget esse Petram ?"

landed on August 22, 1717, speedily subjugated the island, and thence proceeded to Sicily.

In order to insure the success of the enterprise Alberoni agitated all Europe, had recourse to the most contradictory plans, formed an alliance with all the projectors, spread disorder everywhere, and prepared an universal confusion. By making the House of Savoy hope for the acquisition of the Milanese, he easily obtained from it the renunciation of Sicily, which had been adjudged to it by the peace of Utrecht. He supported the Jacobite plots, and urged Charles XII.—whom he had succeeded in reconciling with his old enemy Peter I.—to disembark in England, at the head of the Swedish and Russian troops. He carefully fanned the war of the Turks against Austria and the Venetians, and sent Rakotzy to Constantinople, doubtless with the intention of thus stirring up fresh troubles in Hungary. In France he hounded on the Huguenots on one hand, and, on the other, joined in a conspiracy formed by the Jesuits against the regent. His great object, in all this, was to sow trouble and confusion, for the sake of doing something, he did not care what. It is true that he ran a risk of gaining nothing at all, or, at any rate, obtaining much less than if he had displayed the same energy in the pursuit of a natural and honourable object.

In was in the case of England he first discovered that he had to deal with a stronger party. Austria had joined in the proposals of the maritime powers and France, while Spain continued to reject them. About this time a fleet, commanded by Admiral Byng, set sail

for the Mediterranean, and on reaching Cape St. Vincent the admiral bade the English envoy at Madrid notify to his most Christian majesty that he had orders to support all proper measures to settle amicably the dispute between the king of Spain and the emperor; and in the event of his Catholic majesty not accepting the offer of mediation, he was instructed to maintain the neutrality of Italy and defend the territories of the emperor. In a conversation he had with Alberoni, the English ambassador, after energetic representations about the maintenance of peace, handed him a letter from the admiral. Alberoni answered impatiently: "My master will brave all dangers: he would sooner run a risk of being expelled from Spain than recall his troops or consent to an armistice." The ambassador merely replied by showing him the list of vessels of which the English fleet was composed, and drawing his attention to the numerical inferiority of the Spanish fleet. The insulting coldness with which this information was given excited the anger of the cardinal. He took the list, tore it up, and trampled it under foot. To all the remarks the ambassador continued to address to him, he merely replied, coarsely: "I will communicate your letter to the king, and within two days will let you know the determination formed by his majesty." Still, in order to give the Spanish fleet the time to find shelter at Malta, he deferred the accomplishment of his promise for nine days; after which he returned the admiral's letter, with the following short postscript: "His Catholic majesty has done me the honour of tell-

ing me that Chevalier Byng can carry out the orders he has received from the king his master." This was dated July 15, 1718, and on August 11 the admiral surprised the Spanish fleet off Cape Pessaro, and defeated it so thoroughly that only four vessels of the line and six frigates escaped. All the rest were captured or destroyed. The Spanish admiral, Castanietta, after a desperate resistance and receiving a serious wound, was himself taken prisoner.*

Alberoni was fated to be punished still more severely for the just causes of complaint he had given the French government, through the Cellamare conspiracy. Louis XIV. had seen two dauphins, his son and grandson, descend into the tomb before him, and on his decease (September 1, 1715) his sole legitimate male relatives were his great-grandson, Louis, a boy of five years of age, and Philip V., the uncle of the young prince, who had solemnly renounced all his eventual rights to the French crown. The mother of the heir to the throne was also dead, and everything combined to confer the right of regency, during the minority of Louis XV., on his nearest agnate, the Duc d'Orléans. Philip II., nephew of Louis XIV., and son of Philip I., Duc d'Orléans, and of the honourable, energetic, and sensible Elizabeth

* George Byng (born in 1663, died January 28, 1730) was made Viscount Torrington and First Lord of the Admiralty in 1721. It was his equally brave son, John Byng, whose unjust death expiated the faults of the ministry in 1757. A plan was formed to corrupt old Byng and his subordinates, and induce them to join the Spanish fleet, and declare for the Pretender. The person entrusted with this negotiation was a certain Cammock, the same probably who commanded in this battle the only division of the Spanish fleet that escaped disaster.

Charlotte, Princess Palatine, was a man gifted with high intellects, brave and prudent, gentle and generous in character; but the inactivity to which Louis XIV. condemned him, and the detestable society he kept, greatly injured him. Weakened by age, Louis XIV. was led by Madame de Maintenon and the Jesuitical coterie to insure the eventual succession to the throne to his bastards, the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, both sons of Madame de Montespan. At the same time, he only gave the Duc d'Orléans, by his will, the presidency of the council of regency, while the guardianship and command of the military household of the boy king were confided to the Duc du Maine. This arrangement was supported by the courtiers and the hypocritical cabal, but offended the old and haughty nobility, the principal chiefs of the army and the magistracy. It had against it the Jansenist party, which united with an enlightened spirit of independence a want of a truer religion, and public opinion generally. The day after Louis XIV.'s death, the will of the great king was quashed by parliament, and the sovereign power entrusted to the Duc d'Orléans as regent, during the minority of Louis XV.

The first measures of the regency were liberal, and a marvellous reaction which had long been preparing, but which had hitherto been repressed by artificial means, broke out in the social life of the French. Still, it was anything but a régime of virtue and wisdom that was established. In the external administration, there was a hand-to-mouth policy, which yet ventured

now and then to take the most adventurous measures. The power and the people fell into contrary extremes, and the former soon required the support of moral respect, which it could not acquire either from the character and private conduct of the regent, or from that of his venal and debauched adviser, Cardinal Dubois.* The result was extreme dissatisfaction, which, though of no use to the enemies of the government in overthrowing it, doubtless encouraged them to attempt it. The age was not ripe enough for a revolution, but was sufficiently so for a conspiracy.

* William Dubois, son of an apothecary, was born in 1656, at Brives-la-Gaillarde, in Auvergne. He was at first tutor of the regent, was then attached to the English embassy, then admitted into the Privy Council of the House of Orleans, and negotiated the triple alliance at London and the Hague. He was nominated, on September 24, 1718, minister of foreign affairs, Archbishop of Cambrai in 1720, cardinal in 1721, prime minister in the following year, and died on August 10, 1723. In his different foreign missions he always sent his despatches in duplicate; one for the minister at the head of the department, the other for the regent. The latter contained the real state of affairs, and was written in a cipher, of which Dubois' brother alone possessed the key. When the regent appointed him prime minister, he said to some of his intimate friends at a private supper: "What would be said if I had made Dubois cardinal and prime minister at one stroke?" All were silent, until Nocé at length answered: "Monseigneur, no one is surprised: we expect to see you make him pope if the whim seizes you; but, with all your power, France defies you ever to make him an honest man." The Duc d'Orléans laughed; but the next day the cardinal made him sign an order of exile against this Nocé, who was chief of the *roués*. The regent himself does not appear to have set any great faith in the probity of his prime minister. In fact, when Dubois, imitating an example previously given by Mazarin, made him universal legatee to his immense fortune, the regent only accepted a service of plate. Dubois was a clever man, but a complete stranger to any feeling of honour or morality. *Cfr.* Flassan, 'Histoire de la Diplomatie,' t. iv., and Lemoutey, 'Histoire de la Régence.' Paris, 1832. 2 vols. 8vo.

At the head of the malcontents were the Duc and Duchesse du Maine. Louis Auguste de Bourbon, who had been educated by Madame de Maintenon, was legitimated in 1673, and married, in 1692, the granddaughter of the great Condé, Anne Louise Benedicte de Bourbon Condé. Both were deeply insulted on seeing the question of precedence between princes of the blood and legitimated princes settled by the regent in favour of the former. The consort of the prince regent herself, although married to the first prince of the blood, attached far higher importance to her quality as legitimated daughter of Louis XIV.* The Duchesse du Maine took the matter very seriously to heart, and her resentment led her to enter into the most intimate relations with the Queen of Spain. At Madrid she found, not only the secret design of Philip V. to become regent of France, but also the fury the queen felt at the alliance between England and France. Among the malcontent nobles, the Count de Laval† formed an alliance with the Duc du Maine, whose residence at Sceaux served as the secret meeting-place for the conspirators. When the duchess came to Paris, she put up at the arsenal, and it was thither that de Laval frequently conveyed at night in a carriage the Prince de Cellamare, the Spanish ambassador, whose stoutness rendered

* She was Marie Françoise, Mlle. de Blois, and daughter of Madame de Montespan, born May 9, 1677; married Feb. 18, 1692, and deceased Feb. 1, 1749.

† The regent had dispossessed the Laval's of a long-standing privilege, by virtue of which they took precedence of dukes and the great officers of the crown at certain court ceremonies.

him very inactive. Cardinal de Polignac, who was also in the conspiracy, brought in Father Tournemine, a most influential Jesuit, and all his clique with him. The Marquis de Pompadour also joined them through his affection for the men and things of the old court. Among literary men, we may mention the Abbé Brigaut, secretary and archivist of the conspiracy, as well as Malesieux, chancellor of the principality of Dourbes. Laval induced no less than twenty-two general officers to join; while in Spain a large number of French adventurers and half-pay officers were enlisted, and they were sent to France secretly and in small parties.

Still, it was comprehended that no success could be anticipated without the help of a foreign power, and, consequently, every effort was made to secure this. Through a reminiscence of the Fronde, the conspirators hoped to obtain resources from Spain, and Alberoni and Cellamare were the real chiefs of the conspiracy. Unfortunately for the conspirators, Cellamare was an incapable man, without prudence or energy. The plan was to carry off the regent, and send him to Spain; and the design was to be carried out at midnight mass on Christmas Eve (1718), by the aid of three hundred men disguised as gardes du corps;* Philip V. would

* According to the 'Mémoires du Duc de Richelieu,' by Soulavie, an attempt was made to attack the Duc d'Orléans in the Bois de Boulogne, while proceeding from St. Cloud to Paris; but the persons entrusted with the affair made a mistake in the carriage, and when they recognized their error, they were compelled to disperse and fly in all directions. This did not prevent the conspirators from having the duke watched for three months in the forest of St. Germain by poachers.

then be proclaimed regent, the States-General convened, and a council of state constituted.

At the same time as this daring plan was being prepared, a justificatory memoir was written, and Cellamare had many copies of it made, which were to be distributed among the chiefs of the conspiracy. He would have acted more wisely in having them struck off at the secret printing-press which the Comte de Laval had set up in a cellar of his hotel ; at any rate, he ought to have engaged secret and discreet copyists, instead of applying to common scribes and public writers. One of these, Buvat by name, revealed the whole affair to Dubois, who ordered him to follow the matter up, and procure him by any means a list of the conspirators. Buvat did his best, and took the cardinal one evening the whole plan of the conspiracy, in the shape of fifty documents he had copied, and which the Abbé Portocarrero had orders to carry to Madrid. The abbé was arrested at Poitiers by order of Dubois, and his papers were seized.

On hearing this news, which reached him in time to enable him to destroy the most incriminating papers, the Prince de Cellamare proceeded straight to Le Blanc, the minister of war, in order to have an explanation about the affair. But the minister restricted himself to telling him drily that he had orders to make a search in the ambassador's house, in the presence of Cardinal Dubois and several other grand functionaries of state. In vain did the ambassador appeal to his diplomatic privileges : the answer he received was that he had rendered himself unworthy of them. He was compelled

to witness the examination and sealing up of his papers ; and it was only when hands were laid on a certain casket, containing billets-doux, that he burst into a passion and called Dubois a horse-coper. Two days after, he was taken to Blois, where he remained a prisoner until March 16, 1719. Most of the conspirators were arrested and put in the Bastille : an attempt was even made to imprison the Prince de Conti, but when he barricaded himself in his hotel, and threatened to defend himself to the last extremity, he was left alone. However, the conspirators escaped with a few months of the Bastille, where they were detained till they had made a full confession, and the Duchesse du Maine was induced to reveal the whole plot in a letter, which would be read by the regent alone. It was perfectly well known that these conspirators were not at all dangerous, and much greater severity was shown at the time to the Bretons, who revolted on behalf of their ancient liberties and privileges.

Alberoni, before he was informed of Cellamare's arrest, sent the Duc de St. Aignan, French envoy to the court of Madrid, orders to leave Spain within twenty-four hours : at the same time he sent Cellamare a note, in which he told him to remain at his post, and in the event of force being employed, not to leave "till he had first fired all the mines." When the cardinal learned that Cellamare was arrested, he sent off a courier after the French ambassador, with orders for him to return to Madrid ; but St. Aignan had suspected something of the sort ; and hence he no sooner reached the borders

of Navarre than he and his wife went on mules to St. Jean Pied de Port, leaving in their carriage a valet and a lady's-maid, with orders to pass themselves off as the ambassador and his wife. The persons despatched by the cardinal really caught up the carriage, told the persons in it that they were prisoners, and in spite of their protestations against this flagrant breach of the law of nations, took them back to Madrid. Alberoni was furious when he found how he had been duped: as for the Duc de St. Aignan, thanks to his stratagem, he was enabled to reach France without difficulty.

The most deplorable result of this abortive attempt was, that France declared war against Spain, whose territory was invaded by an army under the orders of the Duke of Berwick,* who gained the most decisive advantages. About the same time, Charles XII. perished beneath the walls of Frederickshall; the Jacobite expedition fitted out at Cadiz, and sent off under the orders of the Duke of Ormond, was dispersed by a storm; the Austrians, commanded by Count de Mercy, recaptured nearly the whole of Sicily; Marquis Scotti, the agent of the Duke of Parma, whom Alberoni

* Villars refused the command, because he shared in the general but very erroneous aversion felt in France against the foreign policy of the regent. But it is a noteworthy fact that Berwick, a natural son of James II., combated the power which, at the time, displayed the most active sympathy for the Jacobite cause. James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, born in 1670, son of Arabella Churchill, Marlborough's sister, emigrated with his father in 1688, was appointed *Maréchal de France* in 1706, and created Duke of Liria and Xeria by Philip V., whose throne he saved by winning the battle of Almanza. He had a son who remained in the service of Spain, and was killed in 1734 at the siege of Philippsbourg.

had sent to the Hague to negotiate an intervention of the States-General, was detained at Paris ; and, lastly, the Netherlands completely accepted the policy of the quadruple alliance. In vain did Alberoni, at the last moment, try to avert the storm by concessions and negotiations. It was too late, and the powers insisted on his dismissal. Philip V. was angry with the cardinal for having prevented him from taking a personal part in an attempt made to relieve Fontarabia, and it was now all the more easy to win over the king's confessor, Father Daubenton, because the latter owed Alberoni a grudge for having tried to put in his place a creature of his own, the Abbé di Castro. Lastly, Lord Peterboro' decided the Duke of Parma to use his influence with his niece, who alone supported Alberoni, and could have supported him against all his enemies. The same Marquis Scotti, whom Alberoni had sent to the Hague, arrived at this time in Madrid, bearing instructions from the Duke of Parma, the regent of France, and the British government, and received a gratification of 50,000 crowns to instigate his zeal. Laura Pescatori, formerly the queen's nurse, and now her first waiting woman, who was born in the same parish as Alberoni, and was jealous of his power, procured Scotti a secret interview with the queen, and the cardinal's downfall was settled.

On the evening of December 4, 1719, Alberoni was at work with the king, and then had a lengthened conference with Scotti. The next morning the king started for El Pardo, leaving an order which Marquis Tolosa, secretary of state, was to remit to the cardinal,

and which stripped him of all his offices and dignities, at the same time as it ordered him to quit Madrid in eight days, and the Spanish territory within three weeks. In vain did Alberoni try to obtain an audience of the king, and a letter which he was allowed to write for the purpose remained unanswered. One consolation was reserved for him, however; although he had been the object of the hatred and invective of the Spaniards so long as he held power, no sooner had he fallen than public opinion changed in his favour. People suddenly recognized all the grandeur of the projects he had conceived for Spain, and the active energy, so rare in that country, which he had exercised while wielding the supreme power. At his last reception the crowd was larger than in the days of his most brilliant fortunes, and the government was so alarmed by this demonstration that he was compelled to set out a day sooner than had been settled.

He left Madrid on December 12, and proceeded to Barcelona; but at Lerida he was caught up by a dignitary of state, who robbed him of several of his papers. Before reaching Barcelona he was attacked by a band of contrabandistas, who plundered his baggage and killed one of his people. He had great difficulty in escaping from them, and reached Girona a-foot and alone. He then traversed the south of France, accompanied by the Chevalier de Massieu, who had orders to play the spy on him, but who naturally only learned what the cunning Italian thought proper to let him know. On reaching Antibes, Alberoni took passage on board of a galley sent

from Genoa to meet him, and he disembarked at Sestri di Levante, with the intention of proceeding to Rome. While here, he received from Cardinal Paulucci, the secretary of state to the Pontiff, a letter prohibiting him from setting foot in the states of the Church, under penalty of imprisonment, and then another, menacing him with ecclesiastical censure if he attempted to gain possession of his bishopric. The royal Spanish couple also augmented their ingratitude by formally accusing him to the Pope, and having recourse to the influence of Rome to offer him a number of petty insults. Cardinal Imperiali, papal nuncio at Genoa, also obtained from the senate his temporary arrest; but he was soon set at liberty, and only expelled from the Genoese territory. During his stay at Genoa Alberoni published several memoirs and documents in his justification, which only irritated the court of Spain the more against him, and made it insist on his being deprived of the cardinal's hat. But the *esprit de corps* spoke in his favour in the Sacred College, and a committee of four cardinals was selected to investigate the charges brought against him. Alberoni then thought of obtaining a refuge in the states of the Duke of Parma, but received no answer from that prince. As the Helvetic Confederation behaved more kindly to him, he embarked at Sestri on board a felucca for Spezzia, and proceeded thence—as may be seen by the marginal notes in his copy of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' which is still kept in the library of Parma—across the Apennines to the Duchy of Modena. He resided for some time at Lucarno, and as a fresh

attempt was there made to seize him, he concealed himself in an old castle in the midst of the Alps.

His exile lasted hardly a year; for the death of his virulent enemy, Clement XI., on March 18, 1782, had the result of restoring him to liberty. The court of Spain intrigued in vain to have him excluded from the conclave; a safe conduct was granted him, and the invitation to be present at the conclave was affixed in the cathedral of Genoa, as well as in the church of Sestri. A noble Genoese, the Abbé Vielato, having warned him of what had occurred, Alberoni left his asylum with the utmost secrecy, and suddenly appeared at the house of a friend in Bologna. Thence he proceeded to Rome, where his arrival caused a great sensation, and the people greeted him with demonstrations of the liveliest sympathy. The cardinals showed him greater coldness, but he won them over in turn by the amiability of his character, and the new pope, Innocent III., was very well disposed toward him. Owing to the pressure of France and Spain, the committee were certainly compelled to continue their investigation, but they contented themselves with sentencing him to three years' residence in a monastery, which the Pope reduced to one. In the end he was completely pardoned, and then solemnly reinvested with the purple. On the death of Innocent he aided in the election of Benedict XIII., who rewarded him by making him Bishop of Malaga, and giving him the usual cardinal's pension. Cardinal de Polignac, his former accomplice in the Cellamare conspiracy, and from 1725 to 1733 French envoy at Rome, obtained

for him from the French government, first, a present of 10,000 crowns, and then a pension of 12,000 livres; and on the death of Cardinal Aquaviva tried hard to secure him the Spanish embassy to Rome, with the salary of 14,000 crowns attached, as an indemnity for the diocese of Malaga, the revenues of which the Spanish government continued to sequester, in spite of all the protests of Rome. But the English influence on one hand, and the animosity of Spain on the other, opposed the realization of this plan.

When the Infant Don Carlos took possession of the Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, in 1732, he gave Alberoni a very cordial reception, and allowed him to settle in the city of his birth, where he founded a seminary. In 1735 Alberoni was appointed pro-legate of the Romagna, where he drained the marshes of Ravenna, and confined the Ronco and the Mentone to their beds; but, on the other hand, he entirely failed in an attempt he made in 1739 to deprive the little republic of San Marino of its ancient independence. A French officer engaged in the siege of Piacenza in 1746 depicts Alberoni, who was then eighty years of age, as a very merry, active old man, who had retained all his intellectual powers. He also mentions the profound respect which the Spanish troops displayed for him. Alberoni died at Rome on June 26, 1752, and thus survived Philip V. for nearly six years. His principal heir was a cousin, of the name of Cesar Alberoni.

CHAPTER III.

BARON DE RIPPERDA.

The congress of Cambrai—Baron de Ripperda—His birth and education—He enters the Dutch service—His removal to Madrid—He goes on a mission to Vienna—Negotiations with the emperor—Marriage of Louis XV.—Spain insulted—Treaty between Germany and Spain—Ripperda in Madrid—His dismissal—He is arrested and imprisoned—His escape—He proceeds to Morocco—Embraces Islamism—Is defeated by the Spaniards—He joins the Pacha of Tetuan—His religious schemes—His death.

ABOUT two months after the downfall of Alberoni, Spain acceded to the propositions of the quadruple alliance; Charles VI. and Philip V. were reciprocally to recognize the legitimacy of their respective dignities and possessions; Sicily was adjudged to Austria, and Sardinia to Savoy, while at the same time the succession in Tuscany, Parma, and Piacenza was insured to Don Carlos. Still, several difficulties about title had to be arranged between Spain and Austria, and the same was the case with reference to Parma and Piacenza, the suzerainty over which Austria and the Holy See simultaneously claimed. Spain insisted that Mantua, Mirandola, Montferrat, and Sabionetta should be restored to their legitimate owners. The maritime powers protested

against the West India Company which Charles VI. was trying to establish at Ostend. As for the latter prince, he was striving to have his pragmatic sanction recognized. It was arranged that all these questions should be discussed at the congress of Cambrai, which had been talked about for a long time, and was finally opened in April, 1724. England, France, Austria, the Pope, Venice, Tuscany, Genoa, Lorraine, and Parma were represented; but, at the end of a year, nothing had been effected, as the mediating powers refused to allow any one of the parties to be in the right. It was at this moment that Baron de Ripperda invented a shorter and more expeditious plan to escape from the difficulty.

John William, Baron de Ripperda, was descended from an old family in East Friesland, which possessed large estates in the bishopric of Minden and the north of the Low Countries. Born in 1680, he was at first educated by the Jesuits, but soon after embraced the Protestant faith. Various motives are assigned for this conversion; but it is generally supposed that he was moved by a desire to marry a young lady belonging to the reformed faith. According to others, his father, after purchasing the estate of Roolgeest in the province of Groningen, embraced the Protestant creed, and constrained all his family to follow his example. Some assert, on the other hand, that Ripperda only changed his religion in order to take a part in the assemblies of the States-General and in public affairs. If such were his motive, he gained his object. Ripperda attained the rank of colonel in the Dutch service, and in that capacity

formed the acquaintance of Prince Eugene during the war of the Spanish succession. Being an influential member of the Groningen estates, he managed also to obtain great credit with the States-General, who, on the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, entrusted him with the negotiation of a commercial treaty with Spain. Spanish soil seemed destined to be more favourable to him than that of Holland. In the Batavian Netherlands, which were subjected to an infinitude of obstacles and counterpoises, and where the government had long been accustomed to regard prudence as the supreme guide of policy, there was much less to be done than in Spain by a man like himself, who was devoured by ambition, fond of luxury, display, high society, and adventurous projects. He managed to gain the good will of Cardinal del Giudice, so long as he remained minister, as well as of the omnipotent Alberoni; and he only required to testify some desire to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church in order to be welcome to the king, and obtain secret audiences of the queen. When he started for Holland again to give an account of his mission, it was generally suspected that he intended to settle down some day in Spain; and, in fact, he very soon abjured Protestantism again, and announced that he wished to establish himself definitively. He waited a considerable time, however, before his conduct obtained him a brilliant position. Alberoni employed him in several jobs, notably in matters relating to political economy and finances; he was also allowed to establish a large royal cloth factory, and made several journeys to France and Holland in

order to pick up workmen. But for all that, he was unable to exert any decisive influence over great political affairs. While treating him with much politeness, and with the forms of apparent friendship, Alberoni seems always to have felt much distrust toward him; but the statement, made in several works, that Alberoni induced him to come to Spain, and then overthrew him through jealousy, is perfectly untrue. It was not till after the fall of his patron that Ripperda withdrew to an estate which he possessed in the vicinity of Segovia, and his visits to court became rarer.

The failure of the negotiations at the congress of Cambrai gave Ripperda opportunity to bring forward a scheme which at once raised him to the highest position. His idea was no less than a sincere reconciliation between Spain and Austria, based on a cordial and mutual understanding, and not effected through the mediation of the foreign powers. This was a very natural idea, for the two governments had a number of interests in common; and if, at a time when Spain still possessed some influence in Italy, a collision became possible between them, it would be avoided by dividing this influence and excluding the French entirely from Italy. But many old sores opposed the realization of this project.

In November, 1724, Ripperda was sent with the utmost secrecy to Vienna, where he assumed the name of a Baron von Pfaffenheim, and lodged very modestly in a suburb. For a long time he only saw the emperor alone, being taken to him with the greatest privacy by

back doors, and the empress and the ministers had not the remotest suspicion of what was going on. On the part of Spain, the great desire was a marriage between the Infant Don Carlos and the elder of the arch-duchesses, in the hope of some day seeing two lines of the same house reign in Austria and Spain. To carry this out, the greatest sacrifices would be willingly made. Nothing could suit Charles VI. better than for Spain to make him advances through an adventurer who was tormented by a fixed idea, and who arrived with hopes in exchange for which real advantages might be obtained. It is believed that in the whole affair the emperor only duped Spain, and never thought seriously of satisfying her hopes. In fact, Ripperda could never obtain anything in writing with reference to the most important points of his mission. It is true that the emperor, in excuse of his duplicity, was able to say that Spain, for her part, had no greater intention of keeping her fine promises. But, it was a great advantage for him to detach her entirely from France, and lead her to treat directly with him.

An unexpected incident admirably served the emperor's schemes. After the unfortunate Cellamare business, a reconciliation took place between the two Bourbon courts, and it was sealed by the betrothal of Philip V.'s eldest daughter, Marie Anne Victoire de Bourbon, with the youthful King Louis XV. The little princess was taken to France in order to be educated for a throne; but she was only seven years of age, while the king was fifteen. The French nation ardently desired to see the

succession to the throne insured, and there seems to have been some secret disinclination on the part of Louis. In short, it was resolved to send back the infanta to her parents, and marry Louis XV. to Marie Leczinska, daughter of the ex-King of Poland. The Abbé de Livry, French envoy at the court of Madrid, was instructed to hand Philip a letter in which this was announced ; but the royal couple, informed beforehand, refused to accept it. The court of Spain was extremely irritated ; Livry had orders to quit the capital within four-and-twenty hours, and even the consular agents of France were commanded to leave the country. Mlle. de Beaujolais, daughter of the late Duc d'Orléans, who had been selected as the future wife of the Infant Don Carlos, and was being educated in Spain for the purpose, was sent back to France, at the same time as the Duchesse de Tallard accompanied the infanta to the frontier. The congress was broken up, and Ripperda received orders to conclude at all hazards.

The empress and the ministers, who were now aware of the affair, offered every sort of objection ; but the emperor carried matters with a high hand. Moreover, Ripperda had recourse to desperate means, and distributed 400,000 florins in bribes. On April 30th, 1752, a treaty was signed, in which Spain recognized the pragmatic sanction : on May 2, another treaty was signed, by which all the ports of the Spanish monarchy were opened to Austrian subjects, the commercial company of Ostend saw confirmed, and the Hanse Towns obtained the same privileges in Spain as

England and Holland. Lastly, we may mention that a marriage was *verbally* arranged between the two arch-duchesses and the two Infants, while promises were held out for the recovery of Gibraltar and the eventual restoration of the Stuarts.

When all this by degrees reached the knowledge of Europe, it produced a most lively agitation, and diplomacy strove to contract alliances and counter-alliances, which eventually resulted peacefully in the treaty of March 16, 1731.

Ripperda was not destined to see all this accomplished during his ministry. He left Vienna on November 25, 1725, and himself carried the news of the conclusion of the treaty to the king, who appointed him minister of war, navy, and finances, at the same time as he created him duke and grandee of the third class, while his son was nominated ambassador to Austria. But his promises were not accomplished, and for his own part his high fortunes appeared to have turned his head. He offended the grandees of Spain, as well as the imperial envoy, Count Königsegg, from whom the queen expected greater assistance in the success of her plans than from the boastful Ripperda, who was now proved to be a parvenu; through his incorrect financial operations he excited the murmurs of the people, at the same time as his reductions drew upon him the hatred of the courtiers and functionaries. Hence he was dismissed from the ministry in May, 1726, although he was granted a pension of 3000 pistoles.

This sudden change in his fortunes robbed Ripperda

of the small amount of reason left him. Without any serious motive that could justify his alarm, he resolved to place himself under the protection of some foreign envoy, and for this purpose selected the very powers to whose interests he had proved himself most hostile. His conduct might be explained, however, by the liveliness of his resentment against Spain, and his hope of buying the protection of the maritime powers by revealing to them the plots formed against them. He first applied to the Dutch ambassador, who declined to offer him protection, but recommended him to appeal to the English envoy, Stanhope (afterwards Lord Harrington), to whose hotel he carried him in his own coach; and he also lent him his own mules to remove his most valuable effects. Stanhope at this time was at Aranjuez, and, on his return to Madrid, great was his surprise on learning what had occurred.

On examining the official correspondence which resulted from this affair, it is difficult to decide whether the English envoy really spoke the truth when he said that he did not offer Ripperda his protection until the latter had declared that he was no longer in the Spanish service, that the government had no charge to bring against him, and that he only feared the fury of the mob. Stanhope solicited an audience of the king, in which he explained to him how matters had occurred, and it appears that his conduct was approved. On reflection, however, the court saw some inconvenience in letting Ripperda shelter his resentment beneath the roof of the British envoy, and hence, one fine morning,

he was arrested by a captain's guard, in spite of the protests of Mr. Stanhope.

Ripperda was first taken to the citadel of Segovia, where he was not subjected to very rigorous treatment. A short time after, his son was recalled from Vienna, and obliged to break off a brilliant marriage which he was on the point of concluding. Ripperda, during his captivity, busied himself with plans of vengeance, and love intrigues, and a *liaison* he had at the time with a fair Castilian obtained him means of escape. By the aid of his mistress he managed to break prison in 1728, and proceeded to Portugal, and thence to Holland. In the latter country he formed the acquaintance of a Moroccan seigneur of the name of Perez, probably a Jew converted to Islamism, whom the emperor of Morocco had sent some time previously on a mission to the Hague. It seems as if the conversations Ripperda had with this man suggested to him the idea of seeking in Northern Africa the means of avenging himself on the Spanish government. At any rate, he began by trying to obtain secret support, and for that purpose proceeded to England. He was well received by the public, and after some pressing obtained an audience of George I. : but that prince displayed such distrust in him and his plans that Ripperda felt a hatred for England almost as warm as he had for Spain. Moreover, his equivocal morals and the evil company he frequented soon made him lose all credit, and he understood that Europe no longer offered him the sphere of action he was still in search of. Hence he returned to Holland, whence, provided with letters of

recommendation from Perez, he started for Tangiers, taking with him his Castilian mistress, by whom he had several children, and who remained faithful to him to the last, and his valet St. Martin.

From Tangiers Ripperda proceeded to Mequinez, where he was graciously received by the emperor. He soon obtained great influence, but was invested with no actual functions till he formally embraced Islamism, a step from which his repugnance to the ceremony, rather than any religious scruples, kept him aloof for some time.* On becoming Osman Pacha in 1732, a decree of the King of Spain deprived him of his dukedom and grandeeship, and in return he collected formidable armaments to attack the Spanish possessions in Northern Africa. But a Spanish army soon arrived, which, under the orders of the Marquis de Villadarias, defeated in several actions the undisciplined bands of the Emperor of Morocco. Ripperda tried all he knew to get hold of Ceuta by assault or treachery, and even cut up the garrison of that place during a sortie they made. But fresh reverses speedily succeeded this change of fortune; his devoted St. Martin, whom he sent into Ceuta to corrupt the troops, was detected and carried off to Spain to be hung, and he was compelled to raise the siege, after a successful sortie of the garrison, who took his camp.

On returning to Mequinez, Ripperda had a very cold reception and was, indeed, eventually thrown into prison. However, through his skill in justifying himself, and the

* In order to reassure him on this score, his faithful St. Martin went through the operation first.

powerful friendships he maintained in the seraglio, he got out of the scrape, and then turned his attention to a plan for fusing Judaism and Islamism. Some intestine troubles, however, for which he served as a pretext, although the malcontents really menaced the emperor, and which eventually led to the latter's deposition, induced Ripperda in 1734 to place himself under the protection of his friend, the Pacha of Tetuan. Here he led a peaceful and thoroughly epicurean life, only troubled by repeated attacks of gout, which he had suffered from previously in Spain. We may easily understand how this man, so soon as he was at rest, felt inclined to turn his attention pre-eminently to religion. He probably felt pressed by his conscience, and, in the spirit of his age, tried to continue his efforts to fuse religions into one general sect. There is some probability that he listened to his Castilian lady, and embraced Christianity again, just before his death, by the aid of a Father Zachariah, a member of the Trinitarian community at Mequinez, which stood under French protection.

The Duke of Ripperda, or Osman Pacha, died on November 17, 1737, and his friend, the Pacha of Tetuan, had him buried as a Mussulman. We do not know whether any of his direct descendants are in existence at the present day, but the race of the Ripperdas still flourishes in several branches.

CHAPTER IV.

A PSEUDO QUEEN.

John the Magnanimous—The Electors of Saxony—Anne of Cleves—Her marriage with Henry VIII.—The Flanders mare—Her divorce and death—Appearance of a false Anne in Germany—She deceives the Elector of Saxony—The barrels of gold—Her detection—Her fictitious biography—Her examination—Difficulty of arriving at the truth—Who was she?—Probabilities as to her fate—Rumours current at the time.

THE unfortunate Elector of Saxony, John Frederick, the magnanimous, was an honest man, and extremely zealous for his faith; but, as a captain and a politician, he was far from being equal to the part which he had accepted. Only firm in the pursuit of his object, he showed himself irresolute, and displayed hesitation so soon as he had to choose the means he should employ; and even in his unswerving fidelity to his religious convictions there was a preconceived idea which blinded him as to the external circumstances of things. On his death, his eldest son, John Frederick II., at first governed conjointly with his two brothers, John William, a more prudent and energetic prince, and John Frederick III., the impotent, and from 1557 alone, by virtue of a family treaty. But, on the death of the latter brother, he concluded with

the survivor a treaty of partition, according to the terms of which the paternal inheritance was divided into the duchies of Weimar and Coburg, over which the brothers would reign in turn for a period of three years, while all the acts of sovereign authority would be done in their joint names.

John Frederick II. was not gifted with more brilliant qualities than his father ; but nature and the disappointments he had experienced in his youth had imparted something capricious and restless to his character, which rendered him an easy dupe of the project makers and political adventurers, at the same time as he was always disposed to listen to any scheme for the amelioration of his fortunes.

In December, 1558, on returning from a short tour to Eisenach, this prince found two letters awaiting him, dated from Eckartsberg, and written in a rather illegible hand by a lady, who signed herself " Anne, Duchess of Aybelen, widow of Duke Henry of Shyprus, in Ireland." She begged him to send some confidential person to her, to whom she could communicate several important matters relating to Queen Anne of England, too important to be trusted to paper.

Queen Anne of England was the aunt of the Elector John Frederick, and sister of his own mother, as one of the daughters of Duke John III. of Cleves, Juliers, and Berg. She was one of the numerous wives whose existence Henry VIII. had poisoned. On the death of his third wife Jane Seymour, that prince, being resolved to marry again, sought a wife for a long time at the different

courts of Europe ; but, as he might have expected, his offers were not too eagerly accepted. Very uselessly, therefore, he first asked the hand of the Duchess Dowager of Milan, daughter of the King of Denmark, and niece of Charles V. He then applied to the court of France ; but the Duchess Dowager de Longueville, *née* Princess of Guise, was already affianced to the King of Scotland ; and Marie de Bourbon, daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, did not suit him, as the King of Scotland had refused her. To the proposition he made to the King of France for an interview at Calais, at which the latter would be accompanied by the loveliest ladies of his court, Francis replied that he could not treat French ladies like a horse-coper, who trots out the cattle he has for sale at a fair. At this crisis Cromwell,* who at that moment possessed Henry VIII's entire confidence, suggested an alliance with the princely Protestant houses of Germany. Consequently, he proposed to him Anne of Cleves,† whose sister was so closely connected with the Chief of the League of Schmalkalden. A portrait of this princess, painted by Holbein, was brought before the king, and pleased him so greatly that he accepted the proposal. The Elector John Frederick made numerous and strong objections to the marriage, because Luther never spoke well of Henry VIII. ; but the pros-

* Thomas Cromwell, born in 1490, son of a blacksmith, was present at the sack of Rome, in 1526, as a simple private in the imperial army. Protected by Wolsey he became, after the fall of the latter, secretary of state, Earl of Essex, lord high chamberlain, and keeper of the seal ; but, being overthrown in his turn, he was beheaded in 1540.

† Born September 15, 1515.

pect of an union with so powerful a monarch was so flattering to the brother of the princess, Duke William, who had just succeeded his father, that he could not resist the temptation. The princess, moreover, was tall and strong, and felt an inclination for marriage. Pledges were exchanged, and soon after the princess was sent off to England. She landed at Dover on Dec. 31, 1539, and the next day reached Rochester, where the impatient and amorous king had hastened to meet her. Unhappily, he did not find what he expected: the princess was doubtless tall and full complexioned, exactly as suited Henry VIII., who on this point had thorough Turkish tastes. But her features were harsh, and her manner awkward; she only spoke and understood one language, Dutch, and her whole person was anything but elegant and distinguished. He was so irritated at this, that he would probably not have concealed his disappointment from the poor girl, if he had not luckily had the precaution to arrange so as to see her without being seen, and consequently had the time to prepare himself for the official interview. When this took place, the princess knelt on one knee, Henry VIII. raised her, kissed her on the cheek, but could not make up his mind to give her the usual presents which he had brought, for he was probably already speculating on a separation. At any rate his resolution was soon formed: when he found himself alone again with his intimate friends, he reproached them with having brought him a great Flanders mare, and, addressing Cromwell, he ordered him to invent some scheme to break the mar-

riage off. But none was to be found ; and, on the contrary, it was considered highly impolitic to break with the Protestant princess in such a way. " Well then," Henry VIII. exclaimed, with a lamentable accent, " I must bow my head beneath the yoke." On January 6, 1540, the princess was married to the king by Cranmer.

The next morning Cromwell, who was well aware that the king would put up with no joking in such matters, inquired with considerable anxiety as to the state of Henry VIII.'s temper, and was terrified on learning that things were going badly. The king, in fact, told him that the more he knew of the lady the more insupportable she became to him, and that he most certainly would not pass a second night with her. He was not without suspicions either as to her chastity, a point on which he also entertained thoroughly oriental ideas.*

For all that, the king behaved very politely to the queen, and did not allow either her or Cromwell to see how angry he was with them. On the contrary, with a dissimulation of which he could scarce have been supposed capable, it was precisely this moment which he selected to shower graces and distinctions of every description upon him. He gave him the order of the Garter, with the office of lord high chamberlain, and conferred on him at the same time the title and estates of the Earl of Essex, who had just died, and in whom an old family became extinct. But the enemies of

* This charge must have been unfounded, or it would have certainly been brought forward during the debate about the king's divorce.

Cromwell had the sagacity to comprehend that the moment to overthrow him had now arrived. He had adversaries in both camps; but his fall was principally effected by the Catholics. At an entertainment given by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the Duke of Norfolk* introduced to the king his niece Catharine Howard, who, though short, was very pretty and lively, which rendered the contrast between her and the queen all the more striking. Henry VIII.'s heart did not resist such a trial, and he immediately gave the Duke of Norfolk a warrant to arrest Cromwell, as guilty of high treason. The bill of attainder was passed by both Houses, and only met with a few obstacles in the Commons. A letter which Cromwell addressed to the king affected him, it is true, to tears, but did not change his determination, and Cromwell was beheaded at Tower Hill on July 28.

During this time the queen had been sent to Richmond, where the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Southampton, and Thomas Wriotsley were ordered to tell her that scruples of conscience had occurred to the king, because he had been ignorant that she was previously promised in marriage to the Duke of Lorraine, and that,

* Thomas Howard, eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, the victor at Flodden, a victory which gained him the title of Earl of Surrey, created in 1513 Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, in 1521 Lord Governor of Ireland, succeeded his father in 1524. Employed in various wars and on several diplomatic missions, he was arrested with his son, toward the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, on a charge of high treason. Some time after the son was condemned, and his head cut off (1547), while his father's trial was prolonged during the reign of Henry VIII. and that of Edward VI. Mary, on succeeding to the throne, set Norfolk at liberty, and restored him his titles and dignities. He died in 1554. Catharine was the daughter of his younger brother, Edward.

consequently, he intended to be divorced from her. On hearing this, Anne, in spite of her habitual phlegm, fell senseless, but, on recovery, she consented to abide by the decision of the Church, and declared herself ready to lay down the title of queen, and be henceforth only regarded as the king's sister. She wrote a letter in this sense to the king, as well as to her brother Duke William, and pledged herself to communicate to the king all the letters she received from her family. In the Upper House only one member spoke, and that was to pity the king and the country for the outrage done them by making the king espouse the betrothed of another adult, and to propose the adoption of a humble petition, by which the king should be prayed to submit the affair to the decision of the Church.

The proposition was adopted by both Houses, and the committee appointed by the Synod to settle the affair declared the marriage null and void, because the necessary formalities for breaking the previous betrothal had not been fulfilled, and that, as the king had not consummated, nor wished to consummate the marriage, it was to the public interest that he should marry some one else. Parliament confirmed this decision, and added that any attack on its legality would be committing the crime of high treason. Richmond Palace was allotted for the Queen's residence, with an annuity of 3000*l.* and rank immediately after the queen and the royal children. Anne of Cleves remained in England, because she did not like to return home as a repudiated wife, and possibly, too, because she was not quite certain

whether her annuity would be paid her with all the desirable punctuality if she left England. She lived in silence and isolation, sometimes at Richmond, at others at Chelsea; and it was at the last place that she died on July 16, 1557, in the reign of Queen Mary, or seventeen years after her divorce from Henry VIII. Her death was notified to her family and the foreign courts on friendly terms with England, and the court went into deep mourning. In order to understand what is coming, it must be borne in mind that no political importance attached either to her life or death; and if Mary showed herself the obstinate persecutrix of Protestantism among her subjects, her ardour for conversion, however, did not go so far as to try it upon a foreign princess, led to reside in England by special circumstances.

It was on July 16, 1557, then, that Anne of Cleves died in England, and in December, 1558, or some eighteen months after, the strange lady who stated that she had a message from that princess to deliver to her nephew turned up in Thuringia. After the exchange of several letters, in which the vacillating and hesitating character of Duke John Frederick II. may be traced, not so much as concerns the business itself as the means to be employed, he resolved to send one of his squires to the stranger with a letter of credit, in which he styled her: "Our dear and well-beloved cousin, Anne, Duchess of Aybelen, widow of the late Duke Henry of Shyprus, in Ireland." But she refused to have any dealings with a subaltern functionary, and insisted on speaking to the duke himself. At length she agreed to have a confer-

ence at Trebra with the duke's secretary, John Rudolf, who also arrived with his letter of credit, written and signed by the duke, in which the lady was told that she might place entire confidence in whatever the bearer stated. As for the latter, he had orders to take down in writing everything that the lady imparted to him.

She then informed this secretary that she had succeeded in escaping from a London prison by the help of a knotted rope, and found shelter on board of a vessel which brought her to Dantzic. There she met with Queen Anne of England, who had also contrived to escape from the convent in which she was detained. This took place just a year ago a fortnight before next Lent. She had obtained a safe conduct from the King of Poland; but at Neustädtelein, between Cracow and Warsaw, she lost all she possessed, *eight barrels of gold*,* in a night attack made on that town by young Tofzky and George Lescynski: she had been obliged to escape through the window in her smock, only taking with her a gold chain and her pockets with their contents. In the confusion, her chamber woman, Catharine Von der Becke, sister of the chief cook of the Duke of Juliers, lost her life; and the same fate befell her squire, John von Hollersheim. An English gentleman, William von Zieritz, escaped with a wrist cut through by an axe. Her steward and four of her women were taken to Russmarkt, near Posen, where they were concealed at the house of a

* Even at the present day the expression "a barrel of gold," is frequently used in Northern Europe to signify a sum whose importance varies with the localities from £5 up to £10,000.

certain Catharine Proderin. They had managed to save much of her jewellery, but were as yet under the impossibility of bringing it to her. For her part, after this misadventure, she proceeded to Leignitz, where she lay ill for three days at the house of Duke Frederick of Silesian Leignitz. She reported these facts to the Voivode of Cracow; but that high functionary declined to interfere, owing to his close relationship with the Lescynskis. On her journey to Thuringia she had pawned her ornaments and clothes at Wittenberg.

The lady then added, that the reason why she was so anxious to speak to Duke John Frederick was to tell him that the Queen of England, Anne of Cleves, was still alive, and that her treasures had been secured and brought to Germany. A merchant, whose life she had formerly saved, had undertaken to convey these treasures to Augsburg, to one Jobst Reffhausen, who had large dealings in England on account of the Fuggers, the mediæval Rothschilds. Among these treasures were the sceptre, imperial globe and crown of England, the English *privileges*! and a necklace of diamonds with a carbuncle, for all which she held regular receipts. There were also deposited with the same merchant, and equally belonging to the queen, twenty-four *barrels of gold* in crowns with the imperial effigy; seven dresses, all embroidered with fine pearls, and three others of cloth of gold; fourteen gold chains, weighing 5,000 crowns; twenty-four bracelets, of the weight of 2,000 crowns; fourteen girdles and waist belts, weighing 7,000 crowns; twelve head-dresses of fine pearls; four-

teen necklaces, weighing 3,000 crowns. The queen had sent William von Zieritz to fetch all this, and was obliged to await his return. If the duke would send her a trustworthy man, she would give him and his brothers the twenty-four barrels of gold; as for the sceptre, the imperial globe, and the privileges, she reserved them for another opportunity. The queen also intended to write to the King of France to induce him to give his daughter in marriage to Duke John Frederick, and then she would make him a present of the treasures and privileges of the noble crown of England. Through prudential motives the queen had not come herself, but would not fail to do so, if all went on as she wished. The strange lady then showed the secretary her signet, calling his attention to the fact that it was of solid gold. At the same time she begged him to arrange matters so that her departure for Augsburg might take place before the opening of the Diet of the empire, so that no part of the rich windfall might slip from the duke. Finally, she proceeded to Rossla, where she asked to be supplied with a good stock of game and Rhenish wine.

Even at a period like this, when only very vague information was obtained of events that occurred in foreign countries, and when news circulated with extreme slowness, such a clumsy tissue of falsehoods ought to have opened the eyes of the most prejudiced persons. Even if the duke believed that his aunt was not really dead, and had been shut up in some convent, doubtless to force her to embrace Catholicism, ought not he to have

asked himself how it was possible that she could have accumulated such wealth out of a pension of 3,000*l.* which she had received during sixteen years? how she could be in possession (evidently very illegitimate) of the diamonds, jewels, and documents of the English crown? how she and the duchess, who had also escaped from captivity, had both managed to carry off their treasures, and how it was that this duchess was authorized to dispose of the queen's riches? Ought he not to have considered it very singular that he, a Protestant, was expected to marry the Catholic daughter of the King of France, without referring to the marked improbabilities existing in the accessory details, such as the German name given to an English gentleman, and the title of Duchess of Aybelen, widow of the Duke of Shyprus (evidently meant for Cyprus) in Ireland, &c.?

The duke, however, put faith in all that was told him, and in this trait there is something which makes us understand his character. He wrote to the strange lady to thank her for the information which she had sent him; he also told her that he had given orders to supply her with game and wine, and to purchase her fabrics, to make her suitable dresses. In addition to this, he had bidden his chancellor write to Wittenberg, so that the articles belonging to her detained in that town should be restored to her.

A short time after, the duke had an interview with the strange lady, and she then declared to him that she was no other than his own aunt, Queen Anne of Cleves in person. Such a declaration, far from weakening the duke's

confidence, heightened it, for it removed many of the improbabilities, which, however, had not at all struck him. Hence, he wrote to Paris to his brother, John William, who had gone to fight against Spain with the French, that he found an astonishing likeness between the features of the stranger and a portrait of the Queen of England which he possessed. Besides, she had a scar on her forehead, and he perfectly remembered—because it was a circumstance which had struck him—having heard his mother describe how this scar was produced by a heavy pair of tailor's shears, which she one day threw at her sister's head.

A few days later, however, a letter arrived for the duke from Leipzig, written by one Fritz Dietrich, clerk of the ducal kitchen, which informed him that the writer had learned the presence at Rossla of a person whose description he gave, adding that the duke must be on his guard against her, as she had already played ugly tricks in Mecklenburg upon the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Silesian-Leignitz; she had also been at Halle and Leipzig, where she had been guilty of repeated acts of swindling. This information did not produce the slightest effect on the duke, who doubtless ascribed it to the persecutions of which Anne of Cleves continued to be the object on the part of England, where, it was said, a reward of five barrels of gold awaited the man who procured her extradition. The duke, therefore, sent her a ring, and at the same time his consort wrote her a most friendly letter. He granted her in the Palace of Grimmenstein, at Gotha, a princely

lodging for herself, her two women, a maid and a lacquey, together with board ; and the stranger equally succeeded in imposing on the governor of this palace, Bernhard von Mila, who even lent her money. In exchange for the kindness of which she was the object, she sent the duke two letters of donation, written with her own hand, and sealed with the arms of the House of Juliers Cleves, in which she secured all her treasures and jewels to the duke and his brother John William. As for the youngest of the three brothers, owing to his infirm condition, she merely intended to make him a present of 500,000 crowns. She also manifested an intention of taking charge of her youngest sister, Amelie Princess of Juliers, and assuring her future also. This is why she reserved two barrels of gold for her after her own death ; but if she did not accept them, the said sum would revert to the duke and his brothers. By thus constantly flashing fresh illusions in the eyes of the duke, she kept up his favourable disposition towards her ; but she added at the same time to the dangers which she ran of being detected at any moment. It was thus that she pretended she had important treasures deposited in the château of Gottorp, belonging to Duke Adolphus of Holstein, and she wrote on the subject to the prince. The municipal council of Dantzic owed her about 15,000 florins, and, in order to be repaid this trifling sum, she gave full powers to John Fohmann, a citizen of Erfurt, to act on her behalf. She also pretended that she had a barrel of gold deposited in the town hall of Nüremberg.

It was from the latter city that her exposure came. A

certain Jäger, sent to Nüremberg to fetch and bring back this gold, informed the duke that the younger bailiffs did not understand what he was talking about, while the elder ones had gone to be present at the diet. The duke's agent at Nüremberg also wrote to him that the municipal council knew nothing about the barrel of gold. At this moment the duke's confidence began to decrease to the extent that he ordered Commandant Mila not to let the queen leave the castle, and to insist on repayment of the money advanced her, "in order to avoid the disgrace which would fall upon her if she did not do so;" words evidently alluding to the mission to Nüremberg. The duke's uncertainty, however, still existed, and he still wrote to the queen in a very friendly way; for he was anxious not to lose the money, were there any. On June 30, his brother, a far more sensible man, who had probably made inquiries at the court of Juliers, answered him from Paris by a letter in which he urged him to place no confidence in the pretended Anne of Cleves, who, he was assured, was no other than "a woman formerly attached to the person of the sister of their dear mother." Still, his relations with the stranger remained such, that she insisted on his entering into negotiations with the King of France about the famous marriage affair; but he had the prudence to do nothing of the sort.

About this time arrived an envoy from the Duke of Juliers, demanding the arrest of the pretended Anne of Cleves, which was effected toward the end of July. The adventuress was then examined by Dr. Stephen

Clodius, ducal councillor, by John Luther, and the collector of taxes of the city of Gotha. During the first two examinations she adhered to all her statements, and was then removed to the castle of Tenneberg, where, being closely pressed by Dr. Clodius, she fell on her knees, asked for mercy, and retracted all her previous falsehoods, though only to forge new ones, for she had a perfect assortment at her command.

She first declared that she was a countess of East Friesland by birth, and married, when already a mother, a Count von Manderscheid, seigneur of Antorf. The latter took her to the court of England, but was assassinated during a journey. Before dying, Queen Anne of Cleves had intended to leave large sums of money to the Duke of Saxony, and consequently she had been ordered to deliver these treasures, which she had had the precaution to send out of England. It was for this purpose that she proceeded to Antorf, where she married the Count von Manderscheid. She had also met there an Irish gentleman, who induced her to pass herself off as Queen Anne. Disguised as a man, and accompanied by two bed-chamber women, she had traversed on horseback the whole of East Friesland; but, one day, being recognized by her brother, she was confined in a castle, whence she had managed to escape by the help of a few friends. Her intention had then been to reach Bremen; but her relative, the Count of Oldenburg, met her, and aimed at her with his arquebus. As she very fortunately had five at her disposal, she had kept him in check; and as the count's weapon was not loaded, he toned down, saying that he

should meet her again at Bremen. After that, she proceeded to Verden, and thence to Dantzic. The rest of her history was in exact conformity with her previous statements.

The result of this examination was transmitted to Juliers, where the most conclusive proofs were supplied that it was only a collection of clumsy falsehoods. After persisting for a time in her statements, she asserted in a sixth examination that her mother was a Countess of Friesland, and her father the Count von Rietberg. She had borne children to a gentleman of the name of Von Reuning. She was not aware whether her son was still alive; as for her daughter, she had long been dead. It was this Reuning who took her to England, where the queen had been very kind to her. All the rest was in conformity with her previous statement.

This new declaration was equally contradicted at Juliers, and in a seventh interrogatory she approached (perhaps) nearer to the truth by saying that she was a natural daughter of Duke John of Cleves, by Margaret von Schenk, a nun of the convent at Essen. Her uncle, Henry von Schenk, it was who took her to England. Zieritz abandoned her in Poland to take up with another woman, and refused to give her back any of her money. After this last examination she asserted that she had visions; the Fiend had appeared to her in person, and forbidden her speaking the truth. Unless men were set to watch her, or if she were left without a light at night, she threatened to kill herself.

The executioner of Jena was next sent to Tenneberg,

and in an eighth examination, made in his presence, the prisoner was summoned to tell the truth, or in default would be tortured. She persisted in asserting that she was a natural daughter of the Duke of Cleves, but this time stated her mother to be a Countess von Defurth. She had been educated first in a convent at Cleves, then at the chapter of Essen, and lastly in the house of a certain Frau von Sielbach, whither she was taken by the duke himself, who frequently came to see her, and often said to her that he loved her more than any one of his legitimate children. On the death of Frau von Sielbach she was placed in the convent of Aspeck, in the country of Münster, and confided to the care of one Ida von Diepenbruck; and, when the latter died, she was transferred to the convent of Tangenhorst. When she attained the age of one-and-twenty, she was taken to the house of a Countess von Brederode, who made her marry a gentleman of the name of Rockhausen: she received from the duke a dower of 16,000 florins, lived for fifteen years in the marriage state, and gave birth to two children. On the death of her husband she went to Liège, where she formed the acquaintance of Zieritz, who was attached to the household of the canon Count von Beichlingen. Zieritz induced her to sell some estates belonging to her children and go with him to England. She passed eighteen months in that country, mostly in London, and fell into a state of great misery. Her landlady, Mistress Marning, took pity on her, and introduced her to Queen Anne. She confided the secret of her birth to this princess, who remembered her perfectly

well, and who found in her face not only the family resemblance, but also the characteristic signs of the race, which she bore like her father, the queen, and the Electress of Saxony ; that is to say, her great toes were slightly paralyzed and bent under the other toes. Then the queen made her rich and numerous presents. This declaration was the pure truth, and they could not make her say anything else even if they chopped her piece-meal. If she had not confessed it sooner, the demon was the cause of it : she had been compelled to wrestle with him repeatedly, but firmly resisted him, and never wished to have any dealings with him.

To the question asked her, "What her real object had been in inventing all these follies?" she replied, that if Zieritz had come, she would have confessed everything to the duke and asked his pardon. After having been again exhorted to tell the truth, and after swearing before God and on the salvation of her soul that she had nothing more to declare, she was delivered over to the executioner, and placed by him on the rack, where she still persisted in her statements. The judges then perceiving "that her arms were covered with spots by the Fiend, who had terribly bruised them ; considering, moreover, that *after all she was a daughter, though a natural one, of the house of Cleves,*" and the executioner declaring for his part "that she no longer had the use of her limbs, and could not be subjected to torture without danger for her life," she was taken off the rack. At this moment she declared once again that she was really the daughter of the Duke of Cleves ; that, whatever inquiries might be made

about her, nothing more would be learned, and that she had not at all deserved the treatment which she was made to undergo. Then, shedding tears, and with clasped hands, she implored the duke to pardon her for the love of heaven, and give her a piece of bread until it was found out what had become of Zieritz. She also asked for a priest to console her, ointment, and a barber to dress her wounds, and lastly, that her watchers might be left her, in order to prevent the Fiend visiting her.

The Duke of Juliers, to whom this declaration was also sent, refused to recognize her as his illegitimate sister. His father, he wrote on the date of October 10, only had two natural daughters, one of whom was dead, while the other was still living in a convent. Not one of his councillors or servants had ever heard of such a history, and in the treasury account books there was not the slightest trace of the payment of the dowry of 16,000 florins. The duke's sister, the Princess Amelie, knew no more about it than he did; hence, the entire narrative was only an impudent invention, and he added, that if the person were put to the question, they would soon learn her real motive for telling this tale.

It appears that they were of a different opinion in Saxony, and thought there might be some foundation in the relationship alleged with the house of Cleves; and, in fact, it was very easy to reply to the motives advanced by the court of Juliers that it was permissible to admit that Duke John had kept this amour secret, perhaps through consideration for her mother. A further

inquiry was made, it is true, at which Chancellor Bruck was present; but neither the question nor the torture was employed. Our adventuress firmly persisted in her last statements, and even completed them as follows: on the death of her husband, Zieritz made her swallow a philter, in consequence of which she fell ill. It was he who suggested to her the idea of taking advantage of her likeness to the Queen of England, and passing herself off as that princess. But he abandoned her in the vicinity of Bremen, after fastening her to a tree. Some Münster traders, who passed along the road, liberated her, and she at once set out in search of the inconstant and dishonest Zieritz. If she were taken to Antorf, she would point out the domain which had formerly belonged to her. She also confessed that she had had another lover prior to Zieritz.

From letters still existing in the library of Gotha, we find that the adventuress had previously applied to the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, Duke Frederick of Holstein, and the Duke of Silesian Leignitz; but we do not know what came of it. In writing to her, all these princes style her, "The high and noble lady, Anne, born Duchess of Juliers and Cleves, crowned Queen of England, our very dear and greatly honoured cousin;" consequently, they were all duped by her. Duke John Frederick got off in this affair for 480 florins 5 groschen, without counting what she cost him afterwards. In fact, she was kept prisoner at the Tenneberg, where she was treated rather scurvily all the week, but on Sundays had roast meat and wine; she also received books fitted

for her amusement or edification. She probably died in this prison, unless she took advantage of the general confusion produced in Saxony by the ulterior troubles to escape.

One John von Froemont, who addressed a report on this affair to the municipal council of Nüremberg, which still exists, merely strung together the popular rumours about her. He mentions that it was discovered that she was the daughter of a count, and had been one of the bed-chamber women of Queen Anne. On the death of that princess, she stole her seal as well as several articles of jewellery. She had intercourse with King Henry VIII., and was the cause of the divorce (which is entirely contrary to the truth). Proofs were also acquired that she had had intercourse with other individuals, who manufactured the false letters and documents necessary to play her part. Judging from her accent, she was a native of Westphalia.*

* Doubtless deceived by the rumours still current in his day, the grave de Thou states, "that a courtesan arrived from England, who passed herself off as a Queen Elizabeth of England; and induced Duke John Frederick to repudiate his wife, so that he might be able to marry her."

CHAPTER V.

THE IRON MASK.

The iron mask—The regent and his daughter—The relation—The prophecy—The twin dauphins—The fate of the second born—The discovery—The imprisonment—Voltaire—The prisoner at the Isle Ste. Marguerite—Rumours as to the man with the iron mask—Removal to the Bastille—Different anecdotes—M. de St. Mars—Death of the prisoner—Opinions as to the man with the iron mask—Louis XV. and XVI.

THERE was a period in the reign of Louis XIV. when everybody was asking who was the prisoner with the iron mask ; but this curiosity soon cooled down when the Baron de St. Mars, who conveyed him to the Bastille, let fall a hint on the first convenient opportunity that he had orders to kill the prisoner on the spot if he made himself known, and any one who was so unfortunate as to detect his secret might expect the same fate. This threat not only against the prisoner, but also against any curious discoverer of the secret, produced such an effect that, so long as Louis XIV. lived, no one dared to make more than the discreetest allusions to the mysterious prisoner. The author of the '*Mémoires secrets de la Cour de Perse*,' which appeared fifteen years after the death of Louis XIV. in a foreign country, was the first who ventured to speak openly of the prisoner with the

iron mask, and tell some anecdotes. Since then, the iron mask has occupied the curiosity of half Europe, but up to the present day no one is quite certain in the matter. The Duc de Richelieu, however, fancied that he had discovered the secret so far back as 1719.

At that time everybody knew that the regent was perfectly well acquainted with the name, fate, and cause of captivity of the man with the iron mask. As Richelieu possessed more curiosity and impudence than most men, he formed a plan to draw the grand secret from the regent, through the Princess de Valois. This princess* was wont to act very reservedly toward the regent, who was passionately in love with her, though she was his daughter, and even display a dislike for him; but his passion endured for all that, and on the slightest beam of hope which she showed him he conceded her every wish. Richelieu, therefore, induced the princess, who was violently enamoured of him, to give the regent hopes, on the condition, however, that he would allow her to read his secret notes about the man with the iron mask.

The Duc d'Orléans had never before revealed a state secret: in this respect he displayed a most remarkable reserve, to which he had been trained by his tutor, Dubois. All teachers of princes, who are resolved to rule the future monarch, and who found their hopes upon the instability of their pupils' character, their propensity for pleasure and defective education, are always

* Charlotte Aglaë d'Orléans, Mademoiselle de Valois, born October 22, 1700; afterwards Duchess of Modena.

careful to inoculate their pupils with a taste for the mysterious; for the silence of the princes is the foundation of the building which is to bear their ambition. Thus, although the regent was most confidential with the sharers of his pleasures, he was equally reserved in matters connected with state affairs. Hence, there was not the slightest probability that he would feel inclined to let out of his hand a secret report as to the origin and history of the man with the iron mask. But love, especially when it begs so pressingly as in this case—in fine, the regent gave his daughter the document which she requested. The princess sent it the next morning with a note in cypher to Richelieu. Here is the note, which we quote as a proof of the truth of the following relation:—

2. 1. 17. 12. 9. 2. 20. 2. 1. 7. 14. 20. 10. 3. 21.
 1. 11. 14. 1. 15. 16. 12. 17. 14. 2. 1. 21. 11. 20. 17.
 12. 9. 14. 9. 2. 8. 20. 5. 20. 2. 2. 17. 8. 1. 2. 20. 9.
 21. 21. 1. 5. 12. 17. 15. 00. 14. 1. 15. 14. 12. 9. 21.
 5. 12. 9. 21. 16. 20. 14. 8. 3.

In other respects it possesses no interest, and any one who feels a curiosity in such matters will easily decypher it.

RELATION

of the birth and education of the unhappy prince whom the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin kept aloof from the world, and who, by command of Louis XIV., remained a prisoner for life: drawn up by the tutor of the prince upon his death-bed.

The unfortunate prince whom I educated, and had under my supervision until toward the end of my life, came into the world on September 5, 1638, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, during the supper of the king his father, Louis XIII. His now reigning brother (Louis XIV.) was born on the same day at twelve o'clock, during his father's dinner. But while the birth of the future king was celebrated so splendidly and brilliantly, the birth of his brother was most sad, and kept very secret; for the king, who was informed by the midwife that the queen would be delivered of a second child, allowed no soul in her room beyond the chancellor of France, the midwife, the first chaplain, the queen's confessor and myself, in order to be witnesses of what was going on, and of what he would do in case of the birth of a second child.

It had been prophesied to him that his consort would be delivered of two children. A few days before, two shepherds had come to Paris, who asserted that they had had a divine inspiration about it. It was said in Paris that if the queen, in accordance with the prophecy, were delivered of two dauphins, it would be a great misfortune for the kingdom. The Archbishop of Paris had the prophets arrested and imprisoned at the Lazarus Hospital, because they caused a ferment among the people. What the shepherds prophesied occurred in reality, whether they discovered it by the course of the stars, or whether Providence wished in that way to give his majesty a warning of the untoward event which might affect France. The cardinal, whom the king had in-

formed of the prophecy through a messenger, replied : all preparations must be made for the event : it was not impossible for two dauphins to be born, but the last born must be kept carefully concealed, because he might otherwise feel an inclination to be king too, and might attempt to establish a second league against his brother.

The king was in painful uncertainty, and the queen rendered us excessively anxious through her constant moaning about the second birth. We therefore summoned the king, who was utterly confounded when it continually became more probable that he would be the father of two dauphins. He said to the Lord Bishop of Meaux, whom he had sent for to the queen's room : " Do not leave my wife till she is delivered, for I am in a state of mortal restlessness." Directly after he sent for us, the Bishop of Meaux, the chancellor, the Sieur Honorat, Dame Peronette the midwife, and myself, and said to us, so loud that the queen could hear it : We should have to answer for it with our heads if we revealed the existence of a second dauphin. This must remain a state secret, in order to guard against any evil consequences, as the Salic law laid down no regulations as to the succession, in the event of the birth of twin dauphins.

The prophecy came to pass : the queen was delivered of a second dauphin, while the king sat at supper, who was nobler and handsomer than the first, but incessantly whimpered and cried, as if he already felt sorry at entering upon a life which would be so full of suffering. The chancellor made a protocol of this strange birth, which is unique in our history. But the king finding

this protocol badly drawn up, burnt it in our presence, and it had to be written several times ere it suited his majesty. This took place in spite of the representations of the chaplain, who declared that his majesty ought not to keep the birth of a prince secret: the king replied to this, that there was a political necessity in the case.

After this we were called upon to sign a statement of the facts under oath of secrecy. The chancellor signed first, then the chaplain, then the queen's confessor, and I last: the surgeon and the midwife who had delivered the queen were also forced to sign it. This declaration the king took away with him, and since that time I have never heard anything of it. I only remember this much, that his majesty consulted the chancellor as to the mode of drawing up this declaration, and spoke for some time in a low voice about the lord cardinal. After this, the last born child was intrusted to the care of the midwife; and as fears were still entertained that she might chatter about its birth, she was repeatedly threatened with death if a word escaped her on the subject. She, herself, told me this. We, who were witnesses of the birth, were even prohibited from speaking to each other about the affair.

Not one of us ever broke the oath; for his majesty feared nothing so much after his death as an intestine war, which the two princes born simultaneously might wage against each other. The lord cardinal continually kept him in this alarm when he took charge of the supervision of this boy's education. Further, the king ordered us to examine this unhappy prince closely, and

we found that he had a mole above his left elbow, a yellow spot on his neck, and a smaller mole on the right hip. It was, namely, his majesty's intention, as was reasonable, in the event of his first-born dying, to put the child, whom he intrusted to us, in his place. For this reason he demanded our seals to the protocol, which he himself attested with the small royal seal, and we signed it by order after his majesty. What became of the shepherds, who prophesied the birth of the prince, I never heard, and in truth never inquired. The lord cardinal, who undertook the superintendence of the mysterious child, probably put them out of the way.

As concerns the childhood of the second prince, Dame Peronette at first kept him like her own child. After a while, however, he was considered the illegitimate son of some great lord, for it could be easily seen from the care she devoted to him, and the outlay she made on him, that he must be a rich, though unrecognized child.

When the prince had grown up a little, Cardinal Mazarin, to whom his education had been entrusted on the death of Cardinal Richelieu, had him handed over to me, so that I should bring him up and educate him as the son of a king, but in the utmost secrecy. Dame Peronette also continued to wait on him till her death, with great affection on her side, but greater upon his. He was educated at a country château in Burgundy, with all the care becoming the son and brother of a king.

I had frequent conversations with the queen-mother

during the disturbances in France. Her majesty seemed to fear that if the birth of this prince became known during the life of the young king malcontents might see in him a cause for revolution, as some physicians are of the opinion that the last born of twins is the first conceived, and consequently the legitimate king; which opinion, however, was not accepted by other gentlemen of the profession.

Still, though the queen was so anxious, she could not find it in her heart to destroy the written proofs of his birth. She was determined, in the event of the young heir to the throne dying, on recognizing his brother for what he really was, in spite of her having another prince. For this reason she carefully preserved the papers in her coffer, as she repeatedly told me.

I gave the unfortunate prince an education such as I could have wished to receive myself, and princes who are publicly recognized certainly do not receive a better one. I have only this to reproach myself with, that I produced the prince's ruin, though without the slightest intention of doing so. In his nineteenth year, namely, he was troubled by a violent longing to know who he was. He found me resolved to keep this a secret from him; for, the more frequently and earnestly he implored, the more firm I became in my opposition. From this time he resolved to hide his curiosity, and leave me under the delusion that he really considered himself my son by an illegitimate connexion. It is true that I repeatedly told him, when he called me father in our privacy, that he was mistaken; but I did not try further

to overcome the feelings, which he perhaps only expressed in the hope that I might betray myself: I let him fancy he was my son, and he seemed to become satisfied, but he incessantly sought behind my back for means to discover who he was.

In this way two years passed, until he learned, through an unhappy want of caution on my part, for which I bitterly reproach myself, who he was. He knew that the king for some time past had sent messengers to me every now and then, and I was so unfortunate as to let him get hold of my coffer which contained the letters from the queen and the two cardinals. He read a portion of these, and his extraordinary sharpness guessed the rest. He eventually confessed to me that he removed the letter which gave him the best explanation about his birth.

I remember that his behaviour to me, which was usually so friendly and respectful, became suspicious and harsh; but I could not discover at the time the cause of this change. I never could learn, either, how it had been possible for him to ransack my coffer, and he never confessed it to me; probably a mechanic aided him in it, and he did not wish to betray him to me.

Still, he was so incautious as to ask me for the portraits of the present and the late king. I answered him, that all in existence were so bad that I would wait till an artist had produced better ones. After this reply, which did not appear at all to satisfy him, he asked my permission to take a journey to Dijon. I afterwards learned that it was his intention at that time

to see a portrait of the king, and then travel to St. Jean de Luz, where the court was at the time in consequence of the marriage with the infanta, compare himself with his brother, and see whether he bore any likeness to him. I learned something about his travelling plan, and from that moment did not let him out of sight.

The young prince was at that time handsome as the god of love, and this very god did him excellent service in procuring him a portrait of his brother. For some months past he had been courting a young attendant in the house, and made her so in love with him that she procured him a portrait of the king. The unhappy prince now recognized himself, which was very easy, for the king's portrait might as well have been his own. This sight rendered him so furious that he came into my room with the words: "This is my brother, and this is I!" and he showed me a letter of Cardinal Mazarin, taken out of my coffer.

After this outbreak I was anxious lest the prince might escape from me and hasten to the royal marriage. Hence I hurriedly sent off a courier to the king, told him of the breaking open of my coffer, and begged for fresh instructions. I at once received through the cardinal the royal orders that we were both to be imprisoned, and it was to be intimated to the prince that his pretension was the cause of our common misfortune.

I have suffered with him in our imprisonment up to the present moment, when I feel my dissolution at hand. Nor can I refuse my peace of mind or my pupil

a declaration, which will show him the means of liberating himself from his present sad position should the king die without leaving children. Ought a compulsory oath to bind me to eternal silence about unfortunate events which posterity must know?

Such is the historical relation which the Regent Duke d'Orléans gave to the princess, through whom Richelieu received it.

We may now ask, who was the prince's tutor? Was he a Burgundian by birth, or only the owner of an estate or château in Burgundy? How far was his estate from Dijon? He was doubtless a respected man, for he possessed at the court of Louis XIII., either through his position or as favourite, the king's entire confidence, as well as that of the queen and the Cardinal de Richelieu. Might not the noble register of Burgundy inform us what man of rank disappeared from that province after the marriage of Louis XIV., with a young unknown pupil of about twenty years of age, whom he was educating at his château or estate? Why did not the author of this relation give his name? Had he possibly dictated on his death-bed, and was unable to sign? How, too, did the confession get out of the prison?

In any case this relation affords no certainty that the young prince was really the prisoner who became so notorious under the title of "l'homme au masque de fer;" but the facts mentioned all apply so well to the

mysterious stranger that they fill up the gap in his history, and seem to reveal the commencement of it.

The '*Mémoires secrets de la Cour de Perse*' had scarce appeared, ere a multitude of authors began contending over the secret. Among these authors we may mention Voltaire, who quoted facts but left the veil over them, although he was certainly better informed than any one else; Saint Foix, Père Griffet, La Rivière, Linguet, La Grange Chancel, Papon, Plateau, De la Borde, and several anonymous writers in journals, especially the '*Journal de Paris*.' We will proceed to mention those theories which seem to corroborate the probability of the above-quoted relation, if not its absolute truth.

The first author who alludes to "*l'homme au masque de fer*" is, as we have said, the compiler of the '*Mémoires secrets de la Cour de Perse*.' From him we learn facts, which have always been regarded as truthful, and are really so, although he is mistaken with reference to the secret, as he takes the prisoner with the mask for the Count de Vermandois.

"The prisoner," he says, "was entrusted to the commandant of the island of Sainte Marguerite. The latter had previously received orders from the court not to let any one see him. He approached him with the greatest reverence, he waited on him himself, and took the dishes from the cooks at the door, so that not one of them ever saw the prisoner's face. Once the prince carved his name with the point of a knife on a dish. This dish fell into the hands of a lacquey, who carried it

to the commandant in the hope of a large reward. But he was woefully mistaken; for he was very speedily put out of the way, in order to bury the most important secret with him. The prisoner with the iron mask remained for several years at the island of Sainte Marguerite, and only left it to change his quarters to the Bastille, when Louis XIV., in order to reward the faithful services of the commandant, gave the latter the government of that fortress. It was only prudent that the prisoner should follow his overseer, just as, on the other hand, it would have been contrary to all measures of caution if a new confidant had been selected, who possibly would not have been so faithful or so attentive. Both on the island and in the Bastille the precaution was used that, whenever it was compulsory for any one to see the prince, either through illness or any other cause, the prisoner put on a mask. Several credible persons have asserted that they have seen the man with the mask, and according to their statement he addressed the governor as thou, while the latter, on the other hand, showed him the most extraordinary reverence."

The second author who alludes to the man with the iron mask is Voltaire, in the '*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,' who says: "A few months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin an event occurred which is unexampled, and, more extraordinary still, is unmentioned by every historian. A prisoner whom no one knew, of more than ordinary height, young, and very gracefully and nobly built, was conveyed with the utmost secrecy to the castle on the island of Sainte Marguerite, off the coast of

Provence. On the road he constantly wore a mask, whose chin-piece was provided with steel springs, so that he could eat with the mask before his face ; and at the same time orders were given to shoot him at the slightest attempt to make himself known. He remained upon the island until a man who possessed the confidence of the court, St. Mars, governor of Pignerol, was appointed governor of the Bastille in 1690. The latter fetched him from the island, and conveyed him, still constantly masked, to the Bastille. Before his removal, the Marquis de Louvois, minister of war, visited him, and spoke to him standing, so that he displayed reverence rather than mere respect, as it seemed. In the Bastille, the unknown received the best quarters possible there, and nothing that he asked for was refused him. He displayed the greatest liking for fine linen and lace. He played the lute ; his table was good ; and the governor never or very rarely sate down in his presence. An aged surgeon of the Bastille, who was often called in to the enigmatical prisoner, declared that, although he had more than once examined his tongue and the upper part of his body, he had never caught a glimpse of his face. He was, the surgeon added, a very handsome man, and his skin was rather brown ; the sound of his voice of itself rendered him liked, and no complaint ever escaped him about his condition, nor the remotest hint as to who he was. A celebrated surgeon, son-in-law of this gentleman, and in the service of the Maréchal de Richelieu, is my authority for these facts ; and M. de Bernaville, successor of St. Mars, has frequently confirmed them. The

unknown died in the year 1704, and was buried by night in the parish of St. Paul. Our astonishment is doubled when we call to mind that, on his removal to the island of Ste. Marguerite, no man of importance disappeared in Europe. * * * M. de Chamillard was the last minister who was acquainted with this strange secret. His son-in-law, the second Maréchal de Feuillade, told me that shortly before his father-in-law's death he implored him on his knees to tell him who the mysterious individual only known as the man with the iron mask really was; but Chamillard answered him: it was a secret of state, and he had sworn never to reveal it.

"So long as the unknown prisoner was at the island of Ste. Marguerite, the governor himself served the dishes, locked the door, and retired. One day the prisoner wrote his name with the point of a knife on a silver dish, and threw it out of the window, in the direction of a boat that lay at anchor under the tower. A fisherman, the owner of the boat, picked up the dish and carried it to the governor. The latter asked him in great alarm: 'Have you read what is engraved on the dish?'—'I cannot read,' was the fisherman's reply; 'I have just found the dish and no one has seen it.' For all this, though, the fisherman was kept under duress until the governor had convinced himself that he could not read a syllable, and that no one had seen the dish. 'Now begone,' the governor said to him, 'and thank your stars that you cannot read.' Among the witnesses of this occurrence was a man who is perfectly deserving of belief."

The author of the '*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,' Voltaire afterwards says in his '*Mélanges*,' was the first to tell the true story of the man with the iron mask. He was, namely, extremely well informed about an affair, "at which our contemporaries are amazed, about which posterity will be amazed, and which is only too certain." He had been incorrectly informed, however, about the year in which this strange, unhappy man died, for he was not buried in 1704, but on March 3, 1703.

He was first imprisoned at Pignerol, then at the island of Ste. Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille, always under the charge of the same man, St. Mars, who was present at his decease. Father Griffet, a Jesuit, has imparted to the public the journal of the Bastille, which proves the correctness of the statement about the year and day. It was easy for him to get hold of this journal, because he occupied the laborious post of confessor to the prisoners in the Bastille.

The man with the iron mask is a riddle which many persons have tried to solve. Some have hit upon the Duke de Beaufort;* but he was killed in 1699, while defending Candia against the Turks, and the man with the iron mask was in Pignerol as early as 1662. How, too, could the Duke de Beaufort have been arrested in the midst of his army? how could he have been removed to France, without any one being aware of the fact? why was he arrested? and what was the object of the mask?

* Francis, Duke de Beaufort, second son of Duke Cæsar de Vendôme and the Princess Françoise of Lorraine: Cæsar de Vendôme was the bastard of Henri IV. and the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées.

Others have dreamed of the Count de Vermandois,* who, however, died in camp quite publicly of small-pox in 1683, and lies buried at Aix, and not at Arras, as Father Griffet erroneously states, though that is of little consequence.

Further, some persons have been of opinion that the man with the iron mask was no other than the Duke of Monmouth, whose head, however, James II. publicly cut off in London in 1675. Hence he must have risen from the dead, and this must have occurred in 1662, not 1685; while it was necessary that James II. should have pardoned him, and executed some one else who bore a striking likeness to him. There would have been some difficulty in finding such a Sosia, kind enough publicly to sacrifice his head to save the Duke of Monmouth. All England would have been mistaken, and the King of England have begged the King of France to serve him as a turnkey. Now, if Louis XIV. had rendered this slight service to James II., he would hardly have done the same service to William and Anne, with whom he was at war.

But all these fables are easily dissipated; the simple question alone remains: Who was this prisoner who was constantly compelled to wear a mask, at what age did he die, and in what name was he buried? It is evident, that as he never was seen without his mask, fears were entertained that his features would betray too remarkable a likeness, for he was allowed to show his tongue,

* Louis de Bourbon, Count de Vermandois, born 1667, bastard of Louis XIV., by Louise de LaBaume-Leblanc, Duchess de Lavallière.

but never his face. As regards his age, he himself said a few days before his death to the apothecary of the Bastille that he believed he was sixty years of age. Sieur Marsoban, the surgeon of the Maréchal de Richelieu, and afterwards of the regent, repeatedly confirmed this. And lastly, why was he given an Italian name? he was constantly called Marchiali? * * * * The author of this article probably knows more of the matter than Father Griffet, but he will say no more on the subject.

So far Voltaire.

La Grange Chancel, the third historian who speaks of the iron mask, had opportunities for learning various peculiar facts.

"During my stay," he writes, "at the island of Ste. Marguerite, where at the time of my arrival the imprisonment of the so-called *masque de fer* was no longer a state secret, I learned special circumstances, which a more careful inquirer than Voltaire could have collected as easily as myself, if he had only taken the trouble. This extraordinary event, which he places in the year 1661, really belongs to the year 1669, eight years after the death of his eminence. The governor, M. de la Mothe Guérin, assured me that this prisoner was no other than the Duke de Beaufort, who was said to have been killed at the siege of Candia, and whose body, according to all the reports of his contemporaries, was never found. He also told me that M. de St. Mars, who was first governor of Pignerol and then of Ste. Marguerite, always treated the prisoner with great respect, served him on silver, and gave him expensive clothes

as often as he asked for them : whenever he required a physician or surgeon, in consequence of illness, he was forbidden, under penalty of death, to show himself to them without his mask : when alone, however, he was allowed to pull out his beard with pretty little pincers of fine polished steel.

“Various persons told me that, when St. Mars took the government of the Bastille and conveyed his prisoner thither, the latter repeatedly asked through his iron mask : ‘Does the king require my life?’ to which St. Mars replied, ‘No, my prince, you have no cause to fear for your life, only follow me.’

“Further, I also heard the following from a certain Dubuisson (a clerk of the celebrated Samuel Bernard), who was brought to Ste. Marguerite after an imprisonment of several years in the Bastille : he, with several other prisoners, was confined in a room just under the one which the unknown occupied, and they were enabled to converse by means of the chimney pipes ; but when they asked him why he so obstinately concealed his name and fate, he answered : Such a revelation would cost him his life as well as that of all those to whom he told his secret.

“Still, however this may be, now that the name and rank of this victim to state plots are no longer a secret, I have believed that, by making known what I have learned on the subject, I can prevent the further spread of those theories which every man forms for himself, because he believes an author who has made a great reputation through the marvellous, to which he contrives

to give a varnish of truth, as we must admire in most of his writings, even in his 'Life of Charles XII.'

So far La Grange Chancel.

Abbé Papon, who on his journey through Provence visited the earlier prison, says of it:—

"About the close of the last century the interesting prisoner with the iron mask, whose name in all probability no one will ever learn, was brought to the island of Ste. Marguerite. Only a few persons were permitted to hold speech with him. Once when M. de St. Mars was conversing with the prisoner from the corridor, where he was able to see everybody approaching, the son of a friend of his came towards the spot where he heard persons speaking. The governor, however, no sooner saw him than he hurriedly shut the room-door, ran toward the young man, and asked him in the greatest alarm whether he had overheard anything. So soon as he was assured of the contrary, he sent the young man off on the self-same day, and wrote to this friend that this adventure had nearly cost his son dearly, and he had sent him away through fear of any want of caution on his part.

"Curiosity induced me to inspect, on February 2, 1778, the former abode of the prisoner. It only receives light through a window on the north side, and looking seawards, which is pierced through a thick wall and defended by thin iron bars at equal distances. In the citadel I found an officer of the free company, in his seventy-ninth year. He told me that his father, who had served in the same company, had frequently men-

tioned to him that a monk once noticed under the prisoner's window something white floating on the water, which he caught and carried to M. de St. Mars. It was a very fine and carelessly folded shirt, on which the prisoner had written from one end to the other. After the governor had opened it and read a few lines, he asked the monk, with great embarrassment, whether he had not been sufficiently curious to read the writing: the monk assured him of the contrary with repeated asseverations, but two days after was found dead in his bed. This is a fact, which the above-mentioned officer heard so frequently, not only from his father, but from the priest stationed in the fort at the period, that he regards it as indubitable.

"No less certain appears to me the following, which is based on the testimony of many persons, and collected by myself at the convent of Lerins, where the tradition is preserved. A female attendant was desired for the prisoner, and a woman from the village of Mongin offered herself, as she considered it a certain method of making her children's fortune. When she was told, however, that she must give up her children, as well as any intercourse with other persons, she refused to share the fate of a prisoner, whose acquaintance would be bought so dearly.

"I must also add that at the two extreme points of the fort, seaward, sentries were posted, who had orders to fire at any boat which approached within a certain distance. The person who waited upon the prisoner died on the island. The above-mentioned officer, who was in

many matters the confidant of M. de St. Mars, several times told his son, that he had fetched the corpse at midnight and borne it on his shoulders to the grave. At first he believed that it was the prisoner himself, but, as I stated, it was the person who waited on him, and a woman was then sought in his stead."

It was known that St. Mars, when he removed the prisoner to the Bastille in 1698, stopped at his estate of Plateau. Through this, Freron, who desired to contradict Voltaire's statements about the prisoner, was induced to ask M. de Plateau for information. The latter gave it in a letter published in the '*Année Littéraire*' of June, 1768:—

"As it is evident from the letter of M. de St. Foix, from which you have given an extract, that the man with the iron mask still employs the imagination of our authors, I am inclined to tell you what I know about him. Both at Ste. Marguerite and at the Bastille he was only known by the name of La Tour. The governor and the officers treated him with the utmost deference, and he received everything that could be allowed to a prisoner. He was frequently allowed to go walking, but always with the mask on his face. Since the '*Siccle de Louis XIV.*' of M. de Voltaire has appeared, I have heard that the mask was of iron, and provided with springs: probably, my informants forgot to tell me of this fact. He, however, only wore the mask when he went out to enjoy the fresh air, or when he was compelled to see a stranger.

"An infantry officer, M. de Blainvilliers, who was a

good deal with M. de St. Mars, frequently told me that La Tour's fate no little excited his curiosity : and, in order to satisfy it, he put on the uniform of a private, who was to stand as sentry in a gallery under the prisoner's window. From this spot he had distinctly seen the prisoner without his mask : he was pale-faced, tall, and finely built, and his hair, though he was still in the prime of life, was quite white : he walked up and down his room the whole night through. Blainvilliers adds that the prisoner was always dressed in brown ; he was supplied with very fine linen and books. The governor and officers stood in his presence bare-headed, till he granted them permission to sit down, and they frequently gave him their company and dined with him.

“M. de St. Mars exchanged the government of Ste. Marguerite for that of the Bastille in 1698. On the journey thither, he stopped with his prisoner at his estate of Plateau. The man with the mask was carried in a litter before that of M. de St. Mars, and had a mounted escort. The inhabitants of the village went to meet their landlord. The governor dined with his prisoner, but it was so arranged that the latter sat with his back to the windows, which looked out on the court. The peasants whom I questioned had not been able to see whether he kept his mask on while eating, but they saw very plainly that M. de St. Mars, who sat opposite to him at table, had a brace of pistols lying by his plate. The attendance was conducted by a single valet, who carried in the dishes, which were brought to the ante-room, and each time carefully locked the dining-room

door after him. Whenever the prisoner crossed the court-yard he had always a black mask before his face. The peasants also noticed that his teeth and lips could be seen, that he was tall, and that his hair was white. M. de St. Mars had his bed put up close to that of the prisoner. After the death of the latter, in 1704, he was, as M. de Blainvilliers told me, privily buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, and certain corrosive substances were placed in his coffin, in order to consume the body. I never heard that he had a foreign accent, as has been reported."

On their arrival at the Bastille, the king's lieutenant, M. du Jonca, entered the delivery of the prisoner in the journal as follows:—

"On Thursday, September 8, at three o'clock P. M., M. de St. Mars, governor of the Bastille, arrived for the first time from the islands of Ste. Marguerite and Ste. Honorat. In his litter was an aged prisoner, whom he had at Pignerol, whose name is not stated, and who is kept constantly masked. Until night the prisoner was temporarily placed in the Tower de la Basinière: then I removed him myself, at about nine o'clock at night, to the third room in the Tower de la Bertaudière, which I had previously fitted up with every requisite by order of M. de St. Mars. When I conveyed him to this room, I was accompanied by M. Rosarges, whom M. de St. Mars brought with him, and who was authorized to serve and wait on the prisoner at the governor's charges."

Griffet, the Jesuit, first produced this strange docu-

ment from an archive, whence no information was generally derived. But he was confessor of the Bastille, and both the Jesuit, as well as the governor, probably had good reasons for making known anecdotes of this nature.

The last news connected with the strange man with the iron mask is afforded by Linguet, who, during his lengthened captivity in the Bastille, obtained various scraps of information from the oldest officers and gaolers. These he gave to M. de la Borde, who published them in a small pamphlet.

1. The prisoner wore a mask, not of iron, but of velvet, at least so long as he was in the Bastille.

2. The governor himself waited on him and removed his linen.

3. When he went to mass he was most strictly ordered not to speak or to show himself; the Invalids had orders to fire at him, and their muskets were loaded with bullets; he also concealed himself, and held his tongue with the utmost caution.

4. When he was dead, all the furniture which he had used was burnt, the flooring in his whole room torn up, and the ceiling pulled down; every hole and corner, in a word, every place where a piece of paper or linen could have been concealed, was searched; in short, every possible search was made as to whether he had left any intimation of who he was. Linguet declared that there were persons who knew these facts from their parents, who, as gaolers at the Bastille, had seen the man with the iron mask.

The unhappy prisoner at last died, after a lengthened

torture, in the year 1703, in the Bastille, where he had been for five years and two months. The same M. du Jonca, who recorded his arrival in the prison journal, wrote on his death :—

“Monday, November 19th, 1703.—The unknown prisoner, who always wore a black velvet mask, and was brought by M. de St. Mars from the island Ste. Marguerite, after feeling unwell yesterday on his return from mass, died at about ten o’clock this evening, without any serious illness. M. Guiraut, our chaplain, received his confession yesterday, but death surprised him before he could take the sacraments. He was buried on Tuesday, November 20th, at four in the afternoon, in the churchyard of St. Paul, our parish, and his funeral cost 40 livres.”

His name and age were even kept a secret from the parish priests. In the journal of the Bastille his funeral is recorded in the following terms :—

“In the year 1703, November 19, died in the Bastille, Marchiali, about five-and-forty years of age. His body was buried on the following 20th, in St. Paul’s churchyard, in the presence of M. Rosarges, major, and M. Reilh, surgeon-major of the Bastille, whose signatures are here added.

“ ROSARGES.

“ REILH.”

It is also quite certain that after his death orders were given to burn everything, without distinction, that he had used : linen, clothes, mattresses, blankets, even the doors of his room, his bedstead, and his chairs. His

plate was melted down, the walls of the room he had occupied were scratched and fresh whitewashed, and the precautions were even carried so far as to tear up the flooring, in the apprehension that he might have concealed a note, or made himself known by some sign.

From all these fragments we arrive at the following conclusions. The man with the mask must have been a person of great importance: the unremitting care with which he was compelled to hide his face supplies proof how dangerous the sight of it would have been, and, consequently, that it could have been seen from his features who he was: he himself displayed the wish to make himself known rather than to escape: as no prince disappeared in France after the death of Mazarin, the man with the mask must have been an important, but unknown person, and the minister must have been most anxious to keep his name and position secret, since he was threatened with death if he made himself known.

Further, we notice the very remarkable fact, that this illustrious son of misfortune was forced to keep his face concealed, whether he was on the island, or on the coast of Provence, or on the road, or in Paris. His features, consequently, would have betrayed the secret of the court in any part of the kingdom. To this must be added that the prisoner's face was concealed from Mazarin's death up to his own in the beginning of the last century, and that the government carried its caution so far as to destroy the face of the corpse, or, as

others declare, bury it without a head. His features, we may hence assume, would have caused him to be recognized from one end of France to the other during an entire half-century.

Consequently, there was during fifty years in France an eminent, and universally known man, a contemporary, whose features bore a striking resemblance to those of the prisoner. But who so likely to be this Sosia as Louis XIV., his twin brother? and hence the state secret and the political behaviour of Louis XIV. seem to us to be beyond a doubt. If such still remain, they only arise from the improbability that even governors of state prisons should have received the inhuman order to murder in cold blood a royal prince, if he let his face be seen; and such barbarity does not agree with what we know of the character of Louis XIV., who was not bloodthirsty. Still, all those who mention the man with the iron mask assert that such orders were given.

Louis XV. showed himself far more humane: he would have set the prisoner at liberty, had the latter been still alive when he assumed the government. He frequently pressed the regent to tell him the history of the prisoner, but the regent always answered him: "Your majesty must not know it until you have attained your majority." On the day before the proclamation, the king again asked him whether he would receive the secret together with the monarchy? "Yes, sire," the regent replied, in the presence of several great men;

"to-day I should be acting contrary to my duty if I revealed the secret, but to-morrow I shall be compelled to answer the questions which you may ask me."

On the following day, then, the king, in presence of the court, drew the regent on one side, in order to learn the secret. All eyes were fixed on the king, and it was noticed that the young monarch was terribly affected by the narrative of the Duc d'Orléans. Nothing of the conversation, however, was overheard, save that the king said aloud at its close: "Well, if he were still alive, I would give him his liberty."

Louis XV. preserved the secret better than the Duc d'Orléans did. Only once, during the literary dispute between Father Griffet and St. Foix, the words escaped him, in the presence of many gentlemen of the court: "Let them quarrel! no one has as yet told the truth about the iron mask." While saying this he had the Father's book in his hand. The dauphin, father of Louis XVI., repeatedly begged the king to reveal to him who the prisoner was; but each time the king answered him: "It is right that you should not know it, for it would grieve you."

His majesty's head valet, de la Borde, with whom he at times conversed on matters of history, literature, and the fine arts, once spoke to him about a fresh anecdote which concerned the man with the iron mask. "Aha!" said the king, "I suppose that the gentleman would like me to say something about the matter? But he shall not learn more than everybody else knows. Only so

much will I assure him, that the imprisonment of this unhappy man did not injure any one at court, and that he had neither wife nor child."

Equally reserved was Louis XV. on this point, even toward Madame de Pompadour and his other loves. All wished to learn the secret from him, but all strove in vain to do so.

CHAPTER VI.

COUNT ST. GERMAIN.

Origin of St. Germain—A new hypothesis—His position at Vienna—His appearance in Paris—Anecdotes—A modern Methuselah—His diamonds—Specimens of his story-telling—A clever trick—The ghost bride—The snare—St. Germain as a politician—Alexis Orloff—Obscurity about his death.

THERE is an entire literature in existence about the remarkable man whose name heads this chapter, which comes down almost to the present day ; but the riddle is not yet solved. We are unable to follow his life from his first decided appearance ; his birth and origin remain in utter obscurity ; we have no information as to his youth ; and finally, as regards his death, there are doubts as to the precise epoch. We have to tell the story of an incomparable and inexplicable adventurer's life.

In the first place, we will remark that this extraordinary man was not a member of the French family of St. Germain, to which belonged Count Robert Saint Germain, born in 1708 at Lons le Saulnier, who was first a Jesuit, then served in the armies of France, the Palatinate, and Prussia ; became Danish minister at war under Struenzee ; returned to the French service, and at

the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., as minister of war, tried to introduce the Prussian exercise into the French army, and aroused general dissatisfaction: he died in 1778.

As regards the origin of the man, who called himself Count St. Germain (at first, too, Marquis de Montferrat, Marquis d'Aymar or Belmar, while he afterwards used several names, as—Chevalier Schöning, Chevalier Well-down, Count Soltikoff, and Count Tzarogy, though he seems to have employed these temporarily, as a species of transparent incognito), a Baron von Stosch declared that he had known during the regency of Philippe d'Orléans, or from 1715 to 1723, a Marquis de Montferrat, who gave himself out as a natural son of the widow of the last Spanish Habsburg, Queen Marie Anna, who resided for a lengthened period at Bayonne,* by a Spanish banker. But was Baron Stosch's Marquis de Montferrat identical with our St. Germain?

Others declared the mysterious man to be the natural son of a Portuguese infant or grandee, to which the names of Bedmar and Belmar certainly point; others, again, saw in him a Spanish Jesuit, Aymar; while others, as in the dubious memoirs of the Marquise de Créquy, make him point-blank an Alsatian Jew of the name of Simon Wolff. The French prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul, also stated on one occasion that he was the son of a Portuguese Jew; while Louis XV. felt convinced that he was of high birth. Many thought the

* A Palatine Countess von Neuburg, born 1667; married to Charles II. of Spain, 1689; left a widow 1700; died July 16, 1740.

supposition probable that he was the son of the tax-collector Rotondo, in the Savoyard town of Saint Germain; and this would be an easy explanation of the name of Saint Germain. Montaigne goes so far as to declare that St. Germain was born at Vitry, and brought up as a girl till his twenty-second year, and that his sex was then discovered by accident.

All these statements, however, are pure hypotheses, and nothing further is derived from them than that high birth was ascribed to the man who appeared with the airs of a grand seigneur.

If we now offer our own views as to the origin of Count St. Germain, which certainly vary from all those we have quoted above, we do not profess that we have solved the riddle; we merely offer an hypothesis, but believe that our opinion is based upon better grounds than any of those hitherto offered. However, there is a way of proving the correctness of our view offered at a place where no one has as yet searched, namely, the archives of Vienna.

We are disposed to consider Count St. Germain to be the younger son of Prince Francis Leopold Racoczi and Princess Charlotte Amelie of Hesse-Wanfried. Francis Leopold married in 1694, and had two sons by this marriage, who were captured by the Austrians and reared in the Catholic faith; they were also compelled to lay aside the dangerous name of Racoczi. The elder, Joseph, called himself thenceforth Marchese di San Carlo, but fled from Vienna in 1734, and received the Turkish pension of his father, who died at Rodosto, and was

buried at Smyrna ; the marchese was then recognized as Prince of Transylvania, but was defeated and expelled by Prince Lobkowitz : he died, utterly forgotten, in Turkey. The younger brother, on the other hand, Francis Racoczi, who was obliged to assume the name of Marchese di Santa Elizabetha, and was pensioned by the Austrians, notoriously took no part in his brother's enterprises, and seems, in consequence, to have always stood on good terms with the Austrian government. Of this Prince Francis Racoczi nothing is to be heard ; we know not where he lived or where he died : in short, he disappears out of the world.

If we now express the opinion that the enigmatical Count de St. Germain was Francis Racoczi, Marchese di Santa Elizabetha, we must remark, in the first place, that this prince had an interest in concealing his origin so long, namely, as he wished to be on good terms with the Viennese court, and retain his pensions and liberty ; further, that all the allusions which he at times let fall about his illustrious descent can thus be explained without difficulty ; and that, finally, the statements as to his great age can be naturally accounted for. As his parents were married in 1694, he, as the younger brother, could not have been born till 1696 ; and if we take 1784 as the year of his death, though some state it to be 1780 or 82, he was not above eighty-eight years of age at the most ; and this is not surprising, especially when we find that he took great care of his health (*inter alia* by purging with senna leaves—the St. Germain tea still in use), and that all his friends who followed his dietetic advice died at the

age of eighty or ninety ; as, for instance, Counts Zobor and Lamberg, and his last patron the Landgrave of Hesse.

Our view is also confirmed by the following facts : it is notorious that St. Germain resided for a long time in Vienna, and his first friends and patrons were Austrians and Germans, as Count Zobor, Prince Lobkowitz, and Count Lamberg ; the French Marshal de Belleisle,* brought him from Germany to France ; he constantly returned to Germany ; and lastly, he spoke German with the greatest purity, as, indeed, he did English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese ; but his French is said to have had a Piedmontese accent. Now a German learns to speak foreign languages with purity much more easily than a foreigner learns German, and we have our doubts as to the Piedmontese accent.

Whatever truth there may be in St. Germain's travels in England and the East Indies, it is indubitable that from 1745 to 1755 he was a man of high position in Vienna, enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz, kept up to the last an intimacy with the Austrian grandees, and was probably known to the Emperor Francis I., who, like himself, was fond of speculative chemistry : he lauds the emperor as "*Prince immortel pour les qualités augustes, jointes à la protection qu'il accorde aux arts.*"

As regards St. Germain's origin, we will finally remark

* Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Comte de Belleisle, born September 22, 1684 ; died January 26, 1761, marshal of France ; and from 1749 French minister at war.

that, when he was residing for a time with the Margrave Christian Frederick Charles Alexander of Brandenburg-Anspach, he took the name of Tzarogy, which is an anagram of Ragotzy, as the name of Racoczi was generally written in Germany. St. Germain is also said to have called himself a Prince Racoczi on one occasion, although the fact is not fully confirmed.

The reputation of St. Germain begins with the year 1757, when he suddenly appeared at the court of Versailles as grand seigneur; his patron at that period was Marshal de Belleisle, whose acquaintance, as we stated, he formed in Germany. The mystery with which he contrived to surround himself attracted curiosity; he was reported to have the age of Methuselah, to possess the secret of making gold, &c. A servant, whom he asked some question, was said to have answered him: "Excuse me, monseigneur, but you will be kind enough to remember that I have only been five hundred years in your service." He is said to have given a lady a rejuvenating draught, and she used it so zealously that she became a child in arms again. It is certain, however, that he sought to make persons believe that he had attained an extraordinary age; and he employed for this purpose various artifices, though he never made any positive assertions. Still, we must remark, in his defence, that he never went so far, as has been said, as to assert that he was a contemporary of Pontius Pilate, to whom he had rendered certain services, or boast of the efforts he had made at the Council of Nicea to promote the canonization of St. Anne. These stories

emanate from a mystification which was carried on far too long, and practised by a Parisian joker of the day, who possessed a peculiar talent for counterfeiting people, and who was eventually surnamed "My Lord Gower," because he mainly exercised his talent at the expense of newly-landed Englishmen. This individual was introduced to circles where St. Germain was unknown, and he was passed for the latter, and exaggerated his part, though he did not meet with less credulity on that account.

St. Germain was a good deal in the society of the Marquise de Pompadour, and the lady in waiting, Madame du Hausset, who observed him very sharply, heard him say : " Quelquefois je m'amuse non pas à faire croire, mais à laisser croire que j'ai vécu dans le plus ancien temps." In the same way he said one day to the Baron von Gleichen : " These humbugs of Parisians believe that I am four hundred years old, and I confirm them in the idea, because I see that it affords them pleasure. Still, for all that, I am many years older than I appear."

A Countess Languet de Gergy, whose husband was French ambassador at Venice from 1723 to 1731, declared in 1758 that she had known the count at that period in Venice ; that he looked like an active man of fifty ; while now, after an interval of forty years, he did not look more than sixty. The Pompadour questioned him about this, and he answered laughingly : " Cela n'est pas impossible ; mais je conviens qu'il est encore plus possible que cette dame, qui je respecte, radote." We believe that the countess had indeed seen him at that

time in Venice, but that he then looked older than he really was.

St. Germain's great force was his extraordinary talent for story-telling, and through the charm of his narration, and his wondrous knowledge of historical details, he confused his hearers to such an extent that they believed they saw and heard a living witness of past times. According to the nature of the people, he left them in this delusion: as Grimm tells us, he described with inimitable talent the events of long past days with the same details and animation as anecdotes of the hour. At times, for instance, when alluding to a conversation with Francis I. or Henry VIII., he would feign absence of mind, and say: "The king then turned to me and remarked——" but, immediately recollecting himself, he would recall the last words, and add, "and said to Duke so and so."

Madame du Hausset describes the count accurately: he seemed to be fifty years of age, was neither stout nor thin, had polished manners, and dressed very simply but with great taste; on his fingers, as well as on his snuff-box and watch, he had brilliants of the finest water. The diamonds on his knee and shoe buckles alone were valued at 200,000 francs. In his ruffles glistened rubies of extraordinary beauty. One day he visited the Marquise de Pompadour, who was unwell; and, to distract her thoughts, showed her a box full of topazes, rubies, and emeralds—a perfect treasure. Madame du Hausset made a sign to her mistress that she considered all these stones false; but the count, who probably

noticed the sign, threw on the table a cross set with white and green stones, which the lady in waiting considered very handsome, and he at once begged her to accept it as a present. On being valued afterwards it was taxed at 1500 francs. Of course, such princely liberality only enhanced the reputation of the mysterious man. He also one day showed Baron von Gleichen, in addition to a small collection of exquisite paintings, among which was a 'Holy Family' by Murillo, a mass of brilliants so fine and large that von Gleichen fancied he was gazing on the treasures of the wonderful lamp, and there was nothing to prove that the stones were false. But St. Germain no more asserted that he possessed the universal specific than he did the philosopher's stone.

St. Germain also displayed in society an infinitude of talents: he played splendidly on several musical instruments, and at times revealed abilities which certainly bordered on the incredible. Thus, for instance, he had the first twenty verses of a poem dictated to him one day, and wrote them down simultaneously with his right and left hand on two different sheets: not one of the persons present could distinguish one handwriting from the other. He laughingly remarked: "You will allow that I do not keep my writer for nothing." But his main force was story-telling, and we will furnish here a specimen, which Madame du Hausset has preserved for us. The Marquise de Pompadour possessed this novelette in St. Germain's handwriting.

The Marquis de St. Giles, Spanish envoy at the Hague at the beginning of this century, had in his youth been intimate with the Count de Moncada, a Spanish grandee, and one of the richest gentlemen in that country. A few months after his arrival at the Hague he received a letter from the count, who implored him by his friendship to do him the greatest of all services.

"You know, my dear marquis, my grief," he wrote to him, "that I could not continue the name of the Moncadas. It pleased heaven, some time after I lost you, to listen to my prayers and give me a son, who at an early age displayed those propensities which are worthy of his rank. But misfortune devised it that he should fall in love at Toledo with the most celebrated actress in that city. I closed my eyes to this escapade of a young man, who up to that time had given me every cause for satisfaction. When I learned, however, that his passion had led him so far that he wished to marry the girl, and that he had given her a written promise of marriage, I begged the king to have him arrested. My son, informed of my purpose, prevented me from carrying it out by eloping with the object of his passion. For more than six months I have been in a state of uncertainty as to his place of abode, but I have now reasons to believe that he is living at the Hague."

The count then implored the marquis, in the name of friendship, to make the closest inquiries in order to find his son and induce him to return. "It is but right," the count added, "to secure the future of the girl, if

she consent to give back the marriage promise, and I leave it to you to settle the sum which is necessary so that my son may return to Madrid in a befitting manner." In conclusion the count said, "I know not whether you are a father: if you are so, you can form an idea of my uneasiness."

The count added to this letter an accurate description of his son and the lady. The marquis had no sooner received this letter than he sent round to all the inns at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague; but it was all of no avail, he could discover nothing. He began to doubt about the favourable result of his researches, when he suddenly had the idea of employing in the matter a young French and very clever page. The page examined all the public resorts for several days without result; at length, one evening at the theatre, he observed a young lady and a gentleman in a box, whom he carefully examined; but when he noticed that, startled by his fixed gaze, they withdrew to the back of the box, he no longer doubted as to the result of his search. He did not take his eyes off the box, consequently, and watched every movement in it.

The piece was no sooner ended, than the page hurried into the corridor leading from the boxes to the door, and noticed that the young man, in passing him, held his handkerchief before his face, doubtless for the purpose of concealment. He followed him quietly to the inn, called the 'Vicomte de Turenne,' which he saw him enter with the lady. Certain that he had found the man he was seeking, he hastened to inform the

ambassador. The Marquis de St. Giles, wrapped in a cloak, and followed by his page and two lacqueys, at once proceeded to the 'Vicomte de Turenne,' and on reaching the inn he requested the landlord to show him the room which a young man and his wife had occupied for some time past.

At first the landlord made some difficulties, and would only show the room if the gentleman called the parties by name; whereupon the page told him that he was speaking with the Spanish ambassador, who had reasons for wishing to see them. Mine host replied that the persons desired to remain incognito, and that they had forbidden him showing any one in to them who did not mention their names; but, out of respect for the ambassador, he showed him the room, and led him to one of the poorest garrets under the roof. The ambassador rapped at the door, but there was a hesitation in opening it: at last, after rapping more sharply, the door partly opened; but the person who opened, on seeing the envoy and his suite, was going to shut it again, with the remark, "There is a mistake."

The ambassador, however, pushed the door open, walked in after bidding his people wait outside, and found himself facing a young man of very pleasing exterior, whose features exactly resembled those in the description. With him was a young, pretty, well-formed woman, equally resembling in the colour of the hair and in profile the one whom his friend Count de Moncada had described. The young man was the first to speak, and complained of the violence employed in

forcing open the door of a stranger, who was living in a free country and under the protection of the laws. The envoy replied, as he stepped forward to embrace him : "My dear count, it is no longer possible for you to feign ; I know you, and do not come here to offend you or this young lady, who appears to me very fascinating."

The young man replied that there was some mistake ; that he was not a count, but the son of a tradesman at Cadiz ; that the young lady was his wife, and they were travelling for their pleasure. The ambassador took a glance at the badly-furnished room, in which he only saw a bed and a little wretched baggage, and said : "Here then, my dear child—permit me this expression, which my tender friendship for your father justifies—the son of the Count de Moncada resides?" The young man still pretended that he did not understand what it meant ; but, being at last conquered by the marquis' earnest language, he confessed with tears that he was the son of the Count de Moncada, but that he would never return to his father, if he were compelled to desert the woman whom he loved.

The lady, bursting into tears, fell at the count's feet, assuring him that she did not wish to be the cause of Count de Moncada's ruin, and as her generosity, or rather her love, gained the victory over her own interest, she consented to separate from him. The ambassador admired such noble disinterestedness, but the young man was in despair at it : he reproached his beloved, would not desert her, or employ the nobility of her heart against herself, against so dear a person. The envoy,

however, assured him that it was in no way the intention of the Count de Moncada to plunge her into misery; on the contrary, he was commissioned to give her a proper sum, with which she could return to Spain or live where she pleased. The nobility of her sentiments and the truth of her tenderness inspired him, he added, with the liveliest sympathy, and induced him to raise the sum which he was empowered to give her as high as possible; consequently, he promised her 30,000 francs, which would be paid her at the moment when she restored the promise of marriage, and the Count de Moncada had taken up his residence with the envoy and promised to return to Spain.

The young lady seemed to take no heed of the amount; she only thought of her lover, of the pain of leaving him, and the fearful sacrifice which reason and love compelled her to offer. She took from a small pocket-book the promise of marriage signed by the count, and said to the marquis: "I know his heart too well to require this paper." She kissed it fervently several times and then handed it to the ambassador, who, astonished at such generosity, promised the young lady that he would ever have her welfare at heart, and assured the count of his father's entire forgiveness. He would receive the lost son with open arms when he returned to the bosom of his disconsolate family, for a father's heart is an inexhaustible fountain of tenderness. How great would his long-afflicted friends' delight be when he received these news, and how happy he would himself feel at being the instrument to cause such joy!

Such, or to such effect, were the remarks of the envoy, by which the count was evidently affected. Still the marquis was afraid lest love might regain all its power during the night and triumph over the lady's generous resolutions; hence he pressed the count to follow him to his hotel. What tears, what lamentations, this barbarous parting produced it is difficult to describe; they affected the marquis to such an extent that he promised the young lady his constant protection. The small amount of baggage was easily removed, and that same evening the count found himself occupying the handsomest apartments of the ambassador, who was almost oppressed with joy at having restored to the illustrious house of the Moncadas the heir of their grandeur and so many magnificent estates.

The next morning, on waking, the young count found himself surrounded by tailors, tradesmen, and dealers with cloths and laces, so that he had merely to select. Two valets and three lacqueys, the choicest and most respectable among the envoy's household, were awaiting his orders in the ante-room. The ambassador showed the young man the letter he had just written to his father, in which he congratulated the latter on having a son whose feelings and qualities responded to the nobility of his birth, and informed him of his immediate return. Nor was the young lady forgotten: the envoy confessed that he partly owed the youth's obedience to her magnanimity, and did not doubt but that the count would justify him in making her a present of 30,000 francs. This sum was paid on the same day to this

nobly-minded and attractive person, who did not delay her departure.

In the meanwhile preparations were made for the count's journey; a splendid wardrobe and a brilliant equipage were put aboard a vessel at Rotterdam bound for France, and the passage of the count was paid. The young man was given a sum of money sufficient for his journey, and heavy bills on Paris, and the parting between the ambassador and the young gentleman was truly affecting.

The envoy impatiently awaited the answer of the Count de Moncada, and shared his friend's joy by placing himself in his position. This much-desired answer he received at the expiration of four months; but who could describe his amazement when he read the following lines:—

“Heaven, my dear marquis, never granted me the happiness of possessing a son: overwhelmed with honours and wealth, I have the sorrow to have no heir; and it fills my life with bitterness to see that an illustrious family will expire with me. But your excellency shall not be the cheated party. In fact, it was the Count de Moncada whom you intended to oblige, and he is bound to pay the amount which you in your generous friendship advanced, in order to cause him a happiness which he would have felt so deeply. Hence I hope, my lord marquis, that your excellency will feel no scruple in accepting the enclosed draught for 3000 pistoles.”

Much coarser than this certainly excellent novel are the two following stories, which, according to the assurance of Madame! de Valbelle, St. Germain also told to the court circle at Versailles. They are very much in the style of St. Germain, as many persons imagined him, but not as he was. If he really told the stories, they must have been touched up afterwards, for they are much better suited for a Cagliostro.

In a town of the north, whose name he did not tell us, there was a young and promising man, whose morals, however, were very relaxed. One day, when alone with a friend, he confessed to him that he had had so many mistresses that he could no longer endure women.

"In order to escape from this state of satiety," he added, "I now require a supernatural being, a sort of female vampyre."

"You are mad!" his friend replied.

"I do not care; but I will go to the churchyard this very night and call up the dead."

The friend shrugged his shoulders and went away. Count R—— really went at midnight to the churchyard and tried to disturb the peace of the graves by frightful incantations; all remained silent, but the count heard at some distance in a field a feminine voice singing a popular song with such purity and harmony, that R—— forgot the purpose of his coming and resolved to seek the singer. She was a handsome girl: he addressed her, and, while conversing with her, unwittingly returned to

the churchyard, when he boldly asked favours of her, which she refused him.

"I can only belong to a husband," she said.

"If that is the case, I will marry you," the count replied. "Here is my ring; give me yours and we are betrothed."

The proposition was accepted, and the count remained with the maiden till one in the morning, and they parted with promises to meet again at the same spot on the next night.

The count, who had satisfied his desires, forgot his promise and went to bed very quietly the next evening. At midnight, however, his chamber door opened, and he, suddenly awaking, heard some human being drawing breath, and a dress rustling. The person came up to the bed and raised the coverlet, and he felt at his side a soft yielding body, which, however, was cold as marble and exhaled a grave-like smell.

The count shuddered and tried in vain to escape: he attempted to call out, but his voice denied him its service. He spent an hour thus in the most mortal terror: at length the clock struck one, and his cold bedfellow rose and departed.

In order to dispel the recollections of this eventful night, the count collected on the next evening a numerous party and the prettiest women in the town at his house. A splendid band invited to the dance, and the hours passed away unnoticed, save that R—— anxiously awaited midnight.

When the twelve strokes had died out, an Italian

princess, with letters of recommendation to R——, was announced. All rose and collected round her : she was beautiful and splendidly dressed. The count turned pale, for he recognised his lady friend from the churchyard. The phantom approached, and fixed its lacklustre eyes so immovably upon him that he could not escape from them. At one o'clock the princess, for whom her people were waiting, retired, and the count breathed again more freely.

Each night, then, the ghost appeared, no matter where the count might be : his health suffered through it fearfully, and, exhausted by terror and vexation, he at length was longing for death, when accident led me to him. A secret seemed to me to be gnawing at his life, and, when I questioned him, he revealed his misfortune after some hesitation.

"Thank heaven," I exclaimed, "that I have come to you. I will return at midnight : till then watch and pray."

The count, who had surrendered all hope, seemed to put but little faith in my assurances ; doubtless he was sunk even deeper morally than physically. I consoled him repeatedly, and then went away in order to make a few requisite preparations.

At eleven o'clock I returned to the count, who greeted me gladly, and said :

"The eventful moment is approaching."

"Calm yourself," was my reply ; "this night will see the end of your tortures."

At a quarter to twelve, I drew a sun-triangle on the

floor, burned incense, and bade the count stand in the centre, telling him sharply not to quit it, whatever might happen. After this I waited in silence. It struck twelve, the door opened — The room was lighted with seven candelabra, and I held the staff of Moses in my hand, which I had received from one of his great-grandsons at Babylon, during the time of Cyrus.

The door opened and I saw an apparently human figure enter, which exhaled a gruesome smell; hence I hastened to light a sympathetic candle. The ghost proceeded to the bed, but then turned to the count, and walked as far as the border of the triangle. When it saw that it could go no further, it said in a hollow voice to me :

“He is my husband !”

“You deceived him by not telling him that you were an inhabitant of the other world.”

The phantom was silent. I touched it with the terrific wand, whereupon it trembled and its flesh visibly became dust.

“Give back the ring,” I continued.

“Not here; but where I received it.”

“Very good: we will go there together, but you must walk in front.”

It disappeared.

I will neither say what we saw in the churchyard, nor speak of the contest I had to endure; enough that I remained the victor. The count threw the ring on the grave where he had seated himself with the phantom,

and the latter returned the one which it had received, whereupon we remained alone.

It was very late when we returned to the town. The next morning I received, on awaking, a letter from the count. When we separated, instead of returning home, he had proceeded to a monastery, of which his forefathers had been benefactors, and declared that he wished to enter it as a novice. Thirty-five years after he died with the reputation of great sanctity.

St. Germain here ended his narrative. After thanking him for the fright he had caused us, we begged him to show us the staff of Moses. He laughed, and declined to satisfy our curiosity.

A pretty woman—he told us on another occasion—who appeared to be greatly attached to him, had written him several letters, which he answered. One day she invited him to a ball, with the remark, that it would be a very grand affair, and hence he must appear in his richest attire. The count put on his apple-green coat, each button of which was a diamond worth 1,000 louis d'or. His hat-band cost 100,000 crowns, and the rest of his attire was in proportion. St. Germain declared that, on this occasion, he had diamonds worth above a million of francs upon his person. Three lacqueys stood behind his carriage, and two in front lighted the horses with torches. On arriving, however, he saw no signs of

festivity. He asked the Swiss whether Madame d'Espremenil was at home, and walked in, when he received a reply in the affirmative.

"What has brought you here?" the lady asked.

"I wished to attend the ball."

"That is the day after to-morrow."

"You wrote to me that it was to-day."

"Impossible."

I at once showed the invitation card.

"It is a mistake, but as you are here you will stop and take supper with me?"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"I never eat away from home."

"But you drink, and I have some famous currant wine, which you must taste."

A glass was brought me, which I mechanically took with the left hand and touched it with a precious stone in one of my rings; the glass at once flew into a thousand pieces. The fluid in it was poisoned; but, if I had not known the qualities of my ring, I should have seen the poison in the confusion of the lovely widow.

I had fallen into a trap, then, and how was I to get out of it? I heard a coach rolling away: it was mine, which had been dismissed. A merry waiting-maid had told my people that I was going to sleep in the house, and that they might expect me next morning at ten o'clock: so I afterwards heard.

In order to be certain that it was my coach, I asked my hostess who it was that had just left.

"An old relation," she gave as reply: "he is returning to Paris."

I pretended to believe her, and continued the conversation; but she appeared absent, and scarce answered me. Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps: Madame d'Espremenil turned pale and rose.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Some one is waiting for me—I shall be back in an instant."

"No, you will remain; I insist on it."

I sent her to sleep by the power of a strong and determined will, by passing my hand across her forehead, and then asked her:

"You wished to poison me?"

"Yes."

"And as that did not succeed, you have resolved to have me murdered?"

"Yes."

"Where are your people?"

"They are waiting till I ring."

"How many are they?"

"Five."

"What is your object?"

"To steal your diamonds."

"You are a wretch—awake!"

She really awoke, without remembering the revelations which she had made in her somnambulism.

"I fancy that I have been asleep," she said, laughingly.

"For one or two moments."

"Permit me to call my woman, as I presume that you wish to retire now?"

"As you please."

She rang violently, and five men armed with sabres rushed in: I at once fired a magic pistol at them, whereupon the five fools stood motionless and blinded. I then poured my anger out upon the shameful widow, and, wrapped in a protecting cloud, I hastened to quit the robber's nest.

When the police the next day went after the robbers, upon my statement, they found them at the self-same spot with their accomplice. They were all hanged.

We see that St. Germain was wont to flavour his stories according to the nature of his audience.

It could not fail that a man should obtain the highest reputation at a court like Versailles who dispelled *ennui* by his wondrous tales, gave the ladies all sorts of effective toilet recipes, displayed great liberality, and asked for nothing in return. When we add to this that the king repeatedly declared he would not allow the count to be ridiculed, as he was of high birth, we can understand that his influence could alarm even a minister like Choiseul, although the latter became eventually on friendly terms with St. Germain.

We do not believe that St. Germain gave Louis XV. any panacea for lengthening life: he did not possess such a thing, and was too clever to attempt any deception of the sort. Moreover, we must remark that

St. Germain never committed any roguery, and not a trace of swindling is to be found in his career : when he became expensive to his patrons in establishing manufactories, he always found part of the money himself. In this respect, therefore, St. Germain was not at all an adventurer. If he did not give the king a panacea, however, he supplied the Pompadour with a pomade, by which the lady retained her beautiful hair till the day of her death. What St. Germain had was a knowledge of chemistry, unusual in his day, arcana for rouge and beautifying materials, dyeing stuffs, and a very handsome composition of copper and zinc. Beside all this, he had discovered how to wash diamonds ; that is, free them from spots which they sometimes display, and thus give them a higher value ; and lastly, he is said to have understood the art of melting diamonds, or fusing several stones into one large one. Possibly, too, he made diamonds, whose false nature, at least, could not be detected. The latter statement is not quite certain, for it has been repeatedly stated that St. Germain's jewels were false, though it was never proved in a single one of his stones.

Louis XV. tried to take advantage of St. Germain's chemical acquirements, and gave him a portion of the Château Chambord for his experiments, where the count is said to have worked for seven months. What he did is not certain, but he neither sought after the philosopher's stone nor a universal medicine. According to some, he established a great diamond melting apparatus, while others say that it was only a chemical factory for

the purpose of producing cheap cochineal and other dyes.

But Louis XV. wished not only to use the remarkable man's chemical knowledge, but also to employ the polished and clever man of the world in political matters.

France was tired of the inglorious war against Prussia, and the king and the Pompadour longed for peace as much as the nation did. At this moment the minister at war, Marshal Belleisle, proposed to send Count St. Germain to the Hague, that he might make arrangements with Duke Louis of Brunswick, who resided there, and whose friend St. Germain was, for a separate truce with Prussia. This was an intrigue in the grand style, for this arrangement would have to be made behind the back of the Duc de Choiseul, whose entire political authority was based on a firm adherence to the Gallo-Austrian alliance. With the latter fell the whole political system of which Kaunitz and Choiseul were the creators.

It is indubitable that St. Germain appeared at the Hague in March, 1760, and created a great sensation: it is not quite clear whether he entered into negotiations with the Duke of Brunswick, but at any rate they did not lead to the desired end: more certain it is that he at the same time attempted to raise a loan for the King of France from the Amsterdam merchants, and wished to leave some diamonds as a pledge. This enterprise failed, however, because the notorious adventurer J. J. Casanova managed to arouse suspicions as to the genuineness of the stones in the mind of the banker Hope, who had to decide the affair.

In the meanwhile, Count Affry,* the French ambassador at the Hague, discovered the secret of this mission and immediately sent off a courier to Choiseul, complaining bitterly that a peace was being arranged under his very eyes by a perfect stranger. Choiseul sent back the same courier at once to d'Affry, with despatches enjoining him to demand most emphatically from the States-General the extradition of St. Germain, who was to be sent in handcuffs to the Bastille. The following day Choiseul communicated d'Affry's despatch to the council, read the answer he had sent, and then, looking boldly at the king and Belleisle in turn, he said :

"If I did not await the king's orders in this matter, it resulted solely from my conviction that no one here would dare to treat for peace without the cognizance of your majesty's minister for foreign affairs."

The king looked down like a culprit, Belleisle did not say a word, and Choiseul's measures were approved. But, for all that, St. Germain was not put in the Bastille. The States-General certainly displayed a readiness to consult the king's wishes in this matter, and at once sent a large body of troops to arrest St. Germain; but as, at the same time, they secretly warned him of what was taking place, he had time to escape and seek shelter in England.

It is probable that the States-General favoured St. Germain's flight, because they perceived that he was

* Louis Augustin August d'Affry, a Swiss, born 1715, at Versailles; 1755 envoy at the Hague; was appointed in 1780 colonel of the Swiss guard; and died in 1793 at his Château Barthélémy in the Vaudois.

really sent by the king, or else he revealed his mission to Count d'Affry; and the latter, who did not care to be mixed up in the evident dissension between the king and the premier, was glad to escape from his awkward position by the count's speedy flight. St. Germain, however, is said to have transacted business in England not only for the king, but also for the Duc de Choiseul. At the present day such a thing would be incredible, but it is tolerably well proved, and not so surprising when we take into account the peculiar diplomacy of that day.

An impenetrable obscurity prevails as to where St. Germain spent the next years; some assert that he went to Russia, took part in the throne revolution, and attained the rank of general. His name, however, is mentioned in no report, nor can we find any one at all resembling him. Still it is stated that in 1770 he presented himself at Leghorn to Count Alexis Orloff, in the uniform of a Russian general, and was treated by him with a distinction which that haughty man rarely displayed. Gregory Orloff, who saw him in 1772 with the Margrave of Anspach at Nuremberg, is stated to have said: "Voilà un homme qui a joué un grand rôle dans notre revolution!" At the same time he called St. Germain *caro padre*, and gave him a large sum of money. The Prussian ambassador at Dresden, von Alvensleben, also assures us that he saw letters from Count Orloff to his brother, which he gave to St. Germain when the latter wished to go to Russia in 1777, and in which the count calls him his most intimate friend.

While living with the Margrave of Anspach, St. Germain treated him in the coolest possible way, like a young man who as yet knew nothing about superior things. To add to the consideration he enjoyed at that little court, he at times displayed letters from Frederick the Great.

"Do you know that handwriting?" he said one day to the margrave, showing him a letter still in its cover.

"Yes, it is the king's private seal."

"Well, you shall not know what is inside," and he coolly returned the letter to his pocket.

In 1764 died the Marquise de Pompadour, and in the same year St. Germain disappears, without leaving a trace: in our opinion he went to Vienna, but that is only a supposition. In 1769 Count Lambert found him at Venice, where he had established a factory, worked by women, to prepare flax in such a way that it should resemble silk. In 1770 was the meeting with Alexis Orloff, to which we have already referred. During the next years it is known that he lived very quietly at Schwabach, and in Brandenburgish Franconia, where the Margrave Alexander was his zealous partisan. Here it was that he took the name of Tzarogy, in which we have found an anagram of Ragotzy.

In 1776 he went under the name of a Chevalier Welldown (Weldon) to Leipzig, and is said to have offered the town council several *arcana* for sale. Still this was harmless enough. Differing from other charlatans, he never offered to sell governments the art of making gold; but, in accordance with the greatest

lights of the age in which he lived, he pointed out to them the means of enriching themselves indirectly by the employment of all sorts of economical receipts, as well as great financial operations. While he thus had all the appearance of a man seeking to make a fortune, he was one day arrested in Piedmont on account of a note which was alleged to be false; but he produced more than 100,000 crowns in excellent securities, immediately paid the suspected note, and was so infuriated with the governor of the town, that the latter immediately had him set at liberty, with many humble apologies for the mistake that had been made.

Persons who saw St. Germain at Leipzig declared that he then looked like a man of about seventy years of age. At that time, Weber tells us, he made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was a Prince Racoczi, but not the slightest importance has hitherto been attached to this confession. Chief Chamberlain Count Maccolini came from Dresden to Leipzig, and made St. Germain promises, in the name of the court, which the latter declined; but he went to Dresden in 1777, where he was intimate with the Prussian envoy von Alvensleben. At that period he wished to go to Prussia or Russia. He gave von Alvensleben a list of chemical operations, which he declared to be very useful; but Frederick the Great did not accept his offers.*

* The king had in 1760 received some account of the adept from Voltaire who wrote to him: "St. Germain, on dit, a soupé autrefois dans la ville de Trente, avec les pères du Concile, &c. C'est un homme qui ne meurt point et qui sait tout;" to which the king merely replied, in his shrewd way, "Le Comte St. Germain est un conte pour rire."

It is not quite certain whether St. Germain really went from Dresden to Russia; we only know that his last patron, and probably pupil, was the Landgrave Charles of Hesse,* Danish field-marshal, and viceroy of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein: he died on August 17, 1836, at the age of ninety-two. It is certainly remarkable that almost all those who were nearly connected with St. Germain attained such great age. Landgrave Charles established factories in accordance with St. Germain's designs, which, however, proved very unsuccessful. St. Germain himself found a good deal of the money, and even ran into debt.

In his later years St. Germain was only waited on by women, who nursed him like a second Solomon: and he died in their arms, after the gradual loss of his strength. The place where he died is undecided; no one knows whether it was at Eckernförde, Schleswig, or Hamburg. No one knows his grave, and the day of his death is equally unknown, for it is given as 1780, 82, 84, and even 95.

Landgrave Charles is stated to have come into possession of St. Germain's papers and correspondence, but always obstinately refused to give any information about him. Barthold assures us, on the best authority, that Landgrave Charles' son, Frederick, did not inherit a single paper relating to St. Germain.†

* Born 19th December, 1744; married to the Princess Louise of Denmark 1766, who died, in 1831, above eighty years of age.

† Those of our readers who desire to study St. Germain's life more fully than our space has permitted us to do, we will refer to the following list of authorities: 'Mémoires du Baron de Gleichen;' 'Mercure Etranger,' 1813; 'London Chronicle,' 1760; 'Mémoires de Madame

Thus this man's life, which begins with the riddle of his origin, which is so rich in enigmas and dark places, was a riddle even at its close : for we do not lay sufficient weight upon our theory as to his descent from Racoczi to deprive him of the title of the "undiscoverable." In any case he was an extraordinary man ; in some respects a charlatan, we allow, but in no sense a swindler or common cheat.

du Hausset ;' 'Œuvres inédites de Grosley ;' 'Casanova's Memoirs ;' 'Mémorial d'un Mondain ;' 'Essais de Montaigne ;' 'Sur la Secte des Illuminés ;' 'Biographie Universelle ;' Hasche's 'Diplomatische Geschichte Dresdens ;' 'Bulau's Geheime Geschichten und räthselhafte Menschen ;' Weber's 'Aus vier Jahrhunderten.' The works of Frederick the Great and Voltaire, and the 'Memoirs of Dutens,' also contain incidental details.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNT DE RUGGIERO.

Alchemists—A distinguished adept—The Count de Ruggiero at Vienna—He performs wonders—His promises and disappearance—Count Caetano—Frederick I. of Prussia—Curious experiments—Transmutation of metals—The alchemist runs away—He is arrested—He regains the king's favour—Is arrested at Frankfort—His removal to Cüstrin—Failure of his experiments—His cruel death—Caetano's origin—Was he an impostor?

ONE of the most curious documents which we have come across during our researches in connexion with the present work, is a small German pamphlet bearing the title of "The Life-history of Major-General Don Dominico Manuel Caetano, Count de Ruggiero, and Gold-maker." This man deserves a place in our list as an adventurer, although it is possible that he was more of a victim than an impostor.

It is a notorious fact, that during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, adventurers repeatedly made their appearance at many of the German courts, who declared that they possessed the secret of gold-making. This is not the place to inquire into the possibility of a transmutation of metals. It is true that more modern chemistry rejects the idea; but, for all

that, the history of alchemy brings before us, in addition to a great number of impostors, certain adepts, some of whom possessed the means chemically to produce the most astounding changes in inorganic substances, while others were acquainted with the ingredients of the recipe. Among these, one of the most remarkable was the subject of our memoir.

At the close of the seventeenth century there appeared at the court of the Elector Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria, at that time Viceroy of the Netherlands, an adept who was provided with the most flattering recommendations from the Bavarian envoy at Madrid, and letters stating that he had met with unexampled success in that city. The adept speedily gained the confidence of the elector, by sundry transmutations of the ignoble metals into gold and silver, and promised not merely to produce him inexhaustible stores of wealth, but also to prepare the tincture that effected the transmutation on a grand scale. While he was making his preparations for this, the elector did all in his power to retain him at his court; he invested him with several honorary offices, and gave him from time to time as much as sixty thousand florins. But the adept not merely did not fulfil his golden promises, but several times attempted to escape. He was captured, convicted of cheating, and removed to Bavaria, where he was confined in a tower of Grunewald Castle. After six years' imprisonment, he managed to effect his escape from this place, and in all probability opportunity was afforded him for doing so. Our adept proceeded to Vienna, where he assumed

the name of Count de Ruggiero. In 1704, he gave a specimen of his skill in the presence of Prince Anthony of Liechtenstein, and it was so successful that he excited general amazement. The Emperor Leopold I. took him into his service with a high salary, and gave him six thousand florins for the preparation of the tincture. But the emperor died ere it was ready: the salary was stopped, and steps were being taken to bring the "count" to book, when he fortunately found a new patron in John William, Elector of the Palatinate, who was then residing at Vienna. The empress dowager was also favourably disposed towards him. Ruggiero pledged his head that within six weeks he would supply them with seventy-two million florins, and matters went on for a while pleasantly enough in the old way, until the count suddenly disappeared from Vienna, taking with him the daughter of a midwife, whom he raised to the rank of his consort.

On March 5, 1705, a certain Count Caëtano arrived in Berlin, where he established himself somewhat pretentiously, set up his gilded coach, and sent a petition to the court, in which he begged the king's protection against the persecutions of foreign powers, and promised largely to enrich the royal treasury by the process of transmutation. Frederick I. was not indisposed to go into the affair, especially as Caëtano very confidently offered to prove his skill, but for all that the advice of experts was called in. A Danish alchemist residing at Berlin at the time, of the name of Deppel, was commissioned to form Caëtano's acquaintance. The

count, without any hesitation, showed him his tinctures, the red and the white, and performed sundry experiments.

According to the principles of the alchemists there were means of generating both gold and silver by the aid of science. Gold was produced by the exhibition of the red tincture, also called the philosopher's stone or the grand elixir, and silver by that of the white tincture, also known as the lesser elixir or second stone. The transmutation was effected by projection, that is to say, dropping the tincture into the liquid metal. According to the strength of the tincture, it tinged five, ten, or thirty thousand parts; that is, transmuted so many times its own weight of an ignoble metal into a noble one. The white tincture was produced from the same ingredients as the red, and passed over into the latter by a continuation of the manipulatory processes.

Deppel, it appeared, produced seven pounds of quicksilver, which the count placed in a retort standing in a sandbath and heated till it began to smoke, when he dropped one piece of the white tincture into the retort. A tremendous fizzing ensued, and when that ceased, he took the retort out and hurled it on the ground: the metal it contained Deppel recognised to be fine silver. This successful experiment gained Caetano permission to perform a second one in the presence of the king himself. The crown prince, who did not put much faith in the count, took all possible precautions; he supplied all the requisites himself, and carefully watched Caetano when he filled the retort; moreover, gold-workers were

summoned to test the metal immediately it was produced. The count made three experiments. In the first, the conversion of quicksilver into gold, a quantity of the former was placed in a crucible, and when it began bubbling, Caëtano poured in a few drops of a red thick fluid; the contents were stirred, the crucible removed in half an hour to let it cool, and the metal in it, above one pound in weight (we do not learn how much quicksilver was employed), proved to be fine gold on being tested. In the second experiment, Caëtano converted a similar quantity of quicksilver into silver by means of his white liquid, and in the third, he "tinged" a copper staff which he had made red-hot and converted one-half of it into gold. Lastly, he handed the king fifteen grains of white and four grains of red tincture, which he estimated at ninety pounds of silver and twenty pounds of gold, and promised furthermore to deliver within sixty days eight ounces of red and seven ounces of white tincture, with which he declared gold and silver to the value of seven million thalers could be produced.

We can easily imagine that the king was eminently pleased and astonished. Count Caëtano, in whom our readers will have recognized the adventurer of Brussels and Vienna, was kindly treated at court; still a hesitation was felt as to offering him gold or silver, as he could make them himself, and it was also considered too early to give him honorary offices. A prospect of such was merely held out to him as the reward, when he had fulfilled his promises. Caëtano ostensibly set to work preparing for the king the tinctures he had promised

within two months: he set spirit to digest, and now and then threw a little tincture into the crucibles in order to be enabled to perform experiments; he also transmuted metals frequently, both to defray his own enormous expenses, and also in the presence of witnesses, in order to make himself talked about. At the same time he invented a variety of tricks, by which to keep attention alive.

For instance, he once took a young man, with whom he was fond of playing jokes, into his laboratory, where he promised to show him the philosopher's stone, first asking of him a pledge of solemn secrecy, as he felt sure that was the best way to make him chatter. Then he laid a piece of paper on the young man's hand, covered it with a thick layer of sand, and placed two pieces of red tincture, about the size of a pea, upon the sand. After this, he made a florin red-hot, laid it also on the sand, covered it with more sand, and bade the young man close his hand. "Hereupon," the latter reports, "smoke began to issue, and there was a smell as of sulphur and saltpetre." When the florin was taken out of the sand it was found to be converted into pure gold; it was melted down, and Caëtano gave the young man half the gold as a *souvenir*.

Several weeks were passed in expectation, the court awaiting the golden results of the count's science, the count awaiting valuable presents from the king. As, however, the king still believed that Caëtano could not be in want of money, the only present he made him was a dozen of old French wine. It was very natural that

the honoured adept should feel greatly dissatisfied in a few weeks. Moreover, the period was approaching when he must deliver the promised tincture. Hence, he resolved to leave Berlin, and proceeded to Hildesheim. From that town he wrote the King of Prussia that he would teach his secret to any one the monarch thought proper to select. The court assented to this, and it was fancied that the time had arrived to bind the alchemist more closely. A chamberlain was therefore sent to Hildesheim, who delivered to Caëtano the king's portrait set in diamonds, of the value of twelve hundred thalers, and a commission as major-general of artillery.

It was then agreed between the couple that the requisite operation should be performed at Coswig. A written account of the process was delivered to the chamberlain, and they set to work. In the midst of the operation Caëtano opened the phial, took some liquid out of it, and transmuted three to four pounds of quicksilver with it into silver. The experiment was performed, so far as Caëtano felt inclined to go, and he now demanded one thousand ducats of the chamberlain as a reward. The latter could not understand how a gold-maker asked money of others, and put him off to the end of the operation, though he regaled him most nobly the while. The count repeated his tricks. Ere the operation was quite terminated, he opened the phial again, and transmuted an imperial florin, as it was declared, into a piece of gold. Then he made a fresh demand. The chamberlain must give him a certificate that he had learned the

secret. Herr von Marschall put him off again till the finale; but Caëtano, who probably had his reasons for not awaiting that, went off to Stettin, whence he wrote the king that "the chamberlain had treated him badly. After learning the secret he wished to keep it for himself, and he was an unfaithful servant." At the same time he asked for one thousand ducats.

The court thought it necessary to interfere, and Privy Secretary Hesse was sent to induce the gold man to return to Berlin. He paid four hundred thalers of debts for Caëtano, but could not induce him to return. On the contrary, the adventurer next proceeded to Hamburg, where he fell into such a state of poverty, that he was compelled to pawn his wife's jewels and clothes. And yet he had the impudence to write from here a second letter to the king, in which he repeated his charges against the chamberlain. In the meanwhile, serious accusations against Caëtano had reached Berlin. A letter from Vienna warned the king to mind what he was about, for the Spanish envoy to the Austrian court opened declared that Caëtano had swindled his cousin out of fifteen thousand piastres. On hearing this, the king ordered the alchemist to be arrested at Hamburg in his quality of Prussian major-general, while the phials he had left behind at Coswig and Berlin were inspected, and found to be empty.

Still, this did not upset the count's equanimity; when brought prisoner to Berlin, he declared the last-mentioned flask not to be his, and offered to resume his operations in the presence of a commissary. This was

conceded, and he once more produced silver. This restored him at once to the royal favour: he was lodged in a palace, and the court cook was ordered to supply him with ten dishes for dinner and eight for supper. It was estimated that, inclusive of the redemption of his property pledged at Hamburg, the alchemist cost the Berlin court upwards of 16,000 thalers. But the catastrophe was creeping on: he certainly effected some further transmutations, but on the 23rd of November, when he had engaged in the king's presence to convert one hundredweight of quicksilver into gold, it was found that he had disappeared.

He went to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but on the request of the Prussian minister he was arrested. While in prison he drew up and printed a strange justification. In this very rare document, he accused the king of not having kept his word with him; hoping, perhaps, thus to induce the Frankfort magistrates to set him at liberty. But in this he was disappointed: he was handed over to a party of Prussian troops at Sachsenhausen, and conveyed to Cüstrin. Here he was ordered to make fresh experiments, but as they were utterly unsuccessful, he was condemned to death. The beam of the gallows on which he was hung was coated with Dutch metal. He went bravely to his death, tenderly embraced his wife on the road, and died on August 23, 1709, with a calmness worthy of a better life. After his death, his body was dressed in a robe also covered with Dutch metal.

The age, which took pleasure in such scurvy jests, has handed down to us not only a copper-plate engrav-

ing representing him hanging in this dress, but also a medal coined just after his death. On the obverse is a triple-armed gallows, from which Caëtano is suspended: before the gallows are seven mountains, and on each mountain a planet, the central one with the sun and gold planets being exactly in front of the hanging man: while around and on the props of the gallows are various Latin sentences relating to him and his crime. But the strangest thing is the inscription on the reverse of the medal: it runs literally as follows:—

KYS
MUNTUS
FULD TEZYBY
AYVVK DE
ALLGEMISDARUM
BLOENA SUND
OMNIA
OECHRE TOEZYPHY A DUR.*

All that remains to us is to inquire who this man really was, and what foundation there was for his pretended science. The first question is easily answered: Caëtano was the son of a peasant of Petrabianca, near Naples. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith, and eventually travelled about Italy as a conjuror. According to his own statement, he learnt from a stranger, *circa* 1695, the art of making gold, and proceeded to Madrid to carry it out, where he remained four months.

* Done into more correct Latin, the inscription will read, "Sic mundus vult decipi, et quia alchemistarum plena sunt omnia, ergo decipiatur."

That he must have succeeded in doing a good stroke of business is proved by the letters of recommendation he received when he started for Brussels; and at whose expense he did it, is explained by the statement of the Spanish Ambassador at Vienna. But did he really possess this art? This question can be answered in different ways, according as the possibility of transmutation may be confirmed or denied. It is indubitable that he possessed a red and a white tincture, by which he produced remarkable changes in metals; this is proved by a number of credible witnesses. And even the author of the semi-official report, Privy Secretary Hesse, who had no reason to spare Caëtano, does not doubt that he possessed tinctures, by means of which he could convert quicksilver into gold or silver. At the same time, however, he denies that Caëtano knew the secret of producing these tinctures; and in this view he is supported by a recent learned investigator into alchemy, Professor Schmieder of Kassel, who writes:—

“Caëtano had only a sufficient quantity of these tinctures to perform a series of experiments, but not enough to manufacture unbounded wealth. This he tried to obtain by acts of swindling; he procured credit by means of the true tincture, raised money from his dupes by leading them to hope that they would soon be in possession of wealth, and then disappeared.” •

We are bound to add that the learned author from whom we quote the above passage is firmly persuaded that the philosopher's stone existed, but that the secret was only known to a few, who, starting up one after the

other in the course of centuries, gave these tinctures to others, but did not impart the secret of their manufacture. This will explain the considerable number of "gold-makers" who, according to the testimony of history, possessed such tinctures, but made no better use of them than did our unlucky Don Caëtano. We will leave it to our readers whether they will accept this opinion, or merely see in Caëtano a common cheat, clever enough to deceive numerous and usually cautious witnesses.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANACHARSIS CLOOTS.

Origin of the Cloots family—The baron's education—He proceeds to Paris—Joins the philosophers—The French revolution—Cloots joins Camille Desmoulins—Cloots' infidelity—The orator of the human race—Julian the apostate—The Legion Vandale—Trial of Louis XVI.—The Girondists—Cloots' universal republic—Cloots joins the Hebertists—Robespierre determines his downfall—The denunciation—Cloots is expelled the Jacobin Club—He joins the Cordeliers—His arrest and death.

ALTHOUGH the adventurer whose name heads this chapter is so generally known as a man who played an almost grotesque part in the sanguinary tragedy of the French revolution, it is not at all an easy matter to establish his origin and family circumstances. The difficulty is enhanced by the varying ways of spelling his name, and its resemblance with the names of other families found in Cleves and on the lower Rhine. Many of the genealogical works which we have consulted on the subject are in such a state of confusion that it is almost impossible to discover the real facts.

The name of the family from which our adventurer sprang is correctly written Cloots, and Thomas Frantz Cloots, the father of our adventurer, who received a patent of nobility from Maria Theresa in 1756, is said

to have been a native of Limburg. He purchased the estate of Gnadenthal, near Cleves, where our adventurer was probably born in 1755, that is to say, before his father obtained his barony. This assumption is confirmed by the fact that, during the earlier period of his residence in France, Anacharsis Cloots called himself Jean Baptiste de Val de Grace, Baron de Cloôts; that is to say, he simply translated the name of the family estate into French; thus making his title more sonorous, as was the fashion in those days.

It is impossible to discover anything about his mother or his education, for we attach no special weight to Count Achille Jouffroy's statement ('*Les Fastes de l'Anarchie*,' I.), "*ruiné et exécré dans son pays, il vint en France,*" from the fact that the adventurer's large fortune was eventually one of the principal charges brought against him. It is certainly true that he may have reached France as a ruined man, and enriched himself there; and the Sans-culottes brought bitter charges against him of his intimate relations with foreign bankers. As for the *exécré*, we must give that up; for an adventurer of this stamp must have been regarded with horror in sober Germany, even if he were not so in Paris.

The young baron's education cannot have been neglected, at any rate, for he displayed, on occasions, an amount of learning and reading not usually found at that day among men of the world of the ordinary stamp.

There is no trace as to the period when the baron proceeded to Paris, but he must at an early age have

held a considerable position among the beaux esprits and philosophers ; for, if we may believe Kotzebue, he delivered, on November 21, 1782, on the occasion of a bust of Louis XVI. being placed in the museum, a speech which cleverly glorified the king, and, at the same time, the fashionable philosophy. At any rate, from the beginning of his residence in Paris, Cloots was on the most intimate relations with those literary coteries, in which the atheistic philosophy of the 18th century was zealously taught, and the materialism of Helvetius carried to its furthest consequences. Cloots was no insignificant man ; he possessed talent, and the mental energy peculiar to him might, under better guidance, have led him to a brilliant position, had it not been for the tendency to adventure, which showed itself in him at a very early age, and to which he eventually yielded to such an extent that it is hard to say where the criminal leaves off and the maniac begins.

With the beginning of the revolution also begins the political sphere of the baron, who, from the outset, showed himself to be a political adventurer, possessing no firm base, and before all evidenced an intention to make himself a name at any price.

In the year 1789, Cloots was one of the agitators of the Palais Royal, who stirred up the people directly against the conservative section of the National Assembly, and indirectly against the monarchy. At the head of these agitators was, as our readers are well aware, Camille Desmoulins : the latter was mentally superior to Cloots, but took advantage at times of his better know-

ledge of the classics ; and the same was done by Lousalot, a dangerous revolutionist, but distinguished journalist. The mad Marquis de St. Huruge was of the same mental calibre as Cloots, but a greater criminal ; while the rest, the Pole Lazuski, the Spaniard Guzman, the Portuguese Pereira, and a few others, soon selected Cloots as their model, and, through the respect which they showed him, gave origin to the belief that Cloots was the head of a sect of Illuminati, who exerted themselves in propagating the coarsest materialism as a religion.

It is certainly indubitable that Cloots and his confederates preached a materialism which was as disgraceful as it was absurd, but not a trace can be found of any actual foundation of a sect. Cloots was the loudest proclaimer of his crass unbelief, while the others followed and seconded him, when he took part by speeches and writings in the fearful war which was being waged against the two pillars of society, faith and morality. We need scarcely say that Cloots joined the Jacobins, and was on several occasions president of the club.

Cloots attained a greater revolutionary fame by his disputations with the well-meaning, moral, but dangerous enthusiast, Claude Fauchet, upon religious matters ; but he is best known by the grotesque farce which he played on the first anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. On this day, Anacharsis—that was the name he had given himself, and through which he attained his melancholy celebrity—appeared at the bar of the National Assembly as a leader of a band of vagabonds, whom he had hired for the occasion, and attired at a masquerade

shop in dresses more or less representing all the nations of the earth. The president, instead of having the undignified mob turned out, allowed the leader to speak; whereupon Anacharsis delivered a long oration, in which he styled himself the orator of the human race, and his vagabond followers a deputation from it; and in the name of the latter, he requested admission to what was called the festival of confederation, held on July 4, on the Champ de Mars. In this harangue he declared patriotism to be a prejudice, which separated nations, and stated that it must disappear on the spot where the Emperor Julian had formerly trampled prejudices under foot. At the same time he instructed his hearers that this emperor had been quartered for a lengthened period in Paris; and of course Julian the apostate was a great hero with him. The speech was greeted with thundering applause, and the "human race in masquerade dress" received permission from the Assembly to be present at the festival of confederation.

From this point, Anacharsis Cloots, "l'orateur du genre humain," as a tool of Robespierre and others, took an active part in nearly all the measures by which the progress of the revolution was accelerated. Even though these men were aware of the absurdities of this mad adventurer, who dared to call himself a personal enemy of the Saviour, they equally saw in him an excellent instrument with which to drive the excited populace into a state of madness, and give him at the same time opportunity for his empty boasting and love of display. On August 13, 1792, Cloots requested and obtained from

the Legislative Assembly permission to found a Prussian legion: he gave it the name of the "Legion Vandale," but nothing more was ever heard of it: it was a mere piece of bombast. Anacharsis Cloots rendered excellent service in speaking and writing, and such service was naturally not left unrewarded: the 'Moniteur' of August 26, 1792, quotes the baron's name in the list of distinguished foreigners to whom French right of citizenship had been granted. In this list we may mention, as curiosities, the way in which the names of Germans are disfigured. Thus Klopstock is spelt Klopsloc, and Schiller Gilleers, in the letter of citizenship, Gillé. Anacharsis Cloots by the side of Klopstock and Schiller! what strange notions the republicans of France must have had!

For this honour Anacharsis naturally returned thanks again in the name of the human race, as whose orator he always regarded himself. He swore, most characteristically, to be faithful "*à la nation universelle, à l'égalité, à la liberté, à la souveraineté du genre humain,*" and added, "*Gallophiles, de tous les temps mon cœur est Français, mon âme est sans-culotte.*" ('Moniteur,' 1792, No. 242.)

This extraordinary French citizen, with his universal nation and his sovereign human race, with his French heart and his shameless soul, was of course elected to the Convention, took his seat on the Mountain, and really contrived to play a prominent part among these bloodthirsty men through his wonderful propositions and grotesque absurdities.

In the trial of Louis XVI. he voted for death, for rejection of the appeal to the plebiscite by which the Girondists intended to save the king, and finally for the rejection of the prorogation of the execution. His Jacobinism was perfectly correct, as we see.

In the struggle against the Girondists, Anacharsis Cloots wished to take a peculiar position. By his pamphlet 'Ni Marat ni Roland,' he constituted himself to some extent arbiter between both parties, but in reality only employed the opportunity for a further recommendation of his universal republic. "If truth under the dominion of liberty triumph over falsehood, so will the faction of the human race triumph over the Marat faction, as well as the Brissot faction." It cannot be denied that this man's adventurous political schemes at least display logic and energy. His views as to religion he expressed most sharply in his pamphlet, 'La Certitude des Preuves du Mahométisme;' and he seeks in it to prove the nullity and falsehood of all religions. This pamphlet he dedicated to the National Convention by permission. Those desirous of understanding Cloots' political views and schemes, *i. e.*, his enthusiasm for an universal republic, can consult his pamphlet, 'La République Universelle,' which he presented to the Legislative Assembly on April 21, 1792, and received the thanks of the House in return.

From the moment that Anacharsis entered the Convention he became constantly more intimate with Hebert and Chaumette, who dominated the town-council of Paris, were leaders of the Club of the Cordeliers, and

at the same time were all-powerful at that period with the Jacobins. Around Hebert collected a separate party, known as the Hebertists, who desired an absolute mobocracy, openly preached anarchy, and behaved with such a cynical madness that Robespierre and his friends at length became suspicious. These Hebertists, who wished to destroy everything which was not absolutely useful, Anacharsis joined: he even exceeded them; for while Hebert, Momoro, and others still wished to maintain a religion of reason, and Momoro placed his own pretty wife naked on the altar as goddess of reason, Anacharsis ridiculed even this religion as superstition, and lost himself in a disgusting materialism, which became too much for even the most daring of his fellows.

His time had arrived.

Not in vain had Anacharsis Cloots founded the Savoyard Club, that is to say, he brought together some two hundred of the thousands of Savoyards who live in Paris as chimney-sweeps, water-carriers, messengers, and shoe-blacks, and delivered them lectures on the excellence of his universal republic. He led a deputation of this club to the bar of the National Convention, and in the name of the club demanded the union of Savoy with France. The chimney-sweeps really made the French Republic a present of the Duchy of Savoy, which the National Convention at once ordered to be occupied by General Montesquiou, and then declared incorporated with the French Republic.

Such was the mode of annexation in those days!

In spite of these and similar services, which Ana-

chairs Cloots rendered to the Republic, he fell a victim to the hatred of Robespierre, who was tired of sharing power with the Hebertists, and also understood that the latter would annihilate him and his virtue, unless he were beforehand with them. Hence, when in December, 1793, the so-termed purification of the Jacobin Club took place—that is to say, when the club expelled all those whom Robespierre hated and feared—Robespierre did not dare attack Hebert directly, but fell on the Hebertists, and, first of all, on Anacharsis Cloots.

The scene was highly characteristic. To the first question, "Your home?" Anacharsis replied, with clumsy flattery: "*Je suis de la Prusse, département futur de la République Française.*" But this did not get him out of the difficulty: from all sides reproaches were hurled at him, especially as regarded his noble birth, his wealth, and his connection with Vandenyvers the bankers, who had been arrested, but released upon his intercession. At length Robespierre rose and asked, "Can we believe of a German baron that he is a patriot? Can we regard a man who has more than 100,000 francs a year as a *sans-culotte*? Can we trust a man as a republican who has intercourse with bankers, counter-revolutionists, and enemies of France? No, citizens, we must be on our guard against foreigners, who try to make themselves out as even greater patriots than the French themselves."

But this was only the beginning, and Robespierre returned to the charge as follows: "Unhappily, he had heavier charges to bring against the Prussian Cloots: he

had been in connexion with the Girondist Dumouriez, he had insulted Marat in a most scandalous pamphlet, 'Ni Marat ni Roland,' and finally, what did this Prussian mean with his universal republic? It was pure federalism. It had evidently been too small a thing in his eyes to be a French citizen, and hence he adopted the title of a citizen of the world. Did he perchance desire that the republic should undertake the conquest of the world? Perhaps he wished to make a French department out of Monomotapa as well as out of Prussia? Such ideas could impossibly find room in the head of a man who was in possession of his senses and meant honestly." In conclusion, the virtuous Robespierre dealt the death-blow: he referred to the "atheistic machinations for which Cloots had let himself be employed by the aristocrats; he, with Bishop Gobet, invented the 'philosophic masquerade.' Moreover, Cloots had never belonged to the Mountain, but had always been above or below it: he had constantly defended the human race, but never the French nation. But such false patriots were the most dangerous foes. When severe laws were passed against the nobles, this Baron de Cloots was excepted; when the arrest of foreigners was resolved on, not a word was said about this Cloots, and he had even at that period been elected president of the Jacobin Club; and this was a sure proof to him that the 'party of the Foreigners' ruled among the Jacobins; that the foreign powers had among them their spies, their ministers, their treasurers; in a word, a perfectly organized police. Paris swarmed with in-

triguers of this description, English, Austrian, and Prussian, who had their seats among themselves : Cloots was a Prussian, and that was saying enough ; the assembly could judge."

After this harangue, Anacharsis Cloots was unanimously expelled from the Jacobin Club, because he was a Prussian. It is a bitter irony that the prophet of the universal republic, the orator of the human race, should be expelled precisely because he was so. All bankers, gentlemen, priests, and foreigners were expelled from the club simultaneously with him.

This expulsion occurred on December 12, 1793. From that moment Anacharsis took a lively share in the plans which the Hebertists formed at the Club of the Cordeliers in order to seize the authority. The result was that he was arrested on March 14, 1794, with Hebert, Ronsin, Momoro, Pereira, and the rest of the Hebertists. Brought before the revolutionary tribunal, Anacharsis Cloots was, on March 24, condemned with twenty others to be guillotined.

He adhered to his atheistic mania in prison, and even on the steps of the scaffold : up to his dying hour he preached to the sharers in his fate his fearful incredulity, and watched with Argus eyes lest one of his comrades should be converted in the death agony. The personal foe of the Saviour died with mocking sarcasm on his lips !

Who can doubt but that the adventurer's brain had been turned long before ?

CHAPTER IX.

BARON DE KALB.

Germans in America—John Kalb—His birth and parentage—The good old times—European slaves—Kalb joins the French service—The American agent—Lafayette—A disappointment—Kalb appointed major-general—Character of Washington—The American army—The Battle of Camden—Bravery of General Gates—Conduct of the militia—Utter defeat of the rebels—Death of Kalb—His monument.

THE German element plays so important a part in the present American civil war, that the preservation of the Union—should that consummation arrive—will be mainly due to their efforts. Ninety years ago matters were very different, when the young colony took up arms to assert its independence ; for while in the present struggle at least eighty thousand Germans are contending on the side of the Federals, during the first war of independence thirty thousand Germans, sold by their rulers to the English, were fighting against the young republic. It is true that the German nation can hardly be rendered responsible for such a state of things, which must be solely attributed to the outrageous conduct of a number of minor despots, who called themselves princes of the holy Roman empire. But the honour and renown of the German nation were sadly compromised by such

bartering of human beings, and it is therefore gratifying to find the Germans, now settled in America (however mistaken we may consider their views), striving to rehabilitate themselves by brilliant conduct in the field.

Germany, however, was not entirely unrepresented in the ranks of the Americans who were fighting for their independence, and two names stand out most prominently—those of Frederick William von Steuben and John Kalb—who, as leaders of the Americans, exerted a marked influence upon the establishment of the Union. Up to very recently a mysterious obscurity was spread over Kalb's life; his name was not even always written the same, and just as his birthplace has been claimed in turn by Germany, Switzerland, and Alsace, so the date of his birth has varied between 1717 and 1732. According to some writers he had been in the Prussian, Austrian, or French service in early life; according to others, he was employed as a French spy. And even in the history of the American war of independence, Kalb only rises at intervals like a meteor. Thus he vacillated in a state of romantic uncertainty between all possible extremes, until a recent biographer succeeded, through careful researches, in throwing a true light on the life and actions of this remarkable man.

John Kalb was born on June 29, 1721, at Hattendorf, in the principality of Baireuth. As the son of a simple peasant, he received the usual scanty school education of the day, then became a waiter, and in that capacity went off into foreign parts at the age of sixteen. He must soon after have entered the French army, for towards

the close of 1743 the former German peasant lad, Hans Kalb, turned up as Monsieur Jean de Kalb, lieutenant in the French infantry regiment Löwendal. It has not been possible to discover how he managed this; still it can hardly be regarded as a serious crime that he turned his back on his fatherland, and, as a true son of the age, assumed noble birth in order to facilitate his advancement.

When Kalb was born, the principality of Brandenburg-Baireuth, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, had the honour of calling as its lord the Margrave George William, who drew an income of half a million of florins out of the poor little country. The subject had in those days few other privileges than the good pleasure of his seigneur conceded him, and the man only commenced with the baron. The last Margrave of Anspach shot a chimney-sweep down from a roof, because his mistress expressed a desire to see the fellow tumble, and his serene highness, in a fit of unexampled generosity, gave the widow of the murdered man—as compensation—five florins!

Seeking his models at Versailles, and his talented tutors in the roués of the regency, the margrave indulged in the wildest luxury, for which purpose he called to his councils French adventurers and vagabonds; but, half a million florins were naturally insufficient to imitate the sybaritic enjoyments of a Louis XV., and hence extraordinary sources had to be opened up. No long reflection was required: the soldiers of the country—Baireuth had in 1730 two infantry regiments, a corps of hussars, and

one of horse guards—were let out to the maritime powers, England and Holland, which at that day was euphemistically called the settlement of subsidiary treaties, and England paid during her war with the American colonies no less than 305,400*l.* for sixteen hundred and forty-four Anspach and Baireuth soldiers, among whom was a Lieutenant Gneisenau, afterwards field-marshal. Had Kalb remained at home, he would never have been able to break through the barriers which birth and position opposed to him; at the most, he might have become a non-commissioned officer in one of his regent's two regiments, or have been hired by foreigners. Possibly, too, he might, as a turbulent soldier, have behaved like one of the impudent fellows who, as the chamberlain tells us in '*Kabale and Liebe*,' stepped out to the front and asked the colonel how high the prince sold the yoke of men. "But our most gracious sovereign ordered all the regiments to be marched on to the parade-ground, and had the scoundrels shot: we heard the muskets crack, saw their brains spattered over the pavement, and the entire army shouted '*Juche, to America*.'" In this description Schiller did not employ any poetical license; his most serene highness of Anspach-Baireuth put up with no joking in such matters, and ordered that any soldiers who displayed the slightest insubordination on marching away should at once be shot. The scene just described really occurred in April, 1776, at Ochsenfurt, with Anspach troops, and Schiller indubitably represented in his *Lady Milford*, "the virtuous vice," Lady Craven, the mistress and future wife of

Charles Alexander, last Margrave of Anspach-Baireuth, who surrendered his country to Prussia.

Kalb, then, left betimes his fatherland, with all its glories, and went to France, where, once he had entered the army, the same advantages and promotion were secured to him as to natives ; for, although the Bourbons were despots of the worst breed, they understood how to employ profitably any available strength that devoted itself to them, and even favoured foreign regiments, which they possessed of all nations, because they saw in them a protection against their own people in case of need. The idea of nationality was not known at that period ; the omnipotent state destroyed all national distinctions, and hence it came that the nobility of all countries flocked to France, while the French nobles, in their turn, entered the service of all the princes of Europe. Kalb, therefore, only followed a long-existing practice, when he proceeded to a country to which a regular stream of his countrymen had set in ; he entered the ranks of the military adventurers, so abundant in the last century, and who may be regarded as the last representatives of the *Lansquenets* and *knights-errant*. To secure his advancement he credited himself with noble birth, but we have been unable to find out when and how he obtained a knowledge of the forms of social intercourse and a scientific education ; we only know that Baron de Kalb towards the end of 1743 served in Flanders as a lieutenant, and took part in the victories which the French arms gained there under *Maréchal de Saxe* over the combined English, Dutch, and Austrians.

In the course of 1744 he was present at four sieges, and in the following years up to 1748 he distinguished himself in every important engagement. Taking advantage of his good fortune in being able to learn the trade of war in the marshal's school, Kalb soon obtained a respected position, and in 1747 was appointed captain and regimental adjutant.

On the outbreak of hostilities between the English and French garrisons in Canada, and on the Ohio and the Mississippi in 1754, Kalb reflected on the most suitable preparations for carrying on the war, which seemed to him inevitable, and formed plans for sudden landings on the coasts of England. But the petticoat government at Versailles had neither inclination nor money for such things, and Kalb's propositions met with no attention. Promoted to a majority in 1756, he took part in the Seven Years' War, and especially in the battle of Rossbach, November 5, 1757, where his corps suffered through Soubise's want of brains, but on the retreat met with an opportunity to save the French army from utter destruction and enable it to reach winter quarters in the Wetterau. During the further progress of the war, we find Kalb, who was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in 1761, twice on the battle-field, at Bergen and Wilhelmsthal, and on the conclusion of peace he was quartered at Landau, which then belonged to the French. In 1764 he married a wealthy Mademoiselle de Rebais, and was soon after placed on half-pay.

When the Duc de Choiseul, prime minister of France, entertained a lively wish, in 1767, to take advantage of

the disputes of England with her American colonies to humiliate the former country, but for this purpose required an accurate knowledge of the temper of the Americans, Kalb was selected to undertake a secret mission across the Atlantic. Probably it was the special interest which an examination of the state of affairs aroused in him, that induced him in 1776 to accept the offer of the American agent, Silas Deane, to enter the service of the United States as major-general. A young man of nineteen, a relative and protégé of the Count de Broglie, who was inflamed with a youthful enthusiasm for liberty and the rights of man, joined him under a similar agreement with Deane, and this young man, who was warmly recommended to him by the count, was no other than—La Fayette.

The young marquis, who was descended from an old family, the heir to a considerable fortune, and betrothed since his sixteenth year to the daughter of the Duc de Noailles, resolved to purchase a vessel: but the preparations for sailing to America had to be made with the utmost secrecy, for the English ambassador had his spies everywhere in Paris and the northern ports, and a denunciation on his part would have led to a prohibition of the undertaking, if not to the arrest of the parties implicated. After several delays the couple started for America on April 20, on board the *Victoire*, and landed on June 13, 1777, at Southinlet, in Georgetown Bay, South Carolina, in order to proceed to the north by land. At Philadelphia, after the president of the Congress had received them most coldly, the head of the

committee for foreign affairs explained to them that the Congress refused to sanction the engagements entered into by Deane, as he had exceeded his full powers, for he had no authority to fill the highest ranks of the army with men of his own choice, and the native generals had threatened to retire in the event of such an encroachment on their well-earned rights. La Fayette, on hearing this, at once declared his readiness to join the army as a volunteer, without any claim to pay or pension; but the Congress, taking into consideration the distinguished and influential family to which he belonged, soon after appointed him a major-general; but Kalb stood on his rights, or, in case of refusal, a pecuniary compensation to carry him home. The Congress would not endorse the agreements made with the foreign officers, but thanked them and paid them the travelling expenses which they claimed. Kalb was just on the point of returning to Europe, and was staying with some Herrnhut countrymen at Bethlehem, when a messenger from Congress arrived with the news that on the very day of his departure he had been nominated major-general. On hearing this he returned to Philadelphia, and on October 4, the day of the battle of Germantown, received his commission, dated back to July 31, the day of La Fayette's nomination. On October 13, he went to join the army, stationed in Montgomery country, to the north of Philadelphia, met with a most cordial reception from all the officers, and assumed command of a division early in November.

Kalb sent his patron, - Count Broglie, the most detailed account of the progress of the war; but we will not enter into the historical portion, for although Kalb proved himself always and everywhere an excellent and distinguished leader, he rarely had an opportunity to take part in a general action. On the other hand, we must not omit quoting a passage in which he describes General Washington in his sensible and sober way:—

“Washington is the most amiable, friendly, and honest man that can be imagined, but, as a general, he is too slow, too indolent, and much too weak; at the same time, he has his share of vanity and excessive self-esteem. In my opinion, any success he obtains must be ascribed to fortune and the mistakes of his opponents, rather than to his own abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to take advantage of the greatest mistakes on the part of the enemy. He cannot yet get rid of his old prejudices against the French. * * * He is a most brave and honest man; he has the best views and a very good judgment. I am convinced that he would perform great achievements if he could only act upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and possesses the worst advisers in the persons to whom he has granted his confidence.”

Kalb expressed many well-founded complaints, not only about the supreme management of the war, but also in every other respect, which strip the colonial war of independence—which has so often been displayed in a highly romantic light—not only of every ideal charm,

but remind us of the thousand pettinesses which give such a melancholy peculiarity to the present civil war between North and South. A circumstance which appears to us inexplicable, that, at a period of the utmost necessity, when not a man can be spared and a decisive action is impending, entire regiments should march away because their time of service is ended, also astonished Kalb, and drew from him the remark that the fiend himself could not have arranged matters worse. The system of substitution, which enabled the well-to-do citizen to send a man to serve in his stead; the bad management of the hospitals; the wretched clothing, and still more wretched rations; the abominable conduct of the army contractors; the number of superfluous officials; the want of all discipline, especially among the officers—all this gives our German, who was accustomed to a very different system, occasion for just complaints, and taking all this into consideration, he was quite prepared for the overthrow of the cause for which he was fighting. The news, however, of a defensive and offensive alliance being completed between France and the United States on February 6, 1778, produced a cheering effect upon the temper of the army. Kalb, from that moment, felt so certain of the success of the allies over the English, that, regarding their expulsion from the American continent as indubitable, he wrote in August, 1778, to France to secure himself an appointment in the French army; but these hopes soon utterly faded away, and he would have been only too glad to accompany La Fayette, when the latter took ship at Boston on August 23,

in order to spend some time in France. Fate had decided, however, that the two friends should part for ever.

Times grew worse and worse; the warlike successes were insignificant; there were want and need everywhere, enthusiasm nowhere, and the troops were dissatisfied and inclined to mutiny. Washington, his army weakened by illness and want, was compelled to remain all through 1779 at West Point, and confine himself to observing the English in New York. In the spring of 1780 South Carolina surrendered to the English under Clinton; Charleston capitulated on May 12, and the entire South was exposed to the plundering of the British troops under Cornwallis. In July the "grand army" of 30,000 men under Gates, in which Kalb stood with his division, marched against them. Supported by the militia of North Carolina, they advanced with great difficulty and under immense privations, until at two on the morning of August 16, they came across the English in a pine-clearing near Camden, and both armies arranged themselves in battle array before daybreak.

On the American side, Kalb was entrusted with the formation of the line. He himself commanded the right wing, composed of the second Maryland brigade under General Gist, and the Delaware regiment, and, like the English left wing, it was protected on its right flank by a deep swamp. The North Carolina militia, under General Caswell, formed the centre, and the Virginian militia, under General Stevens, the left wing, while the first Maryland brigade, under General Smallwood, was stationed in the second line as

reserve. Two guns were placed on Gist's right flank, and two on the right and two on the left of the centre. Armand's mounted legion was told off to cover the left flank of the American forces, but it was seized with a perfect panic during the night, and fled shamefully, so that it was not available in the formation of the line in the further events of the day. This want of cavalry was very severely felt during the action. From the mere disposition of the two armies, the far more advantageous position of the British can be easily seen. Lord Cornwallis's front was strong, not only through the personal reputation of his troops, who nearly all belonged to regular regiments, and were veterans when compared with the Americans, but also through the better arrangement of the artillery, while his reserve, before all the cavalry under Tarleton, was in a far better position. This compact and well-trained line was opposed on the American side by raw, unpractised militia, who had never yet seen an enemy, and felt an exaggerated respect for the English. In addition to this, Gates committed the error that he drew up the first Maryland brigade in the second line instead of employing the raw militia as reserve, and that he had no artillery on his left flank. Through these varied deficiencies he made up for the disadvantage which Cornwallis would have suffered from under other circumstances, owing to his numerical inferiority. Not satisfied with the errors which he had already committed, Gates, on perceiving the position of the English at daybreak, unexpectedly gave orders to fill up a gap in the drawing up of his centre and right

wing, a measure which must have doubly injurious results in the presence of such a well-disciplined enemy, and through the inexperience of his own troops.

Lord Cornwallis, in fact, was too experienced a general not to take immediate advantage of the opportunity so recklessly offered him. When the new error on the part of his enemy was announced to him, he at once hurried to his right wing, himself gave Colonel Webster orders to attack, and also sent the same command to Lord Rawdon by an adjutant.

Gates behaved quietly, and seemed to be awaiting events. His adjutant-general led him to believe that an immediate bold attack on the English, who were engaged in deploying, would impart courage to his unskilled militia, and if it came off well would have great influence over the result of the day. "That is right," said the evidently helpless commander; "order General Stevens to attack at once with the left wing." The latter at first advanced boldly, but found the enemy already drawn up in battle array. Williams then tried to draw their fire at the farthest range possible, in order to render it less formidable to the militia, and for this purpose obtained forty or fifty volunteers from General Stevens, with whom he really advanced, but did not succeed in his design. The English right wing, under Webster, advanced at this very moment in close column, and with such shouts and impetuosity, upon the American left wing, which was engaged in changing front, that the latter fell into confusion, and, seized by a real panic, threw away their loaded muskets at the first shot fired by the

English, and ran away in a wild and breathless flight. No entreaties, no threats, no appeal to their honour were of the slightest use ; in vain did General Stevens urge the runaways to remember their bayonets : but how could they do so, when they had only received them on the previous day, and were utterly ignorant of their use ? The Virginians carried away the North American militia with them in their disgraceful flight. Unfortunately, the warning and threatening officers had no cavalry to give effect to their words, or compel their fugitives to halt. It was not an action, in fact, but a mere hunting and escaping, so that ere the real engagement began, the entire American centre and left wing, that is to say, two-thirds of their strength, had disappeared almost before a shot was fired. About four hundred of Dixon's regiment were the only men who held their ground a little longer, and fired a couple of rounds at the enemy.

Gates, who had taken up his position about six hundred feet behind the line of battle, in order to watch the course of the action, was carried away in the flight of the militia, and under the pretext of "bringing the villains back into the fight," hurried from the field, so that Kalb remained the highest officer in command there. The morning was so close and foggy that the gunpowder smoke would not rise, but wreathed both armies in a cloud. Hence it was difficult to survey the field and obtain a correct estimate as to the state of the engagement. Owing to the mist, Kalb was for a long time quite ignorant of the flight of the centre and left wing,

and ordered up Smallwood with his reserve to join with Gist ; but the united brigades were not strong enough to cover the ground between the two swamps. While the first Maryland brigade marched into fire, the right wing under Kalb began the disproportionate action, and not only bravely held its ground against the enemy, but successfully repulsed their impetuous attack, so that the action gradually spread along the whole line, and victory was undecided. Kalb, in order to produce a rapid result, ordered the right wing he commanded to make a bayonet attack. The enemy were driven back, and a number of prisoners made ; but at this moment the left wing, overpowered by superior numbers, and assailed on the flank, was forced to retire. It soon collected again, it is true, and renewed the battle, but it was again driven in, and once again returned to the front.

Owing to the losses they suffered, and in the heat of the action, which had gradually degenerated into a hand-to-hand fight, the two brigades had become separated, and had now a space of six hundred feet between them. This was the turning-point of the battle, and victory now began to incline to the English. Williams tried in vain to restore the broken communication, but when he reached the right wing, he found the English preparing to charge after a heavy discharge of musketry. Kalb was fighting at the head of the second Maryland brigade : he had advanced three times, and been driven back again by the numerical superiority of the enemy ; but, for all that, he still had the vantage. His horse had been shot under him, and he had been wounded in the

head by a sabre-cut. Jarquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, bound up the wound as well as he could with his scarf, and implored his general to retire from the battle-field. Kalb, however, instead of paying any attention to this request, led his Marylanders on foot against the enemy. They advanced and fell back again over piles of corpses : Kalb's soldiers performed marvels of bravery, and contested every inch of ground. The enemy, however, pressed on them with continually increasing masses, and compelled them to surrender the slight advantage they had gained. The battle now became a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight, but when Lord Cornwallis, in the fear of losing his gain, concentrated his whole strength on this point, while a portion of Tarleton's horse surrounded the decimated ranks of the brave Delaware and Maryland troops, the last faint hope of retaining possession of the battle-field faded away. All that they could do was to save the honour of their flag. Once again Kalb marched against the enemy at the head of his faithful followers : it was the last time that his powerful voice echoed through the thunder of the battle-field, the last time that, pointing with his sword to the enemy, he excited his men, and made them follow him to the attack. While he was advancing, he was struck by several bullets, so that the blood poured from him in streams ; but he still possessed sufficient strength to cut down an English soldier who had already pointed his bayonet at his chest. But Kalb's last hour had arrived : he was recognised through his epaulettes, and the cry of " Kill the rebel general !" ran along the

English line. Mortally hit, and bleeding from eleven wounds, he fell powerless to the ground.

With Kalb's fall the battle was over, for no leader remained on the American side. It is true that Gist's and Smallwood's brigades assembled once more for an attack, and for the last time repulsed the British charge; but directly after Cornwallis, who was savage at such an obstinate resistance, ordered his light infantry to turn the American left flank and attack it in the rear. This was done, and what English bayonets left undone, was completed by the sabres of Tarleton's cavalry. The remnants of the two Maryland brigades then dispersed in a wild flight, and only the swamps extending on both sides of the battle-field afforded a slight protection to those who were trying to escape the pursuit of Tarleton's dragoons. Not a battalion, not a company remained whole: Gist alone retired from the battle-field in order, with two hundred men, but all the bodies of troops were broken up or dispersed in the woods, and never was a more complete victory gained during the whole of the revolutionary war. Eight guns, two thousand muskets, two-and-twenty ammunition and one hundred and thirty baggage waggons, as well as eighty thousand cartridges, fell into the hands of the victors, who returned their loss at 68 dead, 245 wounded, and 11 missing; or, altogether, 324 men; while the Americans estimated it at 500, or even 700.

The American loss cannot be accurately stated, owing to the hurried flight of the militia. Cornwallis himself estimated it at 1000 killed and wounded, and 800 pri-

soners. According to the American official returns, however, 650 regulars were killed and wounded, or more than one-third of their number; 100 North Carolina militia killed and 300 taken prisoners, while the swift-footed Virginians had only 36 wounded, and no dead. The brave Delaware regiment was as good as annihilated: the men left eventually only formed the cadres for two companies. In vain did Gist and Smallwood try to assemble the militia along the road, and they only succeeded in continuing their flight with a handful of regulars. Gates, who, as we said, hurried from the battlefield at the beginning of the action, must have had a very good and swift horse, for he slept on the evening of the battle at Charlotte, which is sixty miles from Camden.

But we will turn from the fugitive Gates, who left his troops in the lurch, to Kalb, who fought up to the last moment, and fell as a hero. We left him at the moment when he sank bleeding from eleven wounds at the head of his troops. His adjutant, Dubuysson, scarce saw him fall ere he threw himself over him, and imploringly cried to the advancing foe, "Spare and save Baron de Kalb!" The faithful adjutant caught on his own body the sabrecuts intended for Kalb. The British soldiers rushed on both, seized the general, placed him on his feet, and, while he leaned with his hands on a cart, stripped him to the shirt.

While he was standing in this hapless position, and the blood was pouring from him in streams, Cornwallis rode up with his suite. "I am sorry," he said to his

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defenceless opponent, "to see you so seriously wounded, but I am glad that I have conquered you." Cornwallis at once gave orders that Kalb should be taken care of, and his wounds bound up. From this moment the English treated their prisoner with all the kindness and humanity that the modern mode of waging war prescribes for the conquered.

Kalb wrestled for three days with death, and died on August 19th at Camden, whither he had been carried after the action. He was buried by his victorious enemies, among whom were many freemasons, with military and masonic honours. Up to the year 1825 an isolated tree alone marked his last resting-place.

It is true that the Congress soon after voted a monument to the deserving general, but the proposition was never carried into effect. That tree alone marked the spot where Kalb lay buried, and Washington, in 1791, displayed great emotion on visiting the spot, where, as he said, "the noble foreigner rests who came from distant countries to fight our battles and bedew the tree of our liberty with his blood." In the first twenty years of our century the inhabitants of Camden formed a resolution to erect a memorial over his grave, and La Fayette in 1825, during his visit to the United States, laid the foundation-stone for it.

In the French National Museum at Versailles is Kalb's bust, among those of the celebrated men of France; in America, there is a monument over his bones, and numerous streets and villages bear his name. Germany alone, his country which he honoured so

greatly in a foreign land, has, up to the present, made no proper recognition of his merits. Perhaps, though, Germany is waiting to crown with laurel one of her modern heroes in America; but we greatly doubt whether one of them, however it may be the fashion to praise them at present, will have the pluck to die on the battle-field like John Kalb. From their past conduct it is more probable that they will be inclined to follow Gates's example, and escape as far as they conveniently can from the battle-field.

CHAPTER X.

COUNT AXEL FERSEN.

Count Fersen's education—He enters the French service—Queen Marie Antoinette—Calumnies about her—Lord Holland's reminiscences—Madame Campan—Fersen serves in America—His correspondence with the queen—The outbreak of the revolution—The flight to Varennes—The count acts as coachman—His escape to Brussels—The queen's care for her friends—Quintin Crawford—The mother of Count d'Orsay—Fersen in Sweden—Death of the crown prince—Suspicious of the mob—The funeral—The attack on the count—Behaviour of the troops—His awful sufferings and death—His funeral.

THE descent of the Swedish Counts Fersen from the Scottish clan of the MacPhersons has been alleged, but there is nothing to prove its correctness beyond the resemblance of the names. The branch of the Fersens to which Count Axel belonged had its principal estates in Livonia, but his father was a Swedish field-marshal, and head of that strict aristocratic party which ran all risks for the maintenance of the constitution of 1720.

Count Axel, born in 1750, was the eldest son, and was educated at the then highly renowned Chevalier Academy at Turin : where the handsome young man, and heir of one of the richest of the Swedish aristocrats, is said, by his noble bearing, his tall, graceful form, his

regular features and the dark eyebrows over his expressive blue eyes to have kindled a flame in the heart of a great lady which was never extinguished.

Count Fersen remained till 1770 in Turin, and then travelled in Germany, the North, and England, until he at length reached France. Up to the year 1779 Fersen was at one time in the French, at another in the Swedish service, as was the custom of the day. Still, by a special agreement, the officers retained their rank in both armies; and thus Count Fersen was a colonel in the French army while still only a captain in the Swedish.

About this time is the commencement of the relations in which Count Fersen stood to the lovely and unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette; and calumny converted them into a suspicion dishonourable to the queen. We know that the queen, from the first day of her residence in France, became the object of calumnies, which were at first, perhaps, undesigned, but were afterwards calculated. It is true that the defenders of the queen cannot deny that she did not make sufficient efforts to maintain appearances; but, perhaps, that speaks more in favour of her innocence than anything else. Marie Antoinette, richly gifted by nature, lively and passionate, was married in her tender youth to a prince, who, while at a later date gaining the highest veneration in misfortune, possessed no qualities which could enchain the heart of a young wife. As, too, during the early years of their marriage, he displayed the utmost indifference toward her, calumny and scandal had an easy prey in her. Every attention to a man was counted as a crime on the

part of the youthful wife, and every gentleman with whom she conversed on terms of intimacy was regarded as a lover. The queen sought friends who would afford her amusement among men who seemed to her worthy of confidence: that she was at times deceived cannot be denied, but it is equally certain that the scandal was grossly exaggerated. The first lover attributed to the queen was the Marquis, afterwards Duc de Coigny, grand écuyer des petites écuries du roi, a man twenty years older than herself, who always was remarkable for a timidity and a line of conduct which certainly excluded all idea of any intimacy of the sort.

Among the numerous lovers whom scandal-mongers gave the queen was also the handsome Swede, Count Axel Fersen. Lord Holland, in his 'Reminiscences,' repeats this calumnious statement with such repulsive remarks, and such improbable details, that many persons who knew the late Lord Holland refused to recognize the work as his, and believed it a forgery. Thus, he does not hesitate to assert, on the pretended testimony of the certainly most credible Prince Talleyrand, who bitterly hated the queen, that Madame Campan stated, she herself had let Count Fersen out of the queen's bed-chamber on the night of October 5. Madame Campan, however, declares most decidedly in her memoirs, according to the assurance of persons who consulted the lady's MS. and were competent of judging, that she was not at Versailles at all on that day: her husband, however, who was on service in the queen's apartments, remained there till one A.M., in order to protect her majesty

against the threatening attacks of the assassins. Even the most studied malice would not try to make us believe that the queen could have selected such a night of terror and horror for an amorous rendezvous. It is therefore scarcely credible that Prince Talleyrand made such a communication to Lord Holland, for the ex-bishop of Autun was too clever to do so: he was an enemy of the queen, but he never hated the dead, and he was in direct relations with Madame Campan. Hence a falsehood appears to have been interpolated by the editor of Lord Holland's 'Reminiscences,' which disgraces his lordship's memory, and throws a slur over the credibility of the entire work.

Besides, it is easy, at any rate in this instance, to prove whence the calumny originated. On the night preceding the horrors of October 5, 1789, a number of faithful friends, informed of the threatening danger, assembled at the palace of Versailles to defend the royal family. Among these was, naturally enough, Count Fersen; and Count Louis Narbonne Cara, chamberlain of the king's aunts, and afterwards minister of war and ambassador to Vienna under Napoleon, came the next morning early with a message for the monarch into the king's ante-room, where he found, among other gentlemen, Count Fersen, who had spent the night there on guard. This watch of fidelity calumny has converted into an improper rendezvous. But we have not reached the latter epoch yet.

In the summer of 1779 Fersen joined the French army in North America: during the campaign he

formed a friendship with the Duc de Lauzun (afterward Duc de Biron, and guillotined), became his constant companion, and slept in one tent with him. Lauzun, who, like everybody else, believed in Fersen's intrigues with the queen, was no little surprised that, in spite of all their intimacy, Fersen never took him into his confidence in the matter of this amour. At a later date he was wont to boast of this as a chivalrous trait on the part of his friend. It is undeniable that, at this period, Fersen exchanged letters with the queen, and, although his discretion was most honourable, we are convinced that, had the correspondence been published, it would have afforded but little scope for scandal.

On his return from the American campaign Count Fersen was made a colonel, and owner of the French regiment Royal Suédois. From 1783 to 1788 he resided at Versailles, but when Russia and Sweden began fighting in the latter year, he hurried to Sweden, went through the campaign against the Russians as lieutenant-colonel of the royal horse guards, and then returned with his monarch's permission to Versailles.

On the outbreak of the revolution the count distinguished himself by his devotion to the royal family, and it is notorious that, on their flight to Varennes, he drove their carriage as far as Bondy in the disguise of a coachman. He it was, too, who procured the royal family passports and disguises, with the help of the Russian ambassador, Baron Simolin, and his nephew and secretary, Baron Alexander Simolin. Count Fersen had taken up

nearly two millions of francs in the king's name, and pledged himself to pay over the amount when the royal family were in safety. Count Fersen bitterly regretted that, in obedience to the king's orders, he left him at the first station, for he was convinced that the flight would have succeeded had he retained the management. Count Fersen contrived to make his escape to Brussels, and deposited the funds entrusted to him at Vienna, where they were eventually paid over to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

It is a slight but pleasing trait in the character of Marie Antoinette that, in the midst of her gravest troubles, she never neglected the safety of her friends. Count Fersen, in his preparations for the flight of the royal family, had employed an Englishman of the name of Crawford ; but, just at the moment when the attempt was about to be made, he was compelled to go to England for a few days. Crawford was on his return, and standing in front of the post-house at Calais waiting for horses, when a stranger came up, examined him attentively, thrust a note into his hand, and at once disappeared. With amazement, Crawford recognized the queen's handwriting: "Do not come here, but go to Brussels." Thus the unfortunate lady had found means, even under the torturing surveillance which followed the arrest at Varennes, to warn a faithful servant and save him from the fatal results of a complicity in the flight.

Fersen's connexion with Crawford was produced through a beautiful lady, whom both gentlemen passionately adored; and this fact speaks against any

amour between the queen and Fersen. The name of the celebrated beauty was Franchini ; she was a native of Lucca, and appeared at the court of Stuttgart as a *danseuse*, where she gained the favour of Duke Charles. Her three children were ennobled by the name of Franquemont, and one daughter married Count d'Orsay, and was the mother of the celebrated dandy of that name and of the Duchess de Guiche-Grammont. The Franchini, after leaving the court of Stuttgart, proceeded to the East Indies, where she married a gentleman of the name of Sullivan, appeared under that name in Paris, and eventually formed a *liaison* with Quintin Crawford, who kept up a brilliant establishment in Paris. It was at Crawford's house that Count Fersen formed her acquaintance.

While residing in Brussels Count Fersen defied all obstacles in order to send the royal family of France consolation during their imprisonment. He was supported not only by Crawford and his lady, who had opened their salons in Brussels, but also by the Empress Catharine's last ambassador at Paris, the above-mentioned Baron Simolin, who by order of his court had left Paris and settled at Brussels. So long as the queen lived, and almost up to her latest hour, she was in constant correspondence with her true friend at Brussels. In 1792, the queen sent Fersen two rings with the following remark : " L'une est pour vous, l'autre pour celui que vous savez. Dites-lui qu'elle est faite d'après sa mesure." Although Count Fersen was unable to entertain any illusions as to the queen's ultimate fate, still

the news of her execution fell upon him like a crushing blow. He quitted Brussels, where he could be of no further service, and went first to Coblenz and afterwards to Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin.

In 1797, Count Fersen appeared at the Congress of Rastadt, where Gustavus IV., Adolphus, wished to be represented as one of the guarantors of the peace of Westphalia. The choice of Fersen, the queen's knight, as negotiator with the French republicans, was certainly not a happy one, and he was not admitted to the conferences, as the claim of Sweden was not recognized. From Rastadt Count Fersen proceeded to Carlsruhe, where he met with better success, as he obtained for his monarch the hand of the Princess Friederike of Baden. In 1798, Fersen returned to Stockholm, where he lived in great state as a senator, supreme marshal, and chancellor of the university of Upsala. Up to his death he only left Sweden once, in 1804, when he made a journey to Italy with his sister, the beautiful, but intriguing and deeply hated, Countess Piper. This lady, who was supposed to exert a great influence over her brother, may very probably have been the first incitement of Count Axel Fersen's miserable fate. Dark rumours were afloat, namely, that the Countess Piper had poisoned her first husband, the Reichsrath Baron Taube, and this scandal is said to have led the furious populace to the idea that Count Fersen had himself poisoned the crown prince elect, Prince Charles Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein. It was a perfectly unjustifiable accusation, for the prince died of apoplexy, and Fersen was his friend; but the

haughty aristocrat with the serene glance, the celebrated knight of the Queen of France, stood in the way of these people; the revolutionists hated a deadly foe in him, and hounded on the rabble against him. Count Fersen was warned; but although the charge of being a poisoner outraged his feelings, his pride and calmness did not desert him for a moment, and, in spite of all the warnings, he determined to take his proper place in the funeral procession of the crown prince.

All Stockholm was in motion on June 20, 1810; at midday the procession slowly passed through the Horn-gasse, across the Södermalmplatz, to the Corn-haven, but the shouts and yells of the mob became with each moment more serious, and with the blessings bestowed on Charles Augustus were mingled execrations upon his murderers. Fersen's tall form, the proud glance of his large calm eyes, the handsome, though perceptibly aged features, and his grey hair falling on his shoulders, were all visible to the public in the gilded court carriage with its glass sides. His calm, steady behaviour was regarded as defiance and impudence, and the savage cries of the rabble grew louder. When the procession reached the Corn-haven, the crowding round the marshal's carriage grew more intense, a wild yell was raised, and a truly demoniac whistling gave the signal for the villainous deed. The carriage windows were destroyed by hundreds of heavy coins (this proves that people who had money were implicated), and the count, wounded in the face and bleeding, withdrew into a corner and gave his coachman orders to drive at a gallop. In all probability

the unhappy man, in spite of the incessant shower of stones, would have found shelter in the palace, had not the leading horses been suddenly stopped and turned round. The carriage stopped, and a yell filled the air, which caused the hair of even indifferent persons to stand on end through horror. A stranger tore open the door, dragged the count out, and conveyed him safely to a neighbouring eating-house, where the landlady locked him into a room, which Lieutenant Hammerskiold of the guards at once placed under the protection of double sentries.

Count Fersen had perfectly retained his calmness : he conversed kindly with an officer's widow whom he knew, and who had come to the house to see the procession, and through her he sent to fetch General Silfversparre, who happened to be in the vicinity. The general arrived, apologized for what had occurred, gave it as his opinion that the excitement would speedily die out, and took his leave after a short and friendly conversation, locking the door after him. But almost immediately the rabble burst into the house, drove out the sentries, broke open the door, rushed into the room, and poured a flood of execrations upon the marshal. When they accused him of poisoning Prince Charles Augustus, the count objected, with incredible self-possession : " My friends, you are under a grievous error. The prince was very gracious to me. I honestly regret his death, and shall mourn for him so long as I live."

For a moment this calmness daunted the rabble, but then the old hellish whistling broke out again, and

threats of every sort of death followed the insults; greasy hands were even laid on him, and one fellow attempted to tear away the blue ribbon of the Seraphina order. The count retreated a step; but the officer's widow, who was standing in the rear, whispered to him, "For heaven's sake, Excellency, give him the ribbon;" and having loosened it from the mourning cloak to which it was sewn, the ribbon was displayed to the ruffians in the street, and at the sight of this trophy they burst into a loud yell of triumph. For a moment, peace seemed to be restored, but General Silfversparre returned, and with him a fresh yelling mob. Twenty hands clutched at the marshal, but before all at his star, which he pulled off with his own hands, and haughtily cast away. Then the rabble roared, "To the devil with Fersen, to the devil with Ugglas! You must die, you must die!"

The marshal seated himself again among the howling mob—were strength and courage failing him?—and gently asked for a glass of water: as there was none to be had, a bottle of brandy was offered him, which he rejected, however, with the utmost horror and disgust. After this, the rabble tore from him his mourning cloak, scarf and sword, and threw these glorious signs of victory, with frenzied hurrahs, to the crowd standing beneath the window. At the same time, Count Fersen was being beaten and lacerated; his grey hair was stained with blood, they spat in his face, trampled him under foot, tore the clothes from his person, and almost strangled him with a silk cord which he wore round his neck, with a locket containing a curl of Marie Antoinette's hair.

And all this took place in the presence of General Silfversparre and several of the guards, who certainly interfered, but afforded a very faint resistance. They held a parley with the rabble, and at length Silfversparre, after a pompous harangue, obtained their permission to place the count under arrest.

"Arrest me!" shouted the supreme marshal, proudly drawing himself up. "What do you mean by that? do you think that Count Axel Fersen can be dragged off to prison like a criminal?"

Silfversparre declared that he knew no other way of saving the count's life but taking him to the town-hall prison. Count Fersen rose, and confided in the honour of the general, although the officer's widow, who was busily binding up his wounds, warned him against doing so, for which she was coarsely reprimanded by the general. This lady threw a blue livery cloak over the old gentleman; but he had scarce reached the doorway, leaning on the general's arm, ere the mob rushed upon him, and struck him to the ground with a shower of blows from their sticks and umbrellas. On this occasion General Silfversparre was also injured by a stone. Major Baron Düben sprang forward, raised the bleeding marshal, and carried him across the street to the Bergstrahl mansion, where General Vegesack was on horseback. A few yards off was the 1st regiment of guards, and yet not one helped the bleeding old man! Under the very eyes of these heroes the rabble again fell upon the first dignitary of the kingdom; but Major Düben again raised him in his arms, and carried him,

through a shower of blows from sticks and umbrellas, as far as the regiment of guards. Count Fersen was already half dead, when General Count Adlercreutz made his appearance: he harangued the rabble and implored them to give up this deed of shame and horror. He invited the mob to follow him, and when a large portion did so, Adlercreutz really believed the marshal saved, and did not notice that the greater portion of the rabble remained behind. Major Baron Düben, the only man who really behaved honourably in the defence of Count Fersen, ordered the guards to protect him, and did not do so in vain. Lieutenants de la Guardie and Koskull ordered their men to get ready to charge; the rabble hesitated and fell back, and Fersen would have been saved, had not the major commanding the battalion of guards, Lowisin was the fellow's name, advanced with drawn sword, beaten up the bayonets of the nearest men, and ordered them to shoulder arms. On seeing this, the rabble again rushed on their victim, and continued their fearful ill-treatment with sticks and umbrellas. Once again was it Baron Düben alone who tried to save the count. He carried him behind the ranks of the guards, and thence to the guard-room in the Rathhaus. He locked the door, and placed himself outside with his back against it, imploring the howling mob to give up their pursuit of their hapless victim.

Half-naked, lacerated, and bleeding, the Swedish supreme marshal lay on the wooden bench of the guard-room: his face was disfigured, swollen and torn, and his gray hair was not only torn away, but the scalp as

well. Count Fersen had escaped the lantern and guillotine in Paris, only to end his life thus awfully in his native land. The chivalrous Baron Düben courageously defended the door; but the rabble broke through a window in the rear into the guard-room, and fetched their victim. Fersen was hurled on the ground, his head struck against a stone, his brains were dashed out, a man in sailor's garb danced upon his chest and body—and Count Fersen was a corpse!

A fanatic burst of laughter, says Crusenstolpe, whom we have followed in our narrative, announced that the murder was consummated; a yell, such as only the fiends in hell could give vent to, ran across the square, where the royal guards had silently looked on at the awful tragedy without stirring hand or foot. What a disgrace! Of a truth these guards were ripe and worthy to become Bernadotte's body-guard.

It was proposed to drag Fersen's corpse in a knacker's cart to the gallows; but this was the only thing which brave General Silfversparre was able to prevent on this horrible day: it lay for some hours exposed to the insults of the mob in the market-place, and was then placed in an unplanned coffin, such as is given to criminals, and removed to a vault under the Rathhaus. A few days after his family had the corpse quietly conveyed to an estate in Sudermania; but on December 4 of the same year, the mortal remains of the so dastardly murdered marshal were brought back to the capital, and solemnly buried with all the honours appertaining to his rank in the Ritterholms church.

Through this solemn ceremony, against which no one raised the slightest objection, it was clearly proved that none believed in the crime which had been charged against Count Axel Fersen: the haughty aristocrat had been a stone of offence to the men, who had already put aside their legitimate king, and they got rid of him by murder.

Such was the melancholy end of the noble knight of Queen Marie Antoinette.

CHAPTER XI.

THEODORE VON NEUHOFF.

Birth of Theodore von Neuhoff—His career in Paris—Flies to Holland—Enters the service of Sweden—Alberoni becomes his patron—He marries Lady Sarsfield—He runs away from his wife—The Mississippi bubble—He flies from Paris again—He goes to Amsterdam—He resolves to become King of Corsica—His first appearance—He is crowned—Jealousy of Genoa—The king seeks assistance in England—He returns to Corsica—Interference of the French—His negotiations with the British government—He is arrested for debt in London—He goes to the King's Bench—Sympathy with the king—He is discharged under the Insolvent Act—His death and burial.

THEODORE VON NEUHOFF, who made a considerable sensation in his day, was descended from an old Westphalian family. His father married, against the will of his parents, the daughter of a French sutler, and being entirely discarded, went over into the French service and was quartered at Metz, where two children were born to him: a daughter, who afterwards married a brutal French guard officer, the Marquis de Trevoux, and in 1696, a son, our adventurer.

Theodore von Neuhoff thus entered the world, freed from all family ties. He had no country, and no position suitable to his rank; for when his father died, soon after his birth, his mother, his sole protector, did not

blush to follow a French gentleman to Paris as his mistress. He was the Comte de Mortagne, one of the attendants of the clever but coarse Elizabeth Charlotte of the Palatinate, Duchess d'Orléans, and mother of the regent, a lady who was afflicted with a perfect mania for letter-writing. These letters, which indeed contain much interesting matter, are now sought in every corner, and somewhat absurdly praised as models of German simplicity and true-heartedness. Though "Madame" is in this respect more than cautious, her letters possess a high value as contributions to the moral history of her age.

Theodore was appointed one of the pages of this princess, and as such was trained for the army. When his education was completed, the Prince of Pfalz-Birkenfeld offered him a commission in the Alsace regiment, but von Neuhoff declined it, as his patron and too intimate friend, the Marquis de Courcillon, gave him a squadron in his dragoon regiment, and he lived in the most debauched manner with him in Paris. This marquis was the son of the Marquis d'Angeau, and hence had such influence that it was easy for him to procure his favourite any length of furlough he pleased. For a time von Neuhoff led a very merry life, but, quarrelling with de Courcillon, he ran so deep into debt, that he was at length summoned before the *table de marbre*, or court of the marshals of France. The young man, who had no prospect of satisfying his creditors, fled to Holland, where he offered his services to the notorious Baron George Henry von Görz, at that period Swedish envoy

at the Hague. He took a fancy to the smart young man, and employed him on several confidential missions, especially to the Spanish court.

The reader may perhaps feel surprised that the minister of a great power, as Sweden was at that day, should affect so close an intimacy with a fugitive young scamp like von Neuhoff. At the present day such a thing is very unlikely, although we do not forget the case of Lord Palmerston and Chevalier Wikoff—but Görz himself was only an adventurer, though of a higher class. He was connected with all the intriguers then swarming through Europe, and offering their services to diplomatists, who were all bound to each other by a species of political freemasonry.

When Görz was beheaded at Stockholm, on Feb. 28, 1719, von Neuhoff was upon business of his at Madrid, and would again have been ruined, had not the prime minister, Alberoni, belonged to the fraternity. The adventurer in the red hat did not let our adventurer fall, but gave him a colonelcy and a pension of 600 pistoles, in addition to his pay. Moreover, von Neuhoff made such good use of his friendship with the omnipotent minister, that he found himself the happy possessor of some ten to twelve thousand pistoles. This success, however, rendered the young man so arrogant that he ill-treated the Spaniards, and hence, on Alberoni's sudden fall, found himself surrounded by enemies. He even thought he should be obliged to fly, when another adventurer, von Ripperda, came to his assistance.

Ripperda advised our adventurer to marry Lady

Catharine Sarsfield, bed-chamber woman to the queen, who stood in extraordinary favour at court. Von Neuhoff did so, and thus regained his influence in Madrid to some extent; but the lady does not appear to have possessed the power of holding her husband's affections: on the contrary, she became in a short time so unendurable to him, that he preferred flying from Spain to living any longer with her. He therefore took ship at Carthagena for France; and it need not surprise us to learn that he carried off his wife's jewellery and other unconsidered trifles without asking her leave.

Von Neuhoff arrived in Paris at the time when the Mississippi bubble and Law's credit had attained their highest pitch. Naturally, adventurer Law and adventurer von Neuhoff became very intimate, and the latter obtained for his new friend a parliamentary edict, protecting him from any prosecution at the hands of his former creditors. So long as the bubble held wind, von Neuhoff lived *en grand seigneur*, and squandered enormous sums; but when Law fled, our hero was once again in a most unpleasant predicament.

At this time his loving sister, the Countess de Trevoux, took compassion on him; and her affection cost her such large sums, that Count de la Mark, formerly French ambassador to Stockholm, under whose protection the lady lived, became impatient at it and procured a *lettre de cachet*. Hence von Neuhoff thought it prudent to quit Paris, and again carried off a few trifles which did not belong to him. This seems to have been a weakness of our hero. The Duchesse

d'Orléans tells us that on his flight "he stole from his sister things worth 200,000 francs, and also robbed Law's brother of a million." Matters probably were not so bad as that: the old lady was fond of a good mouthful, and was not particularly well affectioned to her ex-page; for which, in truth, we cannot blame her. Neuhoﬀ proceeded to England, and thence to Amsterdam, where he managed to gain the confidence of certain rich merchants, principally Portuguese Jews, and from them he borrowed considerable sums, with which he went to the Levant for the purpose of trading.

Here is a gap in our adventurer's life, which we are unable to fill up: we lose him entirely out of sight, and can only conjecture that he spent some time in Morocco, with von Ripperda, *alias* Osman Pacha. It may be assumed that Ripperda, who only maintained his position through his intimate relations with the principal European adventurers, promoted von Neuhoﬀ's daring plans in every possible way. The only proof of this we can bring forward, however, was the peculiar condition of the Mediterranean states at the period.

Our adventurer's plans were no less than to place himself at the head of the Corsican people, who, wearied of the severe Genoese rule, were on the point of revolting and declaring their independence. Through subordinate adventurers at Leghorn, von Neuhoﬀ entered into negotiations with the national leaders of the Corsican insurrection, and soon convinced himself that any man who conveyed to the Corsicans money, arms, and ammunition, could easily grasp the supreme authority.

It was in accordance with this idea that he acted. The adventurers of that day, who neglected no means which might serve their purpose, also employed the press, without suspecting that it would one day mercilessly crush them ; and thus, amazed Europe, one morning, found the following article in nearly all the papers.

"Bastia, April 5, 1736.—An English ship has recently arrived in Alexia roads, which is supposed to belong to the consul of that nation at Tunis, bringing a very illustrious personage, whom some state to be a royal prince, others an English lord, and others, again, Prince Racoczy. So much is known, that he belongs to the Romish religion, and bears the name of Theodore. His costume is after the fashion of Christians travelling in Turkey, and consists of a long scarlet-wadded coat, velvet peruke, hat, stick, and sword. He has a suite of two officers, a secretary, a chaplain, a chamberlain, a head cook, three slaves, and four lacqueys. He has landed ten cannon, above 7000 fusils, 2000 pairs of shoes, a large quantity of all sorts of stores, as well as sundry chests of gold and silver specie. The Corsican leaders received him with great marks of distinction, and have given him the title of excellency and viceroy : he has nominated four of the Corsicans colonels, to each of whom he pays monthly 200 pieces of eight, and has formed twenty companies, each private receiving a fusil, a pair of shoes, and a sequin. He has taken up his abode at the episcopal palace in Campo Loro, before which 400 men with two cannon keep guard."

This astounding article attracted the attention of all

Europe to Corsica ; but the mysterious personage was no other than our Theodore von Neuhoff, who placed himself at the head of the Corsican insurrection, and declared war against the illustrious republic of Genoa. Matters progressed rapidly : on April 15, von Neuhoff was unanimously elected King of Corsica by a large popular assembly, and crowned with a garland of leaves in the open field. This garland, by-the-by, must have looked delicious on the adventurer's above-mentioned peruke. The whole affair appears almost comical, but at that time it was most serious : the adventurer was a real king, king of a people fighting for its independence from a foreign yoke, and he had an opportunity of playing a great and brilliant part had he been anything more than an adventurer. Still it cannot be denied that the man assumed with the royal crown a certain dignity ; that he comprehended, partially at any rate, the duties he had taken on himself ; and what was left in him of the old Westphalian gentleman came out.

After the election King Theodore organized his court and state : Costa, through whom he had carried on the negotiations with the chief, became chancellor, keeper of the seals, and count ; Don Xavier was made marquis and high treasurer ; Don Giafferi, count and commander of the army ; and, lastly, Don Hyacintho Paoli, governor-general. King Theodore had gold, silver, and copper coinage struck, which displayed on the obverse his bust, with the superscription : "Teodorus D. G. unanimo consensu electus Rex et Princeps Regni Corsici." On the reverse was a crown borne by three palm-trees, and the

legend : "Pro bono publico Corsico." Other coins of his displayed on one side the Immaculate Conception, with the motto : "Monstra te esse matrem ;" on the other, the arms of the new kingdom, a Moor's head in a field *or*, and the arms of the von Neuhoff family, a broken chain *argent* in a field *sable*.

We see that the kingdom of Theodore of Corsica was meant in earnest, and the world of that day regarded it so. In Westphalia the kingly crown also produced an effect, and it even appears as if a portion of the proud family became reconciled with the adventurer. At any rate, we find several Westphalian cousins in the service of Corsica. The Genoese republic regarded Theodore's kingdom most seriously of all, as its power over Corsica was seriously undermined by it. Hence the doge issued a proclamation, on May 9, 1736, in which Baron Theodore was declared to be a swindler (not very far wrong, as we know) ; a portion of his evil life was laid bare ; and, finally, he was threatened with the utmost rigour of the law as guilty of high treason. In addition, however, the Genoese offered a reward of 2000 dollars for the king alive, and 1000 for him dead ; and it speaks well for our adventurer that no one was willing to earn the reward.

King Theodore not only issued an anti-manifesto, but also exerted himself to expel the Genoese troops from his kingdom. In this he partially succeeded, and was, ere long, enabled to blockade Bastia, the capital of the island, which the Genoese still held. Von Neuhoff appears to have been something of a soldier ; at least he

thrashed the Genoese troops in several skirmishes, and defeated them in a regular action on June 29, 1736, at Isola Rossa, where the Genoese Colonel Marchelli lost no fewer than 4000 men. On the next day the king captured two Genoese vessels, laden with gold, arms, and ammunition. But this was the last smile of fortune. On August 29 he was compelled to retreat before the enemy, and, worse still for him, he began quarrelling with the Corsican chiefs, whom he ruled with too tight a hand, and who probably had expected greater assistance from him. Still the clever fellow managed to pacify the malcontents, and, as a symbol of peace, he founded at Sartena the Corsican order of the Knights of the Redemption. From this point, however, things took such a bad turn that the king resolved to proceed to the Continent and seek assistance. Early in November he landed at Leghorn, and proceeded to Amsterdam, where he was arrested, however, at his hotel for old debts, and carried to prison. Still, he regained his liberty on May 7, and was *not* handed over to the Genoese, as they had demanded through their envoy.

It was our adventurer's great support that all the foes of the arrogant Genoese republic were not disinclined to give him covert assistance. The king, too, on leaving prison, displayed extraordinary zeal: at one moment he was in Lisbon, at another in Amsterdam or London, and everywhere worked with some degree of success for the independence of Corsica. It tells in his favour that the Corsicans remained unswervingly faithful to him, and governed the island in his name, with the exception of

the fortresses of Bastia, Ajaccio, Calpe, and Pellegrino, which the Genoese occupied.

On September 13, 1738, King Theodore fulfilled his promise of returning, and arrived with several vessels in the port of Il Sorucco, where he landed his army and ammunition. The Corsicans greeted him as their king ; but he had arrived too late ; for a French corps under Count Boissieux was already on the island, for the purpose of making terms between Genoa and the patriots. France had not recognized King Theodore, and had no intention of doing so ; for even at that day she was anxious to annex Corsica. Hence it was to her interest to let the Genoese and Corsicans weaken one another, but not to help the king to assert his independence. This policy was successful, for thirty years later Corsica became French.

In November, 1738, the French demanded the extradition of von Neuhoff, and for the second time the poor king found himself compelled to fly. He went to Naples, where he was arrested on December 2, and taken to Gaëta, where he was treated, however, with extreme indulgence, and finally set at liberty. The Neapolitans were not fond of the Genoese republic either. From this point von Neuhoff's adventurous career begins again, for we find him suddenly coming to the surface in all sorts of places, and sinking once more with equal rapidity. In 1739 he shows himself at Rome, Venice, and Turin ; in 1740 at Cologne, where he resided with a relation, one Baron von Droste. Another baron of the same name was at this time commander of the Corsi-

cans who remained true to their king. In 1741 we find von Neuhoff in Switzerland with his old friend General de Salis, and the following year he was in England.

It seems tolerably certain that the British government entered into negotiations with him, and felt inclined to supply him with the means to expel the French from Corsica. Still it is probable that the government negotiated with him as an individual, although great promises appear to have been made him. On January 12, 1743, King Theodore landed at Leghorn, collected the expatriated Corsicans, and issued a manifesto, in which he offered a general pardon to all who had deserted him, with the exception of Paoli. In this proclamation he styles himself "Theodore, Dei gratiâ, King of Corsica, and Grand Master of the Military Order of the Redemption." The conclusion runs as follows: "Therefore, let our royal will be done. For that purpose we have signed with our own hand, and confirmed it with our royal seal. Given at Balagna, in Sancta Reparata, on January 30, in the 1743rd year since the birth of Christ, and the 7th year of our kingdom, which may God render happy and augment. THEODORE."

Unluckily, kingdoms cannot be established by means of manifestos, as King Theodore discovered. He certainly sailed to the island and landed arms and ammunition, but he did not leave the ship, and contented himself with cruising off the coast and preventing any succour arriving from Genoa. We know that our adventurer was not deficient in courage, and hence other motives must have restrained him from placing himself

at the head of the Corsicans, who still remained faithful to him. He probably considered the whole affair hopeless since the interference of the French, and only employed his royal title for the purpose of forming intrigues by which he proposed to procure money. Soon after he disappeared again and turned up at Siena, when his partisans ventured a fresh attack on the Genoese, and drew up a deed, at a diet held at Corte on June 14, 1744, in which they pledged themselves to live and die for their King Theodore. It must be conceded that our adventurer was no ordinary man, and must have possessed better qualities than are displayed in his own life; for, otherwise, this devotion of the Corsicans to his person would have been an impossibility.

Again Neuhoff disappears till the year 1748: it is said that during this period he lived in Holland; but he was scarcely inactive, as that would have been contrary to his nature, and we believe that we have discovered his trail several times in Germany and Italy during the interval. In 1749 we find him in London, a place which has been a dangerous abode for many an adventurer before and after him.

The King of Corsica was arrested in London for debts, but we must say in his justification that they were contracted for the liberation of Corsica: the purveyors of arms and ammunition locked him up, and the British government, on which he doubtless had claims, let him fall, because it could not or would not any longer use him: hence it disavowed the negotiations with him. The king was now lost, and was sent to the King's

Bench, where he remained nearly the rest of his life. It was a fearful fate for a man who, from his earliest youth, had been accustomed to a restless, active life. Here, too, the courage and noble resignation with which he at first accepted his fate broke down, and he proved that he was no true hero, but only an adventurer. On March 27, 1752, he appeared before a commission of Parliament at Westminster, with other prisoners, and burst into bitter invectives about the treatment which he was compelled to endure. The members certainly pitied the unhappy man, and they took care to provide him with a more comfortable lodging ; but they could do no more, unless they paid the enormous sums he owed.

Want and misery tortured the man who had once worn a crown, and he was thrown on public charity. The London actors took compassion on him first : the celebrated Garrick performed a play for his benefit, which brought in a considerable sum ; but von Neuhoff's position was so hopeless that in 1755 he made an unsuccessful attempt at flight, which only led to his closer imprisonment. But his misfortunes were destined to be greater still : in 1755 an Act of Parliament was passed by which all insolvent debtors were set at liberty. Through this act Neuhoff was free, and from this time the ex-king of Corsica had not means to exist, but literally starved. In May, 1756, he made a most affecting appeal in the public papers for relief, as he wished to return to his own country and die there. But where was his country ? Since his birth he had not possessed one. Some of his former acquaintances among the

nobility appear to have remembered him and given him relief; but it must have been small, for he was unable to leave England. Still, he was not long a burden on his friends, for death released him in the same year. He died in London, in December, 1756, in his sixty-first year, according to his own statement, penitent, and provided with the comforts of religion. He was buried by the parish.

Such was the end of King Theodore of Corsica. We call the Westphalian adventurer so, for history has given a royal title since his time to adventurers who had less claim to it than had Theodore von Neuhoff. A brave people, fighting for its liberty, had given him the crown, while the whim of a mighty despot gave it to the others. The Westphalian adventurer was at least quite as fairly King of Corsica as a Corsican adventurer was, fifty years later, King of Westphalia.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES GONZAGA DEUTZ.

Origin of the traitor Deutz—He turns Catholic—He becomes an agent of the Legitimist party—The Duchess of Berry—Her raid into France—Ill-success of the movement—Hair-breadth escapes—The duchess finds a refuge at Nantes—An act of treachery—The duchess is imprisoned at Blaye—Conduct of her uncle—She gives birth to a child—She confesses her marriage—Disgust of the French at the king's conduct—Downfall of the Legitimist party—Release of the duchess—The fate of Deutz.

EMMANUEL DEUTZ, a native of Bonn, and grandson and great-grandson of celebrated physicians, who at the same time acted as rabbis in their community, was at the close of the last century rabbi at Coblenz. He was a tall, handsome man, with a stately black beard, and is said to have found favour in the sight of Napoleon. In the year 1811 Emmanuel Deutz was summoned to Paris by the Great Sanhedrim, and also, it is stated, by special order of the emperor. In that city the rabbi found a sphere of action worthy of his talent, and he died grand rabbi of France. By his wife Judith, who was an incomparable beauty, Emmanuel Deutz had five children. The daughter Sarah became the wife of the learned philologist and orientalist Trach of Strasburg, but separated from him when he was converted to Catho-

licism and became a Jesuit. She with her children found a shelter in the house of Baron Rothschild in London.

Of the four sons of the grand rabbi, the second, Simon Deutz, born January 15, 1802, at Coblentz, attained a melancholy celebrity. Unlike his father, both mentally and bodily, he grew up in indolence, and was converted to the Church of Rome, though hardly through any internal prompting. The Christian names he received, Charles Gonzaga, indicate very high patronage, which was also evidenced by recommendations which he received to the first members of the French Legitimist party. The well-recommended convert soon became one of the most confidential agents of this party, which at that period, 1832, was preparing for a great insurrection, at whose head the Duchesse de Berry, mother of Henry V., intended to place herself. The French Legitimists have ever been most unfortunate, or perhaps careless, in the choice of their agents, and they felt delighted at getting hold of Charles Gonzaga Deutz, because he displayed not only zeal, but a most undeniable tact.

The Legitimist revolt seemed well prepared, and the whole of the south and a portion of the south-west only awaited the appearance of the mother of the rightful king in order to rise. William I., King of Holland, had found a portion of the funds for the insurrection, in the hope of making a diversion in the matter of Belgium. The Duchess of Berry* proceeded from Holyrood, at

* Caroline Ferdinande Louise de Bourbon, royal princess of the Two Sicilies, born November 5, 1798; married in 1816 to Prince Charles

that period the residence of the French royal family, to the Hague, where she secretly espoused the Marchese di Lucchesi-Palli, a Neapolitan grandee attached to the Sicilian embassy in Holland, and then went, accompanied by Marshal Count Bourmont,* to Italy, where she took ship on April 24, 1832, at Leghorn for Marseilles. At the latter town the Legitimists were prepared for a grand revolt, but in some strange way the government of the citizen king was informed of all the facts and took measures to prevent the insurrection. The duchess landed at two o'clock A.M. of April 29, not far from the lighthouse of Planier (Ciotat), and was informed of the ill-success of the revolt by a small strip of paper, which only contained the words: "Le mouvement a manqué; il faut sortir de France." The brave princess, however, would not so lightly surrender her son's throne, and tried to proceed across Spain to the Vendée, but the raging storm rendered it impossible for the vessel to leave port. Hereupon the duchess resolved to cross the whole of France in order to reach the classic land of

Ferdinand de Bourbon and Artois, rendered a widow by his murder, on February 14, 1820; remarried to the Marchese Hector di Lucchesi-Palli, Duke de la Grazia in Sicily; resides at Brunn, in Styria.

* Louis Auguste Victor de Ghaisne, Comte de Bourmont, born 1773, at his château of Bourmont, in Anjou; royal officer, leader of the Chouans against the republic; took service in the Consular army in 1799, but always remained suspected of being a royalist. He fought with distinction under Napoleon; then in 1823 as a royalist officer in Spain; was appointed minister of war in 1829; conquered Algiers in 1830; was made marshal of France, but was erased from the army list by Louis Philippe, on account of his Legitimist principles. He fought for the Legitimate cause in Portugal, and died in 1846.

fidelity: the Vendée was the object of all her wishes. At Massa her murdered husband had shortly before appeared in a dream, and said to her: "I approve of your plans, but they will not be successful in the south. A happy result awaits you in the Vendée alone!" With the confidence of a Neapolitan girl, the duchess believed this dream, which promised her success in the district where the royal arms, even in the darkest days of the great revolution, had gained such brilliant victories. Who would upbraid the brave woman for this belief in a dream?

The duchess began her chivalrous progress with boldness: at the very outset she lost her way; but, with the glorious self-confidence of great minds, she went into a house, whose owner was known to her as a zealous republican, with the confession "*Je suis la Duchesse de Berry.*" She confided herself to the honour of the man, and she made no miscalculation. On the evening of May 1 she reached Château Bonrequeuil, the residence of a Legitimist gentleman, where she remained for three days, and started on May 4 in a post-chaise with three of her confidants for the distant west. At Plassac, between Saintes and Bordeaux, she signed the order by which the partisans of legitimacy were called under arms for May 24. On May 17 the duchess reached the Château la Preuille, near Montaigu, where she disguised herself: the daughter of a king concealed the fair hair of the Bourbons under a black wig, and the peasant lad Petit Pierre mounted behind the faithful gentleman de la Roche St. André, who carried him safely to his

farm Les Mesliers : here the leaders of the Legitimists held a supreme council, which, however, took a different turn from what the princess had wished and hoped.

It had been arranged some time previously that the Vendée should only rise in consequence of an invasion, or the proclamation of the republic, or the outbreak of a royalist movement in the south ; and, as not one of these three events had occurred, the leaders did not believe that the Vendée could be induced to revolt. Probably they all saw, after the failure of the movement in the south, the hopelessness of a struggle on the part of the Vendée, and wished to avoid useless bloodshed. They might be in the right, the impulse was wanting ; and while the duchess reckoned on the old heroes of the Vendée, she only found their sons, honourable men indubitably and staunch Legitimists, while the Vendean peasants of 1832 were not nearly so martial and ready to fight as those of 1792. All the chiefs of the party were unanimous that the enterprise must be given up. Marshal Bourmont revoked, by an order of the day, dated from Nantes, the appeal to arms issued in the name of the duchess, and the Legitimists of Paris sent the celebrated Berryer to the duchess, in the hope that his eloquence might induce her to retire.

The duchess had already resolved to set out under the shelter of a passport which Berryer had procured for her, when the news arrived from Toulon that the Legitimists had really risen in the south, and raised the fleur-de-lysed banner of the lawful kings of France. The brave lady at once exclaimed : “ Non, non, je ne partirai

pas ;" and in all directions flew her messengers commanding a levy of arms. To Charette, the son of the brave Marquis Contrie de la Charette, who had gained so many victories for monarchy during the revolution, but for all that ended his days under the knife of the guillotine, she wrote : " Non, cher ami, ne donnez pas votre démission, puisque Petit Pierre n'a pas donné la sienne."

The fire-beacons blazed across the Marais and Bocage, the white flag blew out from the steeples, the insurrection burst forth, and was fought by the sons of the Chouans with a bravery worthy of their fathers. Unfortunately, through the revocation of the first commands, disorder had been introduced into the whole plan, and the heroic exertions of the knights of the monarchy were isolated and resultless. At Riaillé, Baron de la Roche Macé gained a regular battle, and drove back the soldiers of Louis Philippe by brilliant bayonet charges ; but he was unable to hold out in the open field against the numerical superiority. Charette fought to the death at Chêne, and in a manner worthy of his great name : here, too, the Chevalier Bonrecueil, "the beloved and true," received his mortal wound. In the Château la Penissière, five-and-forty Legitimists held their own for an entire day against the Blues, until the château was fired : then, they raised the cry of "Vive Henri Cinq !" burst through the flames with burning clothes, and victoriously cut their way through the serried ranks of the foe.

These were the last struggles of the French Legitimists, and, though unfortunate, they were not dishonourable.

Beneath the blood-stained soil of the Vendée lie the last remains of those whose forefathers waved the white banner beneath the walls of Accon and Ptolemaïs.

After such rapidly following mischances Marie Caroline was no longer safe at the Les Mesliers farm: she was compelled to fly through the Bocage; on dark nights, her faithful followers carried her on their shoulders through the Marais, for hours she lay covered with brushwood in damp ditches, while the soldiers of Louis Philippe raged around her, and renewed the excesses of the Chouannerie. This situation grew unendurable to the dauntless lady; but at length she and her faithful companion Eulalie de Kersabiec succeeded in reaching Nantes, where the royalists concealed the mother of their king for five months. The countless spies of Louis Philippe were quite unable to discover the hiding-place, for it was guarded by faithful friends.

In the meantime the citizen king let loose his soldiers on the faithful royalists, and the Duchess of Berry ventured to send a petition on behalf of her followers to her own aunt, the wife of Louis Philippe. A royalist officer conveyed this remarkable letter, in which the duchess warningly wrote to her aunt: "Un volcan est aussi sous vos pas, madame, vous le savez." Count Montalivet had the courage to deliver this letter to the citizen queen, but Marie Amalie of Bourbon had not the courage to receive the letter from Marie Caroline of Bourbon, and yet both were princesses of the two Sicilies. At the present day, one lives in exile in England, the other in Germany!

Louis Philippe wished at any price to seize the mother of the rightful king; but for that purpose he required a traitor. For this treachery, says a French author, full of lofty pride, there could only be found through the whole breadth of France a Jew—a renegade Jew. This villain had offered his services some time previously, when Count Montalivet formed the ministry of October 10, and the premier granted the new minister of the interior the honour of employing a Deutz. The Duchess of Berry was believed to be in Nantes, and Deutz, who possessed the confidence of the pope and the duchess herself, offered to discover her asylum. In order to be more certain of this man's services, Maurice Duval was nominated préfet of the Lower Loire. Deutz, as we have already said, had a large connection among the Legitimist party; he had formed the acquaintance of the duchess at Massa, and, besides, he was bound by a solemn oath, which M. de Choulot had made him take. He makes this statement himself in a pamphlet, which in other respects bristles with falsehoods. But what are oaths? With an honest man they are not needed, and a scoundrel breaks them. Deutz had been betraying the Legitimists for five months by his correspondence, when he was sent by the minister of the interior, the notable M. Thiers, to deal the decisive blow. But Thiers did not trust the traitor, and sent police commissary Joly to watch him; the same man who had arrested Louvel, the assassin of the Duc de Berry, and thus made his reputation. When Deutz was mysteriously introduced to Thiers, and laid his plans before him,

the latter said to him : "Vous allez avoir une grande fortune." At these words the Jew, in his greed for money, trembled so violently that he could scarce keep his feet, and the scandalous bargain was made without any further ceremony. For the sum of 300,000 francs, Deutz promised to deliver over the princess, who trusted to his honour and his oath, to the sbirri of M. Thiers, and her loving uncle, Louis Philippe.

So soon as Deutz arrived at Nantes, he looked up several influential Legitimists, spoke mysteriously about despatches of which he was the bearer, and asked the favour of being introduced to Madame.* At first the traitor pleaded in vain ; for although the Legitimists did not actually distrust him, they feared lest the police, who closely watched every stranger, might follow him to the asylum of the king's mother. Deutz, thereupon, redoubled his entreaties, and was, unfortunately, too successful. On October 30, the Duchess of Berry said to the brother of Mlle. Duquigny, in whose house she was hidden : "Go to the Hôtel de France to-morrow evening at six o'clock. Ask there for M. Gonzaga, and address him with these words : 'Sir, you come from Spain.' Here is the half of a cut card ; M. Gonzaga has the other half. You will recognize him by this token, and bring him to me." M. Duquigny really went on the following day to the hotel, recognized Deutz by the piece of card, and offered to conduct him to the duchess.

* "Madame" was the title which, according to the old etiquette of France, belonged exclusively to the Duchess of Berry, just as her daughter, the Princess Louise, was only known as Mademoiselle.

While the couple were walking down the Rue Jean Jacques, and following the road through the Upper Castle street to Port Maillard, the traitor seemed very restless, and wished to know exactly the house in which the duchess was. His guide explained to him that Marie Caroline only granted audiences at times in this house, and went away again immediately they were terminated. Duquigny employed this stratagem because he felt an unsettled doubt about the traitor, and he also purposely asked, as he led him into the room, where Mlle. Duquigny, Mlle. Stylite de Kersabiec, and M. Guibourg were sitting, whether Madame had already arrived.

At this moment M. de Mesnard came in : Deutz did not recognize him, although he had seen him in Italy : probably he took him for M. de Choulot, in whose presence at Massa he had sworn the terrible oath, which he had already broken, and, struck with terror, he exclaimed, " What is this ? where am I ? " The traitor was evidently afraid that he had fallen into a snare, but at this moment the duchess stepped forward and condescendingly asked him how he was. The villain bowed silently, for he was unable to utter a syllable : silently, too, he followed the duchess and M. de Mesnard to a garret, which he afterwards called in his traitorous report a reception room. The interview lasted till eight in the evening, and the crafty fellow managed so well that another meeting was conceded to him. This the traitor considered necessary, because he believed that the duchess' hiding-place was really in another house ; and he was confirmed in this view when he saw the duchess take

up her bonnet and shawl. When he left, Duquigny said to him : " If you have any message for Madame you can give it to me. You will find me in the Préfecture Square, No. 2, third floor. But, in order to prevent any deception, we must know each other intimately ! " As he looked Deutz in the face, the latter became extremely restless, made an almost convulsive movement, and stammered : " Did you notice how excited I am ? it is strange."

The second interview with the duchess was to take place on November 6, and Deutz had asked for it through a nun : but he wished to show his lord and master in Paris what he could do as a traitor, and hoped to hand over to Louis Philippe a marshal of France in addition to the mother of the rightful king. Deutz went to Count Bourmont, told him that he was to have an important interview with Madame in the evening, and begged the marshal to be present at it. The police could have arrested Bourmont during this visit, but they were afraid lest this might compromise the more important capture of the duchess, and for that reason Deutz pressed him to be present, that the marshal might be arrested in the presence of the duchess. Bourmont escaped this trap : on the same night he left Nantes on foot, though very ill, and concealed himself in the country.

The hour had struck for the duchess ; and the troops, under the command of General Demoncourt, silently occupied the whole of the quarter. Deutz was introduced to his confiding patroness and benefactress ; his countenance was calm ; he had at least the courage of a

criminal, and poured forth hypocritical assurances of his fidelity and devotion. While he was speaking, a letter was delivered to the duchess, in which she was told that she was betrayed, and she laughingly imparted the news to Deutz. The scoundrel mastered his terror and continued to protest his devotion. The unsuspecting princess dismissed the traitor; but he had scarce left the house when bayonets gleamed all around it, and the police commissaries rushed in, pistol in hand. The duchess fled, with Mlle. Stylite de Kersabiec and MM. Mesnard and Guibourg, to the narrow hiding-place formed in a corner of the wall, and covered by a chimney plate.

The police, at whose head the préfet Maurice Duval placed himself, only found in the house the two Mlles. Duquigny, Madame de Charette, Mlle. Celeste de Kersabiec, and naturally did not obtain the slightest information from these staunch friends. The police were furious, as they could find nothing. The préfet sent for bricklayers and sappers; all the furniture was opened, and the walls pierced at twenty different spots. The work of destruction lasted through the whole night. In the meanwhile, the duchess, and those concealed with her, suffered fearfully from want of air, and went in turn to the small opening through which they inhaled fresh air. Their position became frightful, when the gendarmes lit a fire in the chimney, and the plate which concealed them became red-hot. All hope of escape faded away when the prisoners heard that the house would remain occupied by the troops until the duchess

was found : the police were too well informed, and knew, through Deutz, that Madame could not have quitted the house.

The torture had endured for sixteen hours, the chimney was red-hot, and then Mlle. de Kersabiec cried to the gendarmes, "We will come out ; remove the fire." At the same moment M. Guibourg kicked down the chimney-plate, and the duchess, pale, and in a half-fainting condition, was carried through the flames into the room. General Demoncourt, the procureur Baudot, and several officers hurried in. "General, I surrender to your loyalty," said the duchess. "Madame," the latter replied, deeply affected, "you are under the protection of French honour." And, in truth, he treated her with all the courtesy due to her high rank, the circumstance, and the woman.

The traitor Deutz had gained his object. As Louis Blanc tells us, he was watched by a commissary of the central police up to the arrest of the duchess. He was in a lamentable condition, tore his hair out, ran his head against the wall, and asked for weapons to kill himself. Was he playing a farce, or did his conscience really smite him ?

The Duchess of Berry was taken to the citadel of Blaye and kept in close confinement. In spite of repeated applications from all sides, Louis Philippe would not set his niece at liberty : that most crafty of old gentlemen knew what he was about, and his faithful Thiers bravely supported him. Louis Philippe knew, probably through Deutz, that the duchess had been

privily married at the Hague to the Marchese di Lucchesi-Palli; he knew, too, that she was pregnant, and he had the scandalous delight of informing the astonished nation, through the 'Moniteur,' that the duchess had told General Bugeaud, Governor of Blaye, on February 22, that she was secretly married, and expected to be confined. Such news, of course, aroused the most extraordinary sensation, and must, necessarily, morally annihilate the duchess; and this had been Louis Philippe's intention. The German historian Menzel says: "When, however, it was learnt that Louis Philippe had been aware of the state of the duchess, but had given orders that it should be utterly ignored at Blaye, until the duchess confessed it in writing, this new act of cunning on the part of the king outraged, through its unexampled vileness, even the most irreconcilable foes of the old dynasty, and the French press, with remarkable unanimity, displayed a compassionate sympathy with the imprisoned princess, but at the same time all the contempt for the king which he deserved." The 'Temps' wrote: "If the government has misused its victory to brand the reputation of the duchess, by revealing to us the weakness of the woman, it is conduct unworthy of French loyalty." The 'Courier Français' wrote: "There is not an honest man, whatever party he may belong to, who would have acted toward a woman, and, before all, a member of his own family, as the government of Louis Philippe has behaved to the Duchess of Berry." The 'National' wrote: "Probably the declaration of the duchess is a triumph for the

partisans of the younger line; but we, to whom both lines are a matter of indifference, do not see what the younger gains in proving, by documentary evidence, that the Duchess of Berry, following celebrated examples, like nearly all the ladies of both lines, was unwilling to live as a vestal because she had no husband, or had lost her husband." This was a side-blow at Louis Philippe's sister, the princess Adelaide d'Orléans, who was unmarried, but was said to be very intimate with an officer of high rank. The 'National,' furthermore, called attention to the delicacy which princely and nearly related families owed each other, and the reverence of honour, by which the fathers had been distinguished, but was no longer to be found among the sons. "Assuredly there does not exist in Paris a poor labourer's family which, and even if it cost the last crust of bread, would be willing to fix on the brow of one of its members, even were she the most corrupted of women, a deed like that with which Louis Philippe has enriched his archives."

As the duchess refused to tell her husband's name, the house of Orléans had an excellent opportunity to display its power of invention in propagating scandalous reports. And, in fact, the scandal went so far as to insinuate to the public that the traitor Deutz was the secret lover of the duchess. In support of this shameful suspicion, which at the same time proved her guilty of the worst possible taste, the unhappy lady's exclamation was quoted: "This man, to whom I entrusted more than my life, has betrayed me!"

On May 10, 1833, the duchess was delivered at Blaye of a daughter, and then she declared for the first time that the Marchese Hector di Lucchesi-Palli was her husband. As Louis Philippe had gained what he wanted, he set his niece at liberty, and she sailed for Palermo on June 8, where her husband received her. The aged king Charles X. was most indignant at this affair, but all the Legitimists agreed that the innocent head of Henri V. could be neither humiliated nor stained by a cruel trick played on his mother by Thiers. Hence the old king at length resolved to forgive his humiliated daughter; and in October, 1833, he even travelled from Prague to Leoben to meet her. The duchess has since lived in retirement, and she has borne several children to the Duca della Grazia, the title her husband assumed on the death of his father.

And the traitor Deutz?

The story, that he at once squandered his Judas money and died in the deepest poverty is not true, and was merely a homage offered to public morality. Simon or Charles Gonzaga Deutz still lives, though under another name, in the enjoyment of his 300,000 francs, and a profitable appointment in Algiers. He is married, and the happy father of a family—and why not? His nephews residing in England have, however, thrown off his branded name, and now call themselves by the wide-spread name of Deutsch.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PRETENDER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Reuss family—Henry the Bastard—Death of the Burgrave—A mediæval trial—A cruel murder—The Bastard put to the question—Attempted settlement—The sentence—The Bastard enters the service of France—He returns to Germany—Is arrested—Another trial—The Bastard obtains a protector—The imperial safe-conduct—It is revoked—The Bastard in the wars—He turns highwayman—He is arrested at Nuremberg—He is sentenced to death—The sentence is commuted—His prison in Vienna—His treatment in confinement.

THE family of Reuss is one of the most ancient princely houses in Germany. One of its numerous lines, extinct in 1572, possessed, in addition to considerable domains in the Voigtland and Plauen, now belonging to the Schomburg family, the Burgraviate of Misnia. But before the time expired it was plundered of these as well as its most important fiefs by more powerful neighbours, among these being the princes of the house of Saxony and the King of Bohemia.

One of the last members of this line, Henry IV., died in 1520, after taking as his second wife, in 1506, Barbara, daughter of Prince Waldemar of Anhalt. The name of his first wife is unknown; but several authentic documents prove the validity of the first marriage. In the

interval between the first and second marriage he had, as he declared at a later date, a son by a certain Margaret Pigkler, to whom he also gave the name of Henry, which, as is well known, all the male scions of the house of Reuss bear; and it is supposed that this son was born about the year 1500. He was brought up at his father's castle, who for a long time had no other child; and everybody treated him as the burgrave's legitimate son. He could not and ought not suppose that he was otherwise. More than this, as the marriage of the burgrave with Barbara of Anhalt remained at first sterile, that princess, by her husband's instigation, represented in several letters which she wrote to her relations and friends young Henry as her own child; a falsehood which, at a later date, was destined to bring great annoyance, first on herself, then on her own family, but more particularly on the unhappy individual on whom the deception was perpetrated. In consequence of this falsehood, Barbara's brother, Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, kept the youthful Henry some time in his house, and he was afterwards intrusted to Count William von Henneberg, in order that the latter might perfect his education. It appears, too, that the seigneury of Sprenberg was settled upon him by his father.

But, at length, Barbara became a mother, and had in succession three sons and two daughters. Still it was a long time before any attempt was made to regulate the position of affairs, either because the sons were born after the daughters, or because the eldest boy lived a very little while, and the youngest, who really died before his father,

was of a very weak constitution. Several years elapsed, therefore, without producing any change ; but one fine morning young Henry, whom we will henceforth call the bastard—though we cannot affirm that the title really belonged to him—was suddenly recalled from Schleusingen with orders to proceed, in disguise, to the castle of Hartenstein in Bohemia, where the burgrave resided. There, he learned in the presence of Barbara, his brothers and sisters, and his (so-called) real mother, Margaret Pigkler, that he was not the legitimate son of the burgrave and Barbara, but the “fruit of an illicit connection which the burgrave had had with Margaret Pigkler, here present.” His father declared to him that he had, consequently, no claim to succeed him, and threatened, if he heard that he made the slightest claim to the inheritance, “to cut several fine pairs of thongs out of his hide.”

Henry, in his terror, only implored that means of existence might be assured him ; and on this point satisfactory promises were made him. There is reason for believing that in this scene his father only acted under constraint and pressure ; and for this motive, and perhaps also to impose silence on his conscience, he displayed an unkindness contrary to his nature. The bastard then returned to Schleusingen, where, as it appears, Kunz von Ende, who had constantly lived with him from his childhood, soon brought him an order for a pension of 300 florins, as well as several letters. It is also added that the old burgrave held out hopes to his natural son that he would speedily return him the

seigneurie of Sprenberg. The burgravine herself also sent him some money, and requested a private interview with him, in which she gave him important papers, which were taken from him at a later date.

From Schleusingen the bastard wrote to Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt to tell him of what had occurred, and at the same time to beg him to interfere in his behalf so as to obtain him a sum sufficient for his material wants, "his intention being to set out for the Holy Land, and go so far away that he should never be heard of again." In his despair, he added, that to die with honour was henceforth his sole wish. This is assuredly a touching expression, and shows us the young man in a far more favourable light than he appeared in at a later date, owing to the fatal position in which he found himself placed. The old burgrave also recommended him to Prince Wolfgang, and to the Count von Henneberg, whom he begged to apply to the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, and obtain his son's admission into the Teutonic order while carefully concealing his illegitimacy. It also appears that the bastard made a rather lengthened stay at the court of Margrave Casimir of Anspach, and that his father recommended him to various gentlemen among his friends. At the same time the burgrave drew up an undated will, in which he appointed as his heirs his two sons called Henry, "who were then with him at Hartenstein" (a designation which could not apply to the bastard, and was probably employed on that very account), and his two daughters. One of these two Henries having died before his father, advantage was afterwards

taken of this circumstance to assert that it was the bastard, and not he, who was meant in the will. Before dying, the old burgrave sent for all his feudatories and vassals, and presented to them his legitimate son still living as his sole heir, and the only man to whom they owed fealty and homage. After the death of the burgrave in 1520, his widow, as well as the guardians and nearest relatives of young Henry V., caused the bastard to come privily to Teyssingen in Bohemia, where they kept him concealed for two days. There, it was proposed to him to abstain henceforth from using the name of Plauen, and in return the stipulated pension would be paid him, and steps taken to get him admitted into the Teutonic order.

But it appears that at this moment the bastard had reflected that, in the exceptional position made for him, he might be allowed to have more lofty pretensions; who knows what influences might be working on him! He, therefore, returned from Teyssingen with visible dissatisfaction, and was heard to repeat several times at Anspach, that "he regretted he had not carried off the little burgrave and seized a few castles on the same occasion: because, then, they could have been compelled to offer him better conditions." He also persisted in calling himself "Burgrave of Misnia and Lord of Plauen." It is a remarkable circumstance, though one which is easily explained by the confusion and anarchy prevailing at the time, that he continued to live on intimate terms with the greatest nobles, many of whom even espoused his cause. Among his adherents were also two cousins of his, also named Henry: Henry of Reuss, sur-

named the Pacific, who possessed autograph letters from the old burgrave, in which the latter gave his bastard the name of son; and the aged Henry of Gera. The margrave of Anspach took the bastard with him when he went to join the emperor's army in the Low Countries, but he did not remain there long, and wandered for several years about Germany.

It appears that the bastard conceived on several occasions plans whose design was to seize by stratagem or force the estate, and, if it were possible, the person of the young burgrave; and that he also induced several feudatories and vassals of the burgraviate to commit acts of insubordination, for which they were arrested and tried by the burgrave's justiciaries. At last he was arrested himself, and remained a prisoner at the castle of Hartenstein, until he swore by heaven and all the saints, and declared by a document entirely in his own handwriting, that he had heard the old burgrave tell him that he was not his legitimate son, but only the child of Margaret Pigkler: he also promised not to arrogate the title of burgrave, or make any claim to the succession of the defunct burgrave, but would be satisfied with his pension. When he was set at liberty he is stated to have voluntarily repeated this declaration in the presence of Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt; though this did not prevent him from soon reassuming the title of burgrave, under the pretext that, as the engagements above specified had been drawn from him by threats and constraint, and after a long and cruel captivity, they were both *de facto* and *de jure* null and void. He

also appealed to Henry the Pacific, who blamed the way in which he had been treated at Hartenstein, and added, "That men ought under all circumstances to act in accordance with the law, and that nothing in the world would induce him to make a scoundrel of his cousin the burgrave."

The pretender then resolved to have recourse to law to defend his cause; the more so, he said, because he had reason to fear that his enemies wished to imprison him again "in order to force him to become a priest, a profession for which he did not feel the slightest calling." Consequently, about the year 1525, he sent a complaint to Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, in which he denounced the Dowager Burgravine Barbara and the young burgrave, as keeping him unduly out of his paternal inheritance, and renouncing him for the purpose of appropriating his estates, although he was the legitimate son and heir. He then resided for some time at Hassenstein in Bohemia with Counts Lobkowitz and von Hassenstein, one of whom had married his elder sister Margaret, and at a later date he joined the King of Bohemia at Ratisbonn. It was not till the following year that the cause was tried by the diet of Bohemia, constituted as a court of justice, and the king himself was frequently present at the debates. As the bastard was not sufficiently well versed in Bohemian, a solicitor was officially granted him, and the dowager burgravine, as well as Margaret Pigkler, gave their evidence against him. But he left Bohemia before the sentence was given, began wandering about again, and did not put in

an appearance when ordered to be present at the delivery of the judgment. However, he seemed desirous to appeal to the tribunal of public opinion, for he spread about a great many copies of a memoir against the dowager and the young burgrave, which memoir was answered in the name of the burgrave.

The dowager died in 1534, and when on her death-bed convened a great number of gentry, in whose presence she declared once again, by oath and the salvation of her soul, that she had no other legitimate son and heir save the young burgrave, Henry V.

If opinion were at first slightly in favour of the pretender, he soon completely alienated it by a deed committed in 1529, from which he never thoroughly cleared himself, and which his adversaries did not fail to employ as a weapon against him. He had for a long time employed an advocate of the name of Bernhard Hirnhofer, who had frequently advanced or procured him money. This Bernhard was assassinated about this period at Windisch-Eschenbach, in the upper Palatinate, where Henry the bastard was then residing; and the crime was committed, so it was said, in his presence and at his instigation, by two of his valets, Enderle Vogel and Kunz Gremmel. Vogel was arrested in 1530 at Annaberg, in the Saxon Erzgebirge, by order of the Count Palatine Frederick, Duke of Bavaria. In the examinations which he underwent according to the ordinary form, and which were corroborated, after the fashion of the day, by the question, he declared that, on the day before the murder, Henry had a grave dug in his

presence by his servants; that, under pretext of going fishing, he then led Hirnhofer to a little stream a short distance off, and that at the suitable moment he had made his people a signal to fall on him and murder him. Henry began by passing his rapier through his body, and then Kunz did the same; after which he, Vogel, finished him with his cutlass. Then Henry stripped his victim of several purses containing money, gold rings, and other valuables. The body was eventually put in the prepared grave, and he, Vogel, had received for his share 22 florins from his master.

Henry, it is true, narrated the affair differently, though he did not deny that the murder was committed by his people. According to his version, he and his followers had for a long time had disputes with Hirnhofer, who was a man of unbearable temper and habits, and who frequently appropriated without ceremony money which he borrowed in Henry's name. Hirnhofer having said "that he knew how to turn the burgrave's affairs badly, though he had hitherto conducted them to his advantage, and that he possessed the means to get him into trouble which he would repent," the bastard had exclaimed passionately, in the presence of his people, "A rogue who entertains such thoughts deserves to have his stomach ripped up." One day, therefore, when they all went out together to fish, he walking in front, and Hirnhofer some distance behind with his men, the latter killed the latter in a quarrel which they got up with him, and then buried him before he, Henry, had time to get back. The other valet, Kunz,

boasted some time after at Hassenstein that he had dealt the blow and displayed the rapier "with which he had stabbed that rogue of a Hirnhofer," but, far from keeping in his service this valet, who compromised him, Henry at once discharged him. The bastard, when put to the question, adhered to his statements.

During this period, the burgrave, who had become arch-butler of the crown of Bohemia, was still carrying on his cause before the tribunals ; and on March 4, 1534, obtained a citation by which the parties were ordered to appear in person at Prague, on the Monday after Quasimodo ; while a safe-conduct was made out for the bastard, in the matter of the charge of murder. The burgrave had this citation put up everywhere ; and one of his people having met the bastard, handed the safe-conduct to him. The bastard asked for and obtained an adjournment of two months ; but on the day fixed he contented himself with sending one of his servants to his lawyer, to let him know that he was ill. On Reminiscere, 1535, the cause was at last ripe for judgment, and the following June 3 was fixed for the promulgation of the verdict.

On behalf of the pretender, it had been pleaded that the burgravine Barbara had recognized him in his youth as her child, both verbally and in writing, and that all through the empire he had been regarded and honoured as the burgrave's eldest son ; that in various documents addressed to the deceased burgrave, the Emperor Maximilian and King Ladislaus had spoken of him as the burgrave's son, who gave him this qualifi-

cation in a great number of letters and documents; and, finally, that the Reuss of Plauen, the Count von Leissnig, and many other gentlemen and citizens, had either attested to the legitimacy of his birth, or were prepared to do so.

On behalf of the adverse party, some of the witnesses belonging to the citizen class were rejected, as manifestly guilty of perjury, and as regarded others they only spoke from hearsay. At the same time it was argued that the contents of the documents could only be applicable to the legitimate sons of the defunct burgrave; and the formal and decisive evidence of Margaret Pigkler was invoked, as well as that of the priest, who declared that he had baptised the pretender as a natural son. Lastly, it was urged that the old burgrave had retracted his previous recognition, in the presence of witnesses worthy of credit and of the pretender himself, and that the dowager burgravine had done the same, both in the presence of the emperor and on her death-bed. The father's will only made mention of the two sons "who were at that moment at the castle of Hartenstein," and not of a third, who was being educated at the period in the empire.

A circumstance which greatly injured the pretender, and which he could not deny, was, that he had removed a seal affixed by King Ladislaus to a deed, and attached it to one manufactured by himself. Lastly, his own confessions, and the depositions of numerous witnesses were brought against him. Henry the bastard replied, that among the witnesses were some who contradicted

themselves, and others who were either vassals of the opposite party or suborned by them; that certain priests had illicitly revealed matters confided to them under the seal of confession; that Margaret Pigkler had been constrained and forced to bear witness against him, which she afterwards wished to retract, and that his own confessions, now brought against him, were extorted from him by violence.

By its sentence, the Bohemian court of justice decided that "Messire Henry of Plauen, who, after the death of the old Lord Henry of Plauen, had inherited all his estates and domains, was the sole legitimate heir and issue of his father's marriage with the high and mighty dame Barbara: that, consequently, the person called Henry, who had been brought up in the empire, had no right or title to the property of these estates and inheritance."

As regarded the ulterior prosecution which the burgrave demanded should be carried on against the same Henry, in the matter of certain misdeeds and offences committed by him, it was decided that he was protected by the safe-conduct granted to him, as the commandant of the castle of Prague would not take on himself to regard it as null and void. The judges, on the contrary, were quite prepared to order the arrest of Henry the bastard, and even sent a request to the commandant to that effect.

Matters were in this state when the burgrave succeeded, though not without great difficulty, in inducing his brother, under pretext of an amicable settlement, to

come to his lodgings, where several Bohemian lords were assembled, who tried to persuade Henry to ask pardon of the burgrave, disavow his pamphlets, submit to arrest, and give up all claims to the estates and title; in consideration of which the burgrave pledged himself to pay him two or three hundred florins a year for his support. But he declared that he would sooner be hanged than consent to such an arrangement; still, he made no appeal, but allowed the time to elapse, after which the sentence became irrevocable. As for the burgrave, he hastened to make public the sentence passed on June 16, 1535, in his favour, by means of a memoir, of which the following is the title.

“Here is the judicial sentence rendered by the most high and mighty lords, knights, and gentry, composing the diet of Bohemia, constituted as a court of justice; in the matter at issue between the high and mighty Henry, Burgrave of the holy Roman empire at Meissen, Count of Hartenstein, Lord of Plauen, &c., on the one hand; and a person of the name of Henry, who for a long time, through treason, and against his conscience, has taken the title of the Lord of Plauen the elder, and has given himself out as such, on the other; as well as the authentic account of the trial on which the said judicial sentence is founded. It is also shown that a little book of the same Henry, who is of illegitimate birth, bearing the date of Estomihl, 1534, does not contain the truth; also how the said Henry, perjured and faithless, assassinated his own servant, Bernhard Hirnhofer by name, and how his statements, declarations, &c., cannot be accepted as true.”

In this memoir all persons are required to refuse the said Henry protection, residence, and food ; and, on the contrary, to arrest and throw him into prison at the expense of the burgrave, in order that he may be brought to justice, as he has deserved.

The pretender then went off to join his old protector Henry the Pacific, but found that he had died in the interval. He was stated to have said on his death-bed, "How badly the affairs of my poor cousin in Bohemia will now turn !" In passing through a portion of the burgrave's estates, the bastard uttered menaces against him, tried to make his vassals revolt, and even formed a plot against him, in which several turbulent gentlemen joined.

Owing to this conduct, King Ferdinand was led to declare the bastard an enemy of the crown of Bohemia, and place him under the ban. The pretender then entered the French service and became captain, and stated that he saved there three thousand florins, with which he returned to Germany. In 1541, he was arrested with some of his adherents at Annaberg, and taken before the tribunal of that town, at the request of the King of Bohemia and of the burgrave, who had now become grand chancellor of Bohemia, and one of the most important political and military personages at the court of King Ferdinand. Still, by the express orders of Dukes Henry and Maurice of Saxony, he was honourably treated in prison. In the end he was acquitted, but condemned to pay the costs. His liberation, however, did not take place immediately, and a new trial was begun, but he found persons to facilitate his flight. By the help of

ropes procured for him, he managed to descend from the tower in which he was detained, and then, mounting a horse held in readiness for him, he was soon far away. At a later date, all the persons arrested with him were set at liberty, while the burgrave was condemned to pay a fine, and all the costs, which amounted to 2,224 florins. It was to the skill of a Leipzig lawyer, Dr. Scheffer, that the pretender was indebted for this successful issue.

The bastard first sought shelter at Nuremberg, and tried in vain to obtain a safe-conduct from King Ferdinand, who, on the contrary, once again declared him an enemy of the Bohemian crown. He was more fortunate with the emperor, and found at his court a powerful protector in the Duke of Brunswick, whom the Schmalkalden confederates had just expelled from his estates. The latter took the bastard with him to the imperial army in the Juliers territory, and to the siege of Landrécy, and even obtained for him, under date of August 11, 1543, an imperial safe-conduct, which gave his affairs quite a different turn. The emperor called him in the deed: "Our highly honoured cousin, Prince of the empire, and faithful Henry, elder Burgrave of Misnia, Count of Hartenstein, and Lord of Plauen, otherwise called Count Henry of Plauen." It was also stated in the deed that, "contrary to all right and justice, his brother Henry, the younger, of Plauen, had seriously assailed his honour and reputation," in consequence of which a safe-conduct was granted him in the name of the emperor and the empire, at the same time as all persons were enjoined to

give him aid and assistance in case of need, under penalty of a fine of fifty marcs of gold.

We can easily conceive that the terms of the safe-conduct annoyed the burgrave. He therefore begged King Ferdinand to ask the emperor, in the first place, to revoke this safe-conduct, and then grant him some diploma annulling the titles and qualifications given to Henry the bastard. In 1544, the king found an opportunity to confer with the emperor on this matter at Spires, and the result was, that a fresh inquiry was ordered, and special commissioners were appointed to carry it on. The advocates of both sides brought forward their respective claims, after which, King Ferdinand, who had constantly shown himself the zealous protector of the burgrave, gave his decision. It was, as it seems, completely unfavourable to the pretender, and shortly after the safe-conduct granted to "Henry, calling himself Lord of Plauen," was revoked; and it was added in the imperial patent: "Considering that the present domicile of the said Henry was unknown, the revocation would not have effect until the expiration of six weeks, so that the said Henry might have cognizance of it, and act in consequence." At the same time, the burgrave received an imperial patent, dated from Worms, July 26, 1545, in which the emperor again positively declared that the safe-conduct granted in 1543 to the so-called Henry, and the expressions employed in it, were not at all intended to injure the burgrave, or the heirs and descendants of his mother, "in their honour and good repute."

In 1545, the period when the Duke of Brunswick was taken prisoner, Henry the bastard was still in the service of that prince, which he had entered with six mounted horses. He next proceeded to the army of the Duke of Saxony, in which he served during the war of Schmalkalden, with four mounted horses. But from 1547, he ceased to have a settled residence, and wandered about Franconia and on the borders of Bohemia, receiving hospitality from zealous protectors, friends, and acquaintances; and he at last became a thorough highwayman. He always had at his heels several well-armed ruffians, dressed in black. It was with four rogues of this description that, on October 7, 1547, he attacked near Egra a citizen of Brixen and his servant, whom the bandits led into a neighbouring forest, and plundered of three to four hundred florins; after that, they tied them to trees, and placed gags in their mouths. Henry kept the money for himself, and gave the horses to his men. While he was leading this life and becoming quite dishonoured, he sent very useless requests to the emperor to obtain a new safe-conduct, and a revision of his trial, while still persisting in retaining the titles refused him. He also solicited the intervention of the Elector Maurice of Saxony, to obtain a judgment for the damages and costs allowed him in the Annaberg trial; the whole amounting, according to his statement, to the sum of 7,400 florins. But all these steps appear to have been in vain.

His vagabond life at length led to the catastrophe. During one of his predatory tours he dismissed most of

his men at Heilbronn, telling them that he intended to push on to Nuremberg and lodge at the sign of the 'Crowned Ox,' where there were always plenty of Bohemians, in order to see "whether he could not come across somebody who might be useful to him on his trial." Hence he was not acting so much for the sake of plunder as for his own interests. His men had orders to come and join him the next day, but to put up at another inn. He started alone, with a servant of the name of Metzger, and on coming in sight of Nuremberg, ordered him to call him for the present Wolf von Reifenberg. It was under this name that, on April 10, he put up at the 'Crowned Ox,' where he passed himself off as the chief equerry of Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, proceeding to Augsburg. The syndics of Nuremberg at once sent him the usual present of welcome. He lived lavishly at this inn, and met there several Bohemian merchants, of whom he asked news of the burgrave and other gentlemen. He paid special attention, however, to a councillor Christopher von Gendorf, who was going to Augsburg with a mission from King Frederick, and who had also put up at the 'Crowned Ox.' Henry's men arrived at the appointed hour, and he then arranged with them that, when Gendorf started for Augsburg, they would lie in wait on the high road and attack him. The robbers consequently set out for Schwabach, in order to furbish and sharpen their weapons.

But, very fortunately for Gendorf, Henry had been recognized. Among the guests with whom he con-

versed was a trader of Annaberg, who had seen him in that town, and a vassal of the burgrave's, a merchant at Luditz, in Bohemia, who was struck by seeing the arms of the burgraves of Plauen engraved on Henry's seal-ring. The latter, noticing the attention which his ring attracted, turned it round inside his palm, and this precaution only the more aroused the suspicions of the two traders. They informed Gendorf of the discovery which they had made, and the latter, from whom Henry had hitherto contrived to hide his face, at once recognized him. Gendorf, therefore, told the people of the inn that he was going to start at once; upon which Henry had his horses saddled immediately. But while he was taking a turn round the city, Gendorf called in the watch; and at the moment when Henry, on his return, prepared to mount, he was arrested with his squire in the name of King Ferdinand. He at first tried to escape, and then appealed to his imperial safe-conduct, but Gendorf replied that the document had been long annulled. The syndics of Nuremberg, highly mortified at having been duped and having given their money for nothing, were not at all disposed to take Henry's part. On April 14, Gendorf informed King Ferdinand, who was at Augsburg, of all that had taken place, and then himself proceeded to that city. On April 22, he brought back a royal rescript, addressed to the corps of syndics at Nuremberg, in which they were specially recommended to hold in good and safe guard, until fresh orders, Henry and his valet; but the prisoners were to be well treated.

On May 2, Gendorf, who had gone in the interim to obtain information at Schwabach, returned to Nuremberg with fresh royal instructions. After delivering his letters of credit to the syndics, he invited them to select a commissary from among themselves, who would, in his presence, examine first the valet, and then his master, about certain facts and articles of which he had a list. The questions and answers were to be taken down and sent to the king; as for the prisoners, they must still remain in detention until fresh orders. The syndics having raised difficulties about accepting this mission, Gendorf himself undertook it; and on May 7 he began by examining the valet, who could only confess one thing, that Henry's plan had been to wait for him on the road and give him a beating. On the next day it was Henry's turn, and, in order to induce him to confess that he had really intended this, Gendorf was forced to spend the whole day in exhorting, threatening, or making him promises. Henry then confessed that, if "he had been so lucky as to meet the great chancellor (his brother) on the road, and had been able to seize his person, he would not have let him off: not that he wished to attack his life, but to obtain from him some pecuniary assistance, and force him to sign an advantageous treaty." As for Gendorf, he would not have been sorry to take a little revenge upon him, because he had already injured him on several occasions, and had even arrested several persons whom he took for him. At the close of this long examination, the bastard had become very humble: he asked Gendorf's pardon, and

implored the king's mercy. It was with some reason that he begged his majesty to kindly take into consideration how matters had happened, and all that he had gone through. He had constantly done everything to prove that his intention was never to leave the path of honour, and hence he had frequently endured much suffering and misery. Besides, he had been deceived by ill-intentioned persons; and, as he had been declared an enemy of the king, it was not at all surprising that he should at times have acted as such; but he had never had any other design than to obtain an equitable and advantageous treaty. His majesty and the grand chancellor, his brother, should also remember that he was already so old and so weak, as any one could see, that he had scarce a couple of years left to live.

Gendorf next cross-examined Metzger again, and on May 12 sent to the king the reports which he had carefully drawn up, adding that Henry's people and adherents were committing all sorts of robberies on the high roads, where people were afraid to venture. Thus, on April 29, several subjects of the Bohemian crown were attacked and plundered on the high road in the vicinity of Wald Sachsen, and quite recently a merchant of Nuremberg was assassinated near Saalfeld, and his body was found pierced with wounds. In order to obtain a little security the municipal authorities of Nuremberg and other places were demanding the liberation of the two prisoners. In fact, they would have asked nothing better for the tranquillity of their fellow-citizens than to be freed of these unpleasant neighbours. As for

Henry, during the early period of his arrest he had asked to be supplied with the strongest wines, such as Rhenish and Malvoisie, large cans of which he drank day and night; but at present he only drank a reasonable ration of wine, which, however, did not prevent the expenses for keeping him and his valet from amounting to seven or eight florins a week. Gendorf also wrote to the burgrave, urging him to have the prisoner removed from Nüremberg and sent to some place in Bohemia, for in the former city a great number of lords and gentlemen were urging the syndics to set him free.

The two prisoners were soon after removed to Augsburg by an imperial and royal order. On the 8th and 9th June they appeared before the imperial magistrate, Dr. Zynner, assessor of the tribunal of the chamber, and several other councillors. After an amicable examination they were put to the question, a formality at that day indispensable for an inquiry to be complete. Henry endured it on June 20, 1548, in the presence of the magistrate, who declared that "if there resulted from the application of the question to the culprit any injury to his limbs, his body, or his life, the only person to blame was himself, for his obstinacy." Henry protested that, "up to the last moment of his existence, he would declare false and deceitful all statements that might be dragged from him by the aid of torture." The examination which he then had to undergo turned particularly on the murder of Hirnhofer, the forgery committed by affixing the royal seal, the attacks on the castles and

farms of the burgrave and the highway robbery that took place on March 17, 1548. He was also asked whether he had been present at them, and what his projects were in Nuremberg. When he refused to make any more explicit confession he was fastened to the rope, which was pulled. But as this mode of extorting an avowal from him was utterly useless, and the provost declared that he was visibly afflicted with a hernia, he was released, and the magistrate granted him three days in which to prepare his defence. He replied that he had nothing more to say, and asked for grace and mercy. But, in the event of his imperial majesty not considering him worthy of it, he begged that a priest might be sent him, so that he might at least die as a Christian.

This request raised the question of religion, and the magistrate answered him that "his imperial majesty would certainly not refuse him that favour, provided that he wished for a priest of the old faith, and received the Holy Sacrament in the ancient form." Henry replied "that he had a short time previously received the Holy Sacrament in both elements, and that it was the custom to make the communicants take oath that they would not for the future communicate in only one element. Hence what he requested was, that the communion should be administered to him in the same way." The magistrate gave him to understand "that hitherto his imperial majesty had never consented to such a thing, and he did not think that he would depart from his rule of conduct in the present case: consequently, he strongly urged the prisoner to think of his eternal salvation,

such being the express will of the supreme authority established by God himself."

On the same day Metzger, the valet, was put to the question, but all he was able to declare was, that he knew nothing, and he asked for mercy. Henry did the same on his own account, while most strongly protesting his innocence. The magistrate and the commission thereupon passed the following sentence:—

"Considering that, both from the examination as well as the criminal process carried on by express order of his imperial majesty, as well as the numerous confessions made by the said Henry, calling himself the elder of the Plauens, it results that this pretended von Plauen has attacked and plundered various persons, and committed other misdeeds, either of himself or through other individuals acting at his instigation, by reason of which he deserves to lose his life. Consequently, in accordance with the orders of his imperial majesty, the chief justice and the councillors, given him as adjuncts, have decided that the so-called Plauen shall be taken from the imperial prison, in which he is at present detained, and conveyed by the executioner to the spot reserved for capital punishments in the city of Augsburg, and that his head shall be detached from his body by the aid of the sword, in order that the punishment he is made to undergo for his several misdeeds may serve as an example suitable to divert other individuals from entering on the same path."

This sentence, in which there is no allusion to the Hirnhofer murder, or the position of Henry to the

burgrave and the crown of Bohemia, and in which the condemnation is merely based on the highway robberies committed during the past years, was read and signified to Henry on July 3, 1548, at the town-hall of Augsburg, in the presence of two witnesses. But almost immediately was added :—

“That his imperial majesty, taking into due consideration the excellent intercession of his majesty the King of the Romans, Hungary, and Bohemia, brother and friend of his imperial majesty, had made a gift of his life to the said Henry, pretending himself to be a von Plauen ; in consequence of which, the penalty of death above passed is commuted, in so far, that the said Henry will remain in prison to the end of his days ; in consequence of which, the said Henry would be handed over to the provost of his imperial majesty, Ottmar Puerl by name, who would be obliged, in conformity with the tenour of his royal majesty's order, to take him with him, watch, and carefully detain him.”

As for the valet, Louis Metzger, he was set at liberty on July 5, 1547, but, on condition of swearing previously, before God, and on the salvation of his soul, “that he would never in future serve against his majesty the emperor, nor against his majesty the King of Bohemia, their kingdoms, principalities, and hereditary domains, either by deed or word ; and that for an entire year after his liberation he would not employ any weapon, or mount a horse, and this under penalty of death, for such was the good pleasure of his imperial majesty.”

King Ferdinand then wrote on August 3 to the

burggrave and grand chancellor at Prague, that *in accordance with what had been agreed on between them*, it was decided that the prisoner should be detained at the castle of Agstein, between MÖlk and Stein, and that the burgrave should send to Vienna two confidential persons to watch the prisoner day and night, as well as furnish everything that was necessary for their maintenance, and that of the prisoner. To this the burgrave replied, on August 18, that it was impossible to find in Bohemia two men capable of guarding and watching so artful a prisoner, who had escaped several times from gaols in which he was detained, and that, for several motives easy to be appreciated, he could not confide his guard to any of his vassals, owing to the numerous suspicions it would attract upon him: that he was, however, ready to pay for his maintenance and guard wherever the king might desire, but that he begged him to avoid, as far as was possible, any unnecessary expenses, as well as to have the prisoner closely watched, "in order that the end might not be worse than the beginning, which would not fail to cause great vexation to his majesty himself, to the crown of Bohemia, and to the grand chancellor." He sent one of his servants with this letter to Vienna, bidding him at the same time make all the necessary arrangements and any indispensable advances of money, but, before all, to insist on Henry being deprived of any money he possessed, as well as of the ring bearing the arms of the Plauens, so that he might not abuse it. The king intrusted to Baron von Sprechenstein, his court marshal, the chief surveillance of the

prisoner, and the duty of taking the necessary steps for the purpose. At the beginning of September the intendant of Agstein castle was summoned to Augsburg in order to settle the plans for transporting the prisoner thither.

During this period, the grand chancellor obtained authority for the prisoner to be again examined upon fifty-six points connected with his accomplices and his enterprises against the domains of the burgrave, but, before all, his relations with his cousin Henry, the eldest of the Reuss-Plauen family, and the projects he had entertained on his last journey. The burgrave had just annexed this cousin's domains, and would probably not have been sorry to have some charge to bring against him. But the bastard said nothing of importance, and declared in the most positive manner that this Reuss was in no way cognizant of his perilous enterprises. As for his last journey, he had only intended to confer with his lawyer, Dr. Rummel, at Nuremberg, and then try to obtain at Augsburg a suitable treaty, which would assure him a pension of 500 florins : he added that he was ready to sign such a treaty at that very moment, "in order not to disgrace the memory of his father during the time left him to live, and that he might be able to think about insuring his salvation in the other world." He persisted in signing the depositions taken on this occasion : Henry the Elder, Burgrave of Misnia, Count of Hartenstein and Lord of Plauen.

There was a change of plan, and it was resolved that the bastard should be imprisoned in Vienna instead of

Agstein. For this purpose, a second-floor in a house in the Neu-Markt was prepared, and a large room covered with stout planks plated with iron was set apart for him. A partition was put up in this room, so as to form a bedroom, which contained a bed, a chair, and a table, as well as "a small secret closet for cleaning his person." The other portion of the room, with the adjoining apartment and a kitchen, was set aside for the keeper and his family. The plate required by the prisoner was purchased especially for him. The cost of his maintenance fell on the burgrave, who was ordered to pay it to the sub-burgrave. As guardian of the prisoner an old halbardier, of the name of Melchior Melwitz, was selected, and instructions were delivered to him, signed and corrected in King Ferdinand's own handwriting, bearing date October 13, 1548, and to the following effect :—

ART. 1.—No one will be allowed to communicate with the prisoner, without the permission of the superior authorities.

ART. 2.—Melchior Melwitz, with his wife, a woman-servant, and a confidential man, will carefully watch the prisoner day and night, so that he may not attempt to escape or end his days.

ART. 3.—It is absolutely forbidden to let the prisoner have paper, ink, pens, knives, penknives, and other articles suited for writing or cutting.

ART. 4.—Melchior will always keep the keys of the

room on his person, and not allow any one to visit the prisoner.

ART. 5.—If the prisoner fall ill or grow weak, or if at various times of the year he require, either the ministration of a priest, or that of a physician or barber, to be bled, cupped, bathed, or have his head cleaned, information must first be given to the superior authorities.

ART. 6.—The prisoner's bed is to be daily made by Melchior's wife. His sheets and shirt to be changed weekly, and his other clothing always kept proper.

ART. 7.—Two meals are to be served daily to the prisoner, each composed of four or five dishes, cooked by Melchior's wife, with strict observance of meagre days. On fast days no meat is to be served to him, save by medical prescription.

ART. 8.—For his drink he is to be supplied with decent wine ; and, if he ask for it, with beer in sufficient quantity.

ART. 9.—The small table is to be always covered with white linen ; and, while the prisoner is taking his meals, there will be a keeper constantly by his side with closed doors.

ART. 10.—As pastime, the prisoner is to be supplied with books, especially religious books, *but not Lutheran*, or others contrary to the true Christian faith, which is alone capable of insuring eternal salvation, or else histories of the world, of ancient Rome, &c. ; he is also to be allowed from time to time to play at cards with Melchior and his wife, but only for trifling sums of money.

ART. 11.—All the expenses incurred in case of illness or to purchase clothes, as well as the rent of the house, to be paid at the imperial castle by the burgrave.

ART. 12.—For the board and guard of his prisoner, as well as the payment of his people, Melchior will receive five florins a week, which will be paid in advance, and his wages, as reward for his trouble, to be ten crowns per quarter.

When the prison was ready, Councillor Zoppel and Secretary Dietz summoned the prisoner to deliver to them his ring with the arms of the Plauens. He gave it up most unwillingly, and declared that he had already made a present of it to the provost's wife. This ring was sent to the burgrave, who, in return, sent the provost's wife a gratification of ten florins. The prisoner had no money about him, and "as he was treated in this way, he refused to declare what resources he possessed in Germany." On October 15, 1548, he was transferred to his new prison, and we have not been able to obtain the slightest information as to the remainder of his life, or the date of his death.

CHAPTER XIV.

JEW SÜSS.

Schiller's 'Ghost-seer'—Charles Alexander of Würtemberg—The opposition of the estates—Jew Süß—His birth and parentage—He becomes the duke's favourite—His mode of government—His peculations—His mode of living—The duke's eyes are opened—Dismissal of Süß—Death of the duke—The favourite is arrested—Down with the Jews—Furious revenge—Süß is condemned to death—His cruel sentence—Effect of the execution.

THE German prince whom Schiller introduced in his 'Ghost-seer' is not merely a creation of the poet; at any rate, he borrowed some traits from the portrait of a prince of Würtemberg, Duke Charles Alexander. This prince, who was born on January 24, 1684, joined the imperial army at the early age of twelve, and fought with distinction in almost every action up to the year 1727, when he married Maria Augusta, daughter of Prince von Thurn und Taxis, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. In 1733 the prince unexpectedly succeeded to the dukedom of Würtemberg, but the stern soldier, so modest, pious, and open-hearted, and whose only fault was a passionate temper, found himself opposed by his estates, who thought it their business, through a mistaken sense of duty, to thwart every measure of their sovereign whose object they suspected.

The reason for the mistrust was this: Duke Charles Alexander, on October 28, 1712, joined the Catholic Church at Venice, and in his will, bearing date March 7, 1731, he expressed his sincerest conviction of the truth of that faith. Although he publicly declared that he would uphold Protestantism as the state religion, the estates doubted his sincerity. This aroused his passion, and his princely pride was most deeply insulted on learning that the estates had sought to invalidate his succession, and confer the government on one of his brothers. The duke met with nothing but opposition: even his wisest measures were rejected by the estates, and he was most offensively controlled in his favourite management of the army. The estates might have the letter of the law on their side; but they acted unwisely, and often through vulgar motives; and the opposition was so wide-spread through the country that the duke was obliged to employ foreigners in his government. He made unfortunate selections: one of these men, General von Remchingen, was coarse-minded, dishonourable, and, worse still, a Catholic; while the other was the Jew Joseph Süß Oppenheimer, commonly called "Jud Süß."

This Süß was born in Heidelberg in 1684; he was the son of a Jew pedlar, and originally kept a barber's shop at Prague, where he saved a little money and was enabled to undertake army contracts. He was recommended to Duke Charles at Wildbad, in 1732, by another Jew: the prince took him with him to Belgrade, and entrusted him with the management of his revenues.

When he succeeded to the throne, the duke, who never suspected anybody, and gave his entire confidence to the Jew, made him commissary-general, his resident at Frankfort, and finally, when the opposition almost paralyzed the administration, appointed him privy financial councillor at the head of the exchequer.

With great cleverness, but at the same time with greater unscrupulousness, the Jew, by intimidation and bribery, succeeded in carrying out all the duke's wishes and plans, in breaking up the opposition, procuring funds for the maintenance of the army, and deceiving the duke as to the real state of affairs. Ere long, Jew Süß was the real ruler of the land; all offices were held by creatures of his own, he behaved like a pacha, and the Jews, under his fostering hand, had a fine time of it with the hapless Würtemberger. Everything was venal under the Jew's government: titles, offices, and rank were put up for sale, and taxes laid on all trades, even on the very chimney-sweeps. All causes came before the fiscal court, of which he was president, and thus the country gradually drifted into a condition of whose misery it is almost impossible to form an idea at the present day. We know not which we ought to feel most amazed at: a really noble prince who could let himself be so cheated by a scoundrel, or the people who tolerated all this, and made themselves to some extent accomplices by their disgusting cringing.

We can easily understand that Jew Süß did not neglect his own interests: in spite of his high position, he continued to deal in jewels, gold, silver, and horses, and

he defrauded the state not only in financial operations, but also in the taxes. Still he was not avaricious; he expended large sums on his carriages and servants, kept an excellent table, and spared no money to satisfy his sensual appetites: when he could not succeed in that way, he employed treachery and force. At the same time he was negotiating in Vienna for a patent of nobility, and wished to become provincial governor. With all this, though, he felt insecure: he knew that his safety solely depended on the split between the duke and the chambers, and sought to make the breach wider by urging his master to favour the Catholic confession more openly. Through him the Lutheran Palace chapel at Stuttgart was converted into a Catholic place of worship, and Romish chaplains were attached to the regiments. He entertained even more comprehensive plans, and is said to have entered into negotiations with the Bishop of Würzburg, the object of which was to effect a Catholic revolution throughout Würtemberg.

At last two honest men, Baron von Röder, and privy councillor von Scheffer, succeeded in partly opening the eyes of the shamefully deluded duke as to the behaviour of his minister. Charles Alexander burst into a furious passion, and yet he did not know a thousandth part of the villany of which Jew Süß had been guilty. The latter, however, foreboded the gathering storm, and on February 4, 1737, timidly asked for his dismissal, for which he in vain offered 50,000 florins, and when he hinted at flight, a threat was made that he would be

declared an outlaw. It is not quite clear what the duke intended when he granted him an *absolutorium*: had he succeeded in deluding the prince again, or did the latter wish to prevent his flight in this way? The duke, namely, was about to journey to Danzig, in the hope of curing a gun-shot wound in his foot. A regency was already appointed to act during his absence, and the duke had gone in the interim to Ludwigsburg. Some writers assert that Jew Süß was to have been arrested immediately after the duke's departure; but nothing certain is known on this point, as the sudden death of Duke Charles Alexander threw a veil over his intentions. The duke had a fit of apoplexy on March 12, 1737, and was dead in an instant.

From Moser's 'Patriotisches Archiv' we borrow the following letter, which sharply characterizes the state of affairs upon the duke's decease:—

“Ludwigsburg, March 16, 1737.

“HIS HIGHNESS arrived here from Stuttgart last Monday; he ended the carnival, dined, and after dinner went into the vault and commanded that the deceased Duke Eberhard Ludwig and his crown prince should be brought on their biers before him, as he wished to be the third in the row. The evening and night were spent in the same manner as at Stuttgart. On Tuesday his serenity signed a decree appointing a gentleman from Würzburg, of the name of Racl, privy councillor and court chancellor; and another, that the town of Ludwigsburg must be paved. In the afternoon, Retti, the chief architect, spoke

with the duke for two hours. He also sent for Sievert, the head-gardener, and could not sufficiently express his satisfaction with the garden, but regretted that he should not see it in its beauty, as he was going to Danzig. After dinner he was tolerably well, played at dice with Süß, and made him a present of the 200 ducats which he won. The singing women were also present. At half-past nine he got up and said: 'What a pain I have!' So soon as he reached his bedroom he unbuttoned his clothes, and Neuffer, his valet, undressed him. His dog sprang up to him, and he said, 'You want to cheer me up.' When his canary bird began whistling, he said to it, 'And you, too, want to make me merry to-day; but it is of no use, I must go to rest.' Neuffer went out, but then the duke cried out, 'I feel so tight, I cannot draw breath—medicine here—send for Father Kaspar.' Neuffer ran in and let him bleed, but only a few drops ran, and the duke said, 'I am dying.' His eyes immediately rolled, froth stood on his lips, and so it was all over with him. Father Kaspar was with the Superior Brentano, eating oysters and drinking Tyrolese wine, but regretted that he had been unable to exchange a couple of words with the duke. Neuffer swore terribly at his death, but is now frightfully melancholy. To-day the dissection took place: heart and head and all were very healthy; the swelling in the lungs was quite cured, and the stomach was all right; but the chest was so full of the dust and smoke and steam of the carnival and operas that a *suffocatio sanguinis* must necessarily ensue. The duchess

arrived on the same night, but was not informed that her consort was dead. Baron von Reder sent off the news at once to Stuttgart, and the corpse now lies in the old palace, where the last lord lay. On Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock the keys of the vault were delivered to the duke, saying that it was all ready, and in the evening he died *sine lux et cruz*. There was no one present but the servants, and the gentry only arrived when it was all over. The Jew Süß wanted to have post-horses at once; but Baron von Röder's brother shouted: 'Mauschel, I must go first.' The baron seized the Jew, and would not let him go to the duchess, and a guard marched behind him, but not solemnly, as no order had yet been received. Hallwachs tried to defend himself when arrested, but received a beating. All the Jews were at once led away to prison: at Jew Süß's house a chest with a hundred thousand florins was found, as well as another full of papers. Eleven frightful bloody decrees are said to be in it, which were to have been carried into effect when the duke had started for Danzig. Among them is one ordering all old silver to be carried to the mint, and other things of that sort. At the lodgings of Theresa the singer were found five thousand florins and one hundred and fifty watches, without reckoning the clothes. Hallwach's brother was also arrested, because he told Jew Süß that the town-council of Stuttgart had 10,500 florins in their privy chest. Among the Jew's papers a journal was found, in which he had entered the names of all his clients who had made him presents; among them go-

vernment councillor Metz 5000 florins, a professor at Tübingen 1000, the clergyman at Beutelspach 600 for his son's appointment, and many others."

So far this letter, which allows us to take a deep glance into the state of the country. According to other statements, the Jew really drove to Stuttgart, but was arrested the same night, as well as his creatures Bühler and Hallwachs. The chief equerry von Röder played the principal part in the affair, for in a popular song referring to the subject we find the lines:—

"Then shouted Herr von Röder :
'Stop, dog, or thou wilt die!'"

Duke Charles Rudolph undertook the government on behalf of Charles Eugene, who was a minor.

All the Jews were now arrested, examined, flogged, and then hunted through the streets by the populace. Jew Süß himself was only saved with the greatest difficulty from the fury of the mob, and carried to the Hohe Asperg a prisoner. At first he was impudent and assumed a high tone, but his boldness speedily deserted him and he attempted suicide repeatedly. In the hope of improving his position, he at length confessed abuse of his master's confidence, misprision of justice, cheating and extortion, and offered his fortune as compensation, which he estimated at 400,000 florins, though that was much too small an amount. As he perceived that his judges were full of animosity against the deceased duke and the duchess, he infamously sought to make

the accusations fall on his protectors. The examination was, besides, carried on in a way in which only a victorious and unscrupulous party could act. To give one instance: Jew Süß was compelled to denounce all the ladies who had proved too kind to him, and the number of these culprits was so great that the court, considering it impossible to punish all, resolved to content itself with one victim. On April 13, 1737, Jew Süß was condemned to death for embezzlement, forgery, and high treason. One of the judges declared in protest that, though Jew Süß had deserved death twenty times, there was nothing in the penal code which affected him. The administrator confirmed the sentence of death with the remark, "as a well-deserved punishment for him and an odious example for all."

On January 30, 1738, Jew Süß was conveyed in an open calèche to the Upper House of Stuttgart, where the sentence of death was communicated to him. Just as during the whole trial a hatred was shown against him, which circumstances explain, but which is not becoming to justice, in the same way, after the publication of the sentence, he was treated in a manner which must be called atrocious. A Catholic and a Lutheran priest constantly took turns with him, urging him to be baptized: the unhappy man fell on his knees, and, with tear-laden eyes, begged to be spared from such attacks on his conscience. When the staff was broken over his head on February 4, he earnestly begged for life, and resisted the executioners, so that it was found necessary to bind him. With vulgar malice, he received for his last meal

only food which, as a Jew, he was forbidden to eat. Dressed in a red, richly-embroidered coat, he was dragged to the place of execution on a cow-hide, and hanged on an iron gibbet fifty feet high, on which Duke Frederick in 1597 had hanged the gold-maker Honauer.

The effect produced by the execution of Jew Süß was different from what was anticipated. However much the people might desire his overthrow and heavy punishment for his crimes, still the treatment of a man whose guilt thousands had shared, and who could never have behaved in such a way, had not the whole nation crawled before him, seemed to them too harsh. The Stuttgardter walked home silently and thoughtfully from the execution, and not a single execration of the Jew was heard. To his co-religionists, however, Jew Süß appeared a martyr; and the grand synagogue of Fürth declared him, on account of his adherence to his faith, a holy penitent, whose death-day must be kept sacred for all ages. Thus the blind hatred of the estates made a saint in Israel of a frivolous, sensual, cheating adventurer, who had been the curse of Würtemberg.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE KAUNITZ.

Maria Theresa—Kaunitz in France—The Pompadour—Kaunitz defies the Jesuits—His precautions—Kaunitz in private life—His love of French fashions—His fondness for dress—His dread of draughts—His behaviour at table—Anecdote of the French envoy—Kaunitz's vanity—His position at court—A clever contractor—The minister's fear of death—His old age—His melancholy death.

OF the many quaint characters that flit through the history of the eighteenth century, not one affords a more marked individuality than the subject of our present chapter. Most of the writers who have left accounts of this Austrian prime minister dwell maliciously on his foibles; and while we are told circumstantially of his multifarious cloaks and wigs, his vanity and ostentation, the better side of his character has been unduly neglected.

Wenceslaus Anthony von Kaunitz was born on February 4th, 1711, and as he had any quantity of elder brothers, he was, after the fashion of the good old times, destined for the church. Fortunately for Austria, nearly all his brothers died, and Kaunitz was called upon to represent the family. From the outset of his career we find him obeying two great purposes to which he ad-

hered throughout life—the first being the expulsion of the Jesuits from Austria, the second a reconciliation between the courts of France and Vienna. To effect the latter object Maria Theresa sent him as her ambassador to Versailles, where he paid assiduous court to the Pompadour, keeping her continually “posted up” as to the sarcasms of Frederick the Great. That monarch, as we all know, was not very choice in his expressions, and his imprudent remarks on the King of England and the Empress of Russia eventually led to the Seven Years’ War.

During his residence in Paris, Prince Kaunitz was an immense favourite: people began by laughing at his eccentricities, but ended by fearing his tongue. After a course of dissipation and extravagance, which brought the French court entirely round to his views, Kaunitz returned to Vienna, where a more difficult task awaited him in breaking the stiff-necked pride of the old régime. It took him three years to induce Maria Theresa to surrender, and he only effected it at last by persuading the empress that the French alliance would infallibly lead to the recovery of Silesia. Maria Theresa, the haughty Habsburg, condescended to write a letter from Kaunitz’s dictation to the Pompadour, beginning, “Madam, my dear Sister and Cousin,” to which the royal mistress very coolly replied, “My dear Queen.” When the emperor heard of this correspondence he was furious; and, as he was only the husband of his wife, he vented his fury on the chairs and tables. Maria Theresa was quite astonished at this outburst, and simply

remarked, "Did I not before this write to Farinelli, the singer?" A volume would not describe Maria Theresa's character better than does this sentence. An offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries was formed; and the Jesuits, who feared the influence of French ideas in Austria, did their utmost to thwart it. Then commenced the second great struggle in the life of Kaunitz.

The prime minister, knowing the people with whom he had to deal, henceforth took his precautions. From the moment of declaring hostilities with the ultramontanists, Kaunitz never touched a dish which was not prepared by his own *maître d'hôtel*, and served by a domestic entirely devoted to him. If invited to dinner by the empress, or any personage of rank, he abstained from all food placed on the table; his faithful servant brought him his repast, including bread, wine, and water, and his great temperance was of service to him. After a desperate struggle in the dark, Kaunitz gained the victory; but it was chiefly by working upon the ambassadors of the foreign powers at Vienna. Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, who expelled the Jesuits from Portugal, Spain, and France, had all three represented their nation at Vienna, and yielded to the influence of the great politician.

In private life the prince was a strange compound of good and evil. Although thoroughly versed in diplomacy, he had an utter aversion for falsehood, and regarded it as an expedient employed by fools. We find in Dutens' Memoirs that the prince once held him-

in conversation for a long time, though he had nothing particular to say. When Dutens attempted to retire, Kaunitz stopped him. "Stay," he said; "I see over there the Prince de —: he is watching for the moment when I am alone, but he is a liar, and I cannot endure him."

His imitation of French fashions the prince carried to an inordinate extent: he sent to Paris for all the articles of his toilet, and he only spoke in French and honoured French literature. He was the first Austrian noble who recognized talent as a claim to distinction, though we are bound to add that he displayed his predilections in a peculiar way. Thus, on one occasion, he put off his dinner hour for Noverre, a French dancer of great repute, though on the previous day he had refused to wait for an ambassador who was behind his time.

According to the Baron von Gleichen, Kaunitz was tall and well built, and, although his peruke with its five rows of curls was rather comical, there was a certain look of grandeur about his person. This peruke, by-the-way, was the object of his worship. Being anxious that all the curls should be regularly powdered, servants wielding puffs were arranged in a double row, and the prince walked up and down between them, reflecting on political affairs. Each servant sent a cloud of powder over him as he passed, and after several turns his peruke was of an immaculate hue.

As his whole life was spent in reflecting and working, the prince took immense care of his health. The milk, coffee, and sugar that formed his breakfast were scrupu-

lously weighed like drugs : at one o'clock he took a cup of chocolate, and his dinner consisted of the simplest dishes. He tried to keep all care aloof, and sacrificed all possible considerations to his convenience, habits, and comfort. In his early days he accustomed Maria Theresa to see him shut all the windows in the palace, and put on a small cap when he found that the draught was too strong. Whenever, therefore, he was seen crossing the court-yard (which he only did on the hottest days with a handkerchief placed to his mouth), the imperial footmen would fly to close the windows, shouting, " Here he is ! here he is !"

After each meal, whether at home or abroad, the prince produced a box containing a quantity of implements for cleansing his mouth, small mirrors to examine every corner, and towels to wipe it. This ceremony he performed in every company, and it generally lasted a quarter of an hour. One day he was about to commence this operation at the table of the Baron de Breteuil, the French ambassador, when his excellency rose, saying to his guests, " Let us go, gentlemen, the prince wishes to be alone." When left by himself the prince completed his task with Olympian serenity, but he never dined out again. Accustomed to retire at eleven P.M., he did not care more for an archduke than he did for the emperor, and if that hour surprised him playing a game of billiards with either of them, he would make his bow, and leave him in the middle of the game.

The prince detested perfumes of any description ; and if a lady, even a stranger, who used them happened to

sit down by his side, he would say to her, "Retire, madam, you smell unpleasantly." The esteem in which he held his own person had something so simple about it that he would speak of himself as of a third party. The Emperor Joseph had the busts of Field-Marshal De Lascy and Prince Kaunitz sculptured, with Latin inscriptions beneath them. Some one happening to commend the style of the latter in the presence of the prince, he said very quietly, "I am the author of it." He was a great admirer of horses, and every afternoon he mounted three horses in turn in a private riding-school, and nothing pleased him better than to be complimented on his horsemanship. Lord Keith sent a countryman of his to visit the prince at the *manège*, recommending him to overwhelm him with compliments, and put plenty of seasoning in them. The Englishman could find nothing else to say, but, "Ah, your highness is the greatest horseman I ever saw in my life."

"I believe it," the prince coolly replied.

The chancellor's excessive self-love allowed him no rest, and he fancied he could do everything better than others. Thus he always insisted on dressing the salad, and had a bottle expressly made for blending the oil and vinegar. One day he let this bottle fall, and destroyed the dresses of two irate ladies; but so slight an incident did not disturb his serenity. He was also very vain of his skill in popping champagne corks, though it did not prevent him from frequently spurting the liquor over his ruffles. Nor was he particular as to his remarks: one day, the company at his table happening

to be silent, he said to Madame De Clary, who undertook to invite the guests, "It must be allowed, madam, that you have brought together a precious company of stupids." On another occasion, when there was a silence at his table, he said, "I would sooner hear nonsense than nothing at all." Whereupon M. de Mérode, one of his flatterers, at once remarked, "It must be confessed and proclaimed that Mr. Pitt is the greatest statesman now existing in Europe—does that satisfy you, prince?"

It was especially toward those whose rank was at least equal to his own that Kaunitz displayed the greatest *hauteur*. When Pius VI. went to Vienna and offered the chancellor his hand, which, according to prescription, he should have kissed, Kaunitz contented himself with taking it and shaking it with cordial familiarity. When Joseph II. assumed the reins of power, he insisted that henceforth the emperor should go to the minister to carry on business, and nothing of any importance took place without consulting him. The prince enjoyed the same credit under Leopold the Second; and Baron von Gleichen himself saw that monarch and the empress proceed into the minister's garden to introduce to him the King and Queen of Naples. And the old chancellor deserved it, for he had restored by his energy Austrian finances, which the Jesuits had allowed to fall into the most frightful state of disorder. In 1765 he reduced the rate of interest to 5 per cent., and in 1777, or five years after the expulsion of the monks of St. Ignatius, he brought it down to 3½ per cent. His position was also strengthened by his unimpeachable probity, which formed so striking

a contrast with the universal corruption prevailing in church, court, and camp. One instance is worthy quotation.

The government contracts produced enormous profits, and at a ministerial council Kaunitz strongly opposed one gentleman to whom the rest were favourable, including Joseph II., as the terms he offered seemed advantageous. The contractor, anxious to secure the bargain, proceeded to the chancellor's private house, and offered his chamberlain a large bribe, stating that he had a much larger one for his master, if he were permitted to say only one word to him. Kaunitz was so amused at the proposition, that he let the contractor come in, who walked up to him, laid a purse on the table, uttered the one word "Silence!" and stalked out again. The next day Kaunitz had not a word to say against the contractor at the council, at which the emperor expressed his surprise. Kaunitz produced the money he had received to hold his tongue, and left the emperor to judge how much his colleagues had received for speaking. The trick was considered so clever, that its author obtained the contract.

Kaunitz never laid aside his taste for dress, though he displayed great simplicity, and could never be tempted to wear embroidery. On the very morning that terminated the reign of Maria Theresa, while the empress was wrestling with death, he had himself dressed with his usual care. To protect himself against changes of temperature, he constantly had within reach nine silk cloaks, which he put on or off according to the guidance of a

thermometer hung in each of his rooms. He had a horror of the open air, and it must be very warm indeed for him to be seen sitting for a few moments in the garden of his palace. Still this privation of fresh air only injured his complexion, which was pallid, but not his constitution, for he lived to be eighty-four.

Kaunitz only feared one thing, and that was death, and this fear necessarily increased with years. The word "small-pox" caused him a shudder, for he had been attacked by the disease himself in youth, and had seen Maria Theresa on the point of death from it. When his reader came to that word, or to "inoculation," or "vaccine," but, before all, "death," he had special orders to pass it over. So far was this carried, that strangers of distinction who arrived in Vienna were warned to yield to the chancellor's wishes on this point, and no allusion must even be made to his birthday. No one had the courage to tell him of the death of Frederick the Great, until one of his readers said in his presence, as if inadvertently, that the courier had arrived from Berlin with letters from King Frederick William. When Joseph II. expired, the prince's chamberlain laid before him a document which should have had the imperial sign-manual, saying in explanation, "his majesty no longer signs." The prince was in the habit of sending dishes from his table to a favourite aunt, and this went on long after her decease, as no one cared to tell him she had been dead for four years. When his eldest and best-beloved son died, the prince only learned the fact by the deep mourning laid out for himself to wear.

With advancing years Kaunitz began to grow very troublesome and fractious. But not even the emperor dared to deprive him of the power he had held for forty years. As he became very deaf, moreover, it was found impossible to impart any secrets to him; and the garrulity of old age was a tremendous annoyance to all connected with him. Thus he would repeat to foreign diplomatists in the evening the secrets he had read in their letters during the morning, and all the news about their intrigues and habits which he had obtained from the police. At last he was quietly ignored; and from 1779 Baron Cobenzl, the vice-chancellor, transacted public business in his name. It was without his knowledge, for instance, that the treaty of Pilnitz was signed, which led to the invasion of France by the Duke of Brunswick.

A crowning insult still awaited the old chancellor: his signature was forged and applied to state papers entirely opposed to his views and politics. When he heard of this contumely, Kaunitz determined on death, in spite of all the terrors it had for him. He deliberately refused any food, abstained from all remedies prescribed to him, and starved himself to death. He expired on June 26, 1794, the day after the battle of Fleurus, which overthrew the policy of his life—the alliance between Austria and France—and was buried at his estate of Austerlitz. A few years later and the two nations fought a desperate struggle for supremacy over his grave.

CHAPTER XVI.

COUNT DE BONNEVAL.

Bonneval's education—He enters the navy—Is transferred to the French guards—His campaigns—Madame de Maintenon—Bonneval considers himself insulted—He joins the Austrian army—Prince Eugene—Bonneval in Brussels—The Marquis de Prié—Scandal about the Queen of Spain—The arrest—Bonneval in Vienna—His trial and imprisonment—He goes to Turkey—Is appointed chief of the bombardiers—His influence—The war with Russia—Bonneval falls into disgrace—His life as Pacha of Caramania—Extracts from his correspondence—His death and monument.

THE subject of the present chapter is a perfect type of the frivolity and absolute want of a sense of moral feeling which were peculiar to the generation to which he belonged. Whenever his pleasures were concerned, not only did words like religion and country possess no meaning for Bonneval, but he deadened the strings of his conscience by some clever jest, and wrapped himself up in a cloak of scepticism and epicurism. The only feeling he could not blunt was that of honour, such as it was understood in that day. He was at the same time a man of tried courage, possessed great abilities, and a considerable share of wit. We are induced to doubt, though, whether his philosophic system and mode of life satisfied him, and our doubts on this head are aroused

by a letter of his in which he makes an effort to prove himself a happy man. We only find in this letter consolations ; and conclude from this fact that the writer felt the need of such ; for a really happy man does not take such trouble to prove his happiness to himself and others.

Count Claude Alexander de Bonneval was born in July, 1675, at Cussac in the Limousin, and was descended from an ancient family related to the Bourbons. Educated at first by the Jesuits, who could never conquer his indomitable temper, he afterwards entered the navy, where he distinguished himself, and speedily obtained promotion. When the Marquis de Seignelay, minister of the navy, came to inspect the fleet, he proposed to send our hero home, because he had not yet attained the age prescribed by the regulations. "A man of my rank is not cashiered," the lad replied, with haughty assurance. Seignelay did not the less break him, however, but gave him a commission almost immediately afterwards.

Had Bonneval persevered in this career, which suited his faculties and satisfied his inclination for adventures, the direction of his life would have been very different, and perhaps more fortunate. But some friends persuaded him to seek admission into the *gardes Françaises*, and he was thus mixed up in gallant adventures and excesses of every description, for which the officers of that corps were notorious. When the war of the Spanish succession broke out, Bonneval was transferred to the La Tour regiment, and went through the Italian campaign under Catinat and Vendôme, and that of the Low

Countries under Boufflers, everywhere acquiring the reputation of a daring partizan chief. But his sarcasms, which spared nobody, and his whole course of life, gained him numerous and formidable enemies. Madame de Maintenon, among others, could not forgive him his incessant jibes at religion ; and in a brevet granted in 1704, some exactions he was accused of committing served as an excuse for not giving him the promotion to which he had a claim. He, thereupon, sent in his resignation, and a letter containing the most abusive charges against Camillard, the minister of war. Not thinking it advisable to wait for the answer, Bonneval betook himself to Germany, and, being tried in default by a court-martial, he was cashiered, and his estates were confiscated.

On the recommendation of Prince Eugene, who had learned to esteem him as an opponent in the field, Bonneval was admitted into the Austrian army with the rank of major-general, and then bore arms against his own country, not only in Italy, where he forced the pope to yield in 1708, but also in the very heart of France, on the invasion of Dauphiné and Provence by the allied forces. At the peace of Utrecht, Prince Eugene obtained a reversal of the sentence passed upon Bonneval, and the restitution of his estates. His brother had been put in possession of them, and Bonneval could not or would not evict him : indeed, he appears to have always remained on good terms with him. He remained in the service of Austria, became lieutenant field-marshal, and, during the glorious campaign fought against the Turks by Prince Eugene, he performed a brilliant part

at the battle of Peterwardein, where he was severely wounded.

After his recovery, Bonneval, protected by his recent glory, ventured to make an excursion to Paris, where he was received with the greatest distinction, and people seemed to forget entirely that, as a Frenchman, he had borne arms against France. On the re-establishment of peace he settled at Vienna, and devoted himself to his duties in the council; but Prince Eugene had less reason to praise his *protégé* in peace than in war. It was not merely the scandal of Bonneval's private life, and the impossibility of restraining his tongue, that annoyed the prince, but our adventurer did not even spare his protector, and eventually became quite insupportable to him by interfering in his private affairs. In consequence, for the purpose of getting rid of him, Prince Eugene had him sent into the Netherlands as master-general of the ordnance. From this moment Bonneval believed himself freed from all obligations to his protector, and it seems, indeed, as if he had never suspected the immense distance existing between them, but considered Prince Eugene a military adventurer of his own stamp.

At this period, 1724, the Marquis de Prié was Austrian vice-governor of the Netherlands, and held his court at Brussels. The Marquise de Prié and her daughter, the Countess d'Apremont, were very busy in spreading scandal about the Queen of Spain,* and

* Louise Elise, daughter of Philip II. d'Orléans, by a natural daughter of Louis XIV.: at the age of fourteen she was married to

openly spoke of her *commerce de galanterie* with the Marquis d'Aiseau. They supported their statements on letters which they said they had received from Spain, but did not produce them in evidence. The marquise even went so far as to say at a soirée: "Qu'elle se n'étonnait pas que le marquis (d'Aiseau) eut élevé son ambition jusqu'à une reine; mais ce qui la surprenait c'était qu'un garçon aussi bien fait, eut pu se résoudre à devenir amoureux d'un petit monstre." Bonneval boasted that he was descended from the old kings of Navarre, and was thus allied to the royal house of France. A princess of this mighty house, and a relation of his to be accused of being a *petit monstre*, and of having lost her honour! The chivalrous Frenchman could not endure this shame, and he stepped forward with the greatest energy as champion for the accused lady. Several gentlemen of rank, who repeated what they had heard in the salons of the Marquise de Prié, he upbraided so fiercely, that they became silent through fear of the count's sword, which was as sharp as his tongue. Against the marquise, however, Bonneval employed his powers of sarcasm to a most insulting extent, and ended by sending her husband

Don Louis, Prince of Asturia, aged sixteen, who ascended the throne of Spain on the abdication of his father, Philip V., on January 16, 1724. The young queen, who was full of high spirits, behaved in a manner that horrified the severe Spanish court; and her husband at last had recourse to the unheard-of step of placing her under arrest. The scandalous chronicle mixed up her name with that of a Marquis d'Aiseau; but there is not the slightest evidence of her criminality. One thing is certain, however, that the marquis suddenly disappeared from Madrid, and was never heard of again. Weber gives a full report of the affair in his 'Aus Vier Jahrhunderten.'

a challenge. For this offence he had Bonneval arrested and placed in the citadel of Antwerp.

Many persons are of opinion that Bonneval only made an excuse of the insult to the Queen of Spain in order to come into collision with de Prié, because the latter was one of Prince Eugene's favourites. In a letter which Bonneval wrote his brother in 1741, he asserts that his overthrow did not emanate from his quarrel with the marquis, and adds: "My whole crime consisted in my having challenged the prince, who broke off an intimacy which had existed for more than eighteen years, and invented a story offensive to me about a virtuous queen: all this he did through the hatred he always felt for France, and with which I had reproached him a thousand times during our intimacy." Bonneval certainly does not appear to us the man thus to take to heart any "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," and it is evident that he employed it as a pretext to give free course to the feelings which had smouldered in his heart for years, and were probably inspired by jealousy.

On his release from arrest, Bonneval was ordered to proceed to Vienna, and answer the charges alleged against him. But, instead of proceeding straight to his destination, our hero passed a month at the Hague, and aroused suspicion by his repeated interviews with the French and Spanish ambassadors. When he set out again for Vienna, he was arrested on the road and carried to the Spielberg as a prisoner. From his dungeon he wrote to Prince Eugene of Savoy that he was "tout prêt de hazarder ma tête sur un échafaud dans cette

affaire." The charge brought against him was: "his behaviour to the Marquis de Prié, and disrespectful treatment of Prince Eugene of Savoy and the aulic council of war." For this offence he was condemned to death, but the emperor commuted the sentence to a year's imprisonment, to be followed by banishment. During this period Bonneval wrote incessant letters to Frederick Augustus I., King of Poland, full of abuse of Prince Eugene, and offering his own services, which were not accepted. When Bonneval's term of imprisonment had expired, he was conveyed to the Tyrolese frontier, where he received an intimation that he had better never again set foot on the soil of the empire. Thus terminated his military career in Austria.

Bonneval proceeded in the first instance to Venice, and tried to enter the service of the republic, for which he was so little suited, and might easily have formed an acquaintance with the terrible prison of the Piombi. A state of that description required prudent and reserved men. It also appears that he offered his services to Russia, and, had he succeeded, it is probable that his name would have figured in many an intrigue. Still, we may be permitted to doubt whether his life would have terminated so tranquilly as it did in Turkey. But, most assuredly, he felt a greater pleasure in fighting Russia at a later date, because he had undergone the humiliation of having his services rejected by that state: still it was Austria that he hated before all.

From Venice Bonneval reached Bosnia, and was arrested at Sevrāi, at the request of the Austrian consul

in that town. He asserts in one of his letters that the Austrians offered large sums of money to the Turks to induce them to hand him over as a deserter. It is easy to understand that Austria did not like to see Bonneval enter the service of the Porte ; but we do not exactly see why she could claim as a deserter a man whom she had herself banished from her territory. He also states that he remained under arrest for fifteen months, and vainly invoked the protection of M. de Villeneuve, French ambassador at Constantinople. He was convinced that the slightest demand on the part of the diplomatic corps would have resulted in his being set at liberty, but the ambassador refused to do anything for him. To quote Bonneval's own words: "I could find no motive for this refusal. As the great-grandson of a Jew, belonging to a small town near Avignon, who came into the world too late to take part in the crucifixion, Villeneuve probably was delighted at having such an opportunity to sell a Christian."

Bonneval also declares in one of his letters that he only embraced Islamism because he could not regain his liberty otherwise, and ran a risk of being delivered up to his enemies ; and he would sooner have fallen into the clutches of Sathanas. He greatly preferred being as he now was to being hung in Austria as a good Christian. Perhaps, he exaggerated the perils to which he declared himself exposed, in order to justify to his family the motives that induced him to embrace Islamism : perhaps, too, no other resource was left him but entering the Turkish service, which could not be done without pre-

viously fulfilling that condition. The result soon proved that he did not turn Mussulman, as he asserted at a later date, solely to be able to pass the rest of his days in dressing-gown and nightcap.

Bonneval embraced Islamism in 1730, received on the occasion the name of Achmed, and was soon promoted to be a pacha with three horsetails, and chief of the bombardier corps. Aided by a few clever Frenchmen and Italians, he took great pains to effect a reform in the military organization of the Turks, and was protected in his efforts by Sultan Mahmoud I. But the jealousy of the other pachas, the intrigues of the European powers, and the repugnance of the Turkish people to anything that resembles innovation, prevented Bonneval attaining any great results. He certainly introduced a few partial ameliorations in the army, and the war that broke out a short time later allowed them to be appreciated; but, in spite of this success, he could establish nothing permanent. His political influence, too, was slighter than he had expected, which was in great measure owing to his habits of intrigue combined with his selfishness. What he desired above all was to excite the Porte to declare war against Austria, who had now become the object of his most ardent hatred, in return for the hospitality which she had formerly granted the stranger banished from his own country. He constantly advised the divan to come to an understanding with Russia, so that all the forces of Turkey might be employed against Austria.

The Hungarian refugee, Joseph Rakoczy, worked

upon the Porte for the same object ; but he and Bonneval were not on friendly terms, and the former could never forgive the other for having zealously laboured to prevent him obtaining the title of Prince of Transylvania : at the same time, too, Rakoczy's groom and Bonneval's secretary were both in the pay of Talmann, the Austrian resident at Constantinople, whom they kept well informed of what their respective masters suggested to the Porte. Austria, for the sake of defending her interests, intelligently employed a weapon always most powerful at Stamboul, where the political demoralization is so profound and cupidity so great—money. Hence, when Bonneval proposed a plan by which one corps d'armée marching on Belgrade should draw the attention of the Austrians to that quarter, while another proceeded to Bosnia for the purpose of invading Styria, Talmann, by merely distributing one thousand ducats, wisely foiled the dangerous scheme.

The enemies of the Ottoman empire, however, effected what all the efforts of Bonneval had been impotent to carry through. Russia seeing Turkey embarrassed by a war with Persia, and believing she could count on the co-operation of Austria, considered the moment favourable for taking a few more steps toward her coveted object, the extension of her territory to the shores of the Black Sea. Austria forgot the generosity with which the Porte had treated her at the period of her disasters, when it had refused to crush her, though urged to do so by several European powers, and in the illusory hope of indemnifying herself at the expense of

Turkey, for the losses she had undergone in Italy, she entered into the campaign against the Turks as a principal belligerent power, instead of restricting herself to giving Russia the stipulated assistance. The Turks had, therefore, to defend themselves at once against Russia, Austria, and Persia.

We are bound to add that, since the wise and prudent Grand Vizier Ali Pacha had been dismissed through the intrigues of the French party, and exiled to Greece, Turkey was more inclined than before to fight. The natural caution and moderation of Ali Pacha, his accurate knowledge of the sad state of the sultan's finances, and the dissatisfaction of the nation; had led him carefully to avoid all occasion for war with the European powers, and the counsels of the maritime powers had only confirmed him in this policy. The sultan having appointed as his successor the violent and inexperienced ex-aga of the Janissaries, Ismail Pacha, the war party triumphed. England and Holland did their utmost to bring together a mediating congress at Niemirow, which, indeed, met during the war, but effected nothing.

In spite of this change, Bonneval was not really placed on active service, nor was the command of any army intrusted to him. A wish was expressed to give him the defence of Azoff, and, contrary to custom, he had been summoned to the divan to deliberate on the matter. He, however, openly declared that he would not accept that, or any other command, owing to the hatred which the Janissaries had vowed against him for organizing and presenting to the sultan a battalion of

regulars, as well as his inexperience in waging war after the Turkish fashion.

Several writers have fallen into the mistake of confounding Bonneval with the Achmed Pacha, who, as Pacha of Bagdad, was at that time negotiating to no purpose the re-establishment of peace between Russia and Persia. Nor was it Bonneval, but Topal Osman, who first defeated Nadir Shah, and was then beaten by him in return; through which the Porte was obliged to make considerable concessions in order to obtain peace. All that Bonneval could do was to offer advice, which was sometimes followed, but more frequently neglected. When the Russians invaded the Crimea, he urged the Turks to refrain from attacking them, and to restrict themselves to cutting off their convoys as much as they could. He also specially urged that a separate truce should be made with Russia, so that all the forces of the Turkish empire might be employed against Austria. Circumstances allowed the latter of these recommendations to be followed, though the other failed.

The war against Russia was marked by successes to which the armies of the Porte had long been unaccustomed, and such as they have never since obtained. A part of this success may be attributed to Bonneval, whose services in organizing and drilling the Turkish army now began to be appreciated. Bonneval was, consequently, nominated governor of the island of Chios, but the constant intrigues of his enemy, joined to his incurable recklessness, soon caused him to lose his influence again, as well as the sultan's favour. Still, he was not exactly

dismissed: he even remained chief of the bombardiers, but was forced to exchange the government of Chios for that of Caramania. From this moment he only appears to have desired the pleasures of repose, while trying to persuade himself that he was happy, or, at least, wishing to make others believe it. But it is evident that his happiness was not unalloyed, for he writes thus in the letter to which we have already alluded: "I am convinced that God has ordered nothing which is not good and salutary, consequently, that death is only an imaginary evil, and ought, on the contrary, to be regarded as a real good, as it is comprised in the general scheme which the Creator has instituted for all things. Sustained by this incontestable truth, I enjoy my life freely, which passes by like a flash of lightning, and was only given to me that I should be happy. Moreover, I am perfectly well. I have neither gout nor rheum. I can still sit a horse as if I were only twenty, and I am a sturdy pedestrian. There is only the demon who tormented St. Paul, and even went so far as to buffet him, that, to my great regret, has not quitted me."

Another time he wrote:—

"My old liking for war is aroused now and then, because I feel myself sufficiently strong to take part in a few more campaigns. It is true that the too tranquil life I lead here is at times disagreeable to a man who, like myself, lived from his earliest youth in the tumult of armies and the noise of the great world; and if I did not possess a good library, I should enjoy but few pleasures in conformity with my tastes."

Again, he says:—

“Here, I do what I please ; I live as I think proper ; I want for nothing ; I can even satisfy that passion for prodigality with which I have ever been reproached. In spite of all the persecutions of which I have been the object, I have never lost my gaiety or my appetite.”

Still, he had not completely detached himself from Europe, for, after writing—“With a turban weighing four pounds on my head, a long beard, and long garments, I have ended by establishing myself in Turkey, though at first I could have burst with laughter on thinking about the motive of the masquerade which hurled me into the abyss”—he adds, that he does not the less owe it to his family to justify his conduct.

Toward the end of his life, Bonneval's income amounted to about £6000 a-year, and it is said that he also received considerable subventions from several Christian powers, and specially France. He kept the best table in Constantinople, and troubled himself but little about the prohibitions of the Koran with reference to various dishes. His liberality was unbounded, and it is said that, toward the close, he talked about returning to Europe ; but death, whose precursive signs he recognized, did not grant him the time. “The old machine,” he wrote, “is worn out : I feel that I must be off, and I care little whether it be to-day or to-morrow.”

He died on March 22, 1747. His wife, Judith Charlotte, Princess de Biron, whom he married in 1717, remained in France, where she died in 1741, having had no children by him. Bonneval had adopted a young

Milanese, who not only inherited his fortune, but also his post as chief of the bombardiers. This young man had also embraced Islamism, and was named Soliman Aga. The sultan had a splendid monument erected at Pera in honour of Bonneval, on which the following inscription was placed :—

“Here rests Bonneval Achmed Pacha, whom the entire universe has known. He abandoned his country and his inheritance to adopt the faith of the Mussulmans. He had acquired among his own countrymen glory, according to the world, but he gained a renown in eternity by ranging himself among the true believers. He was one of the sages of our age, and had known grandeur as well as adversity. As he had tried good and evil for himself, he could distinguish the beautiful from the foul. Completely convinced of the vanity of all human things, he seized the favourable moment to pass into eternity, and drained the cup on the night of Friday, the anniversary of the birth of the most glorious of the prophets. It was a happy hour that he selected to deliver himself into the hands of divine mercy. May paradise be the dwelling-place of Bonneval Achmed Pacha!”

On the other face of the monument were the words :—

“In the name of God, recite the preface of the Koran for the soul of Achmed Pacha, Chief of the Bombardiers!”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROPHECY OF JACQUES CAZOTTE.

Birth and education of Cazotte—His services in Martinique—Roguery of the Jesuits—'Le Diable Amoureux'—The Martinists—Cazotte and the philosophers—The supper party—The prophecy—Flight of the royal family—Behaviour of Cazotte—Marie Antoinette and the dauphin—Cazotte arrested under the terror—He is saved by his daughter, but again arrested—Fouquier Thinville—The trial—Death of Cazotte—His conduct in prison.

THE readers of Dumas' 'The Queen's Necklace,' will remember a very striking scene in which Cagliostro is represented as predicting the coming revolution of France, and the fate of the persons collected at the supper-table. Like the majority of the incidents worked up by Dumas, this one possesses a substratum of fact. The prophecy, there is little doubt, was uttered, but not by Cagliostro. In our memoir of that impostor, we mentioned that he laid claim to certain prophecies connected with the fall of the Bastille, but even he had not the audacity to go further, or assume the powers with which Dumas has invested him, at the expense of a third party.

The remarkable prophecy we are about to narrate there is fair ground for believing to have been made by Jacques Cazotte. This gentleman was born in 1720, at

Dijon, where his father held the post of librarian to the estates of Burgundy, a charge which, though of no great value, invested its holder with a species of personal nobility, as was the case with so many French offices under the old *régime*. Jacques was educated at the Jesuit college of his native town, completed his studies at Paris under the guidance of an elder brother, and through his influence obtained a situation in the ministry of the navy.

In 1747, Cazotte was sent to Martinique as Comptroller, and was there promoted to the rank of Commissary-General. We find but scanty information as to his life in the island, but it appears that he held a respectable position, and was highly esteemed for the bravery he displayed in 1759, when Martinique was attacked by the English. Still it seems as if, even at that period of his life, Cazotte was partial to solitude, and led a very retired life. He married, on the island, Elizabeth Roignon, daughter of the chief president of the tribunal; and after amassing a very considerable fortune, he resolved to return to France, partly to recruit his failing health, partly to look after the money his deceased brother had left him.

Unfortunately, Cazotte lost every franc of the 350,000 he had scraped together while in Martinique, and which he had handed over to Father Lavalette, superior of the Jesuits in the island, in exchange for bills drawn on the Paris Jesuits. Bülau tells us that Lavalette had founded a large commercial agency at Martinique. The order at first blamed and recalled him; but when it discovered

what profits the business produced, it appointed Lavalette general-superior of all the Leeward isles, and placed at his disposal money and credit. But when the maritime war of 1756 broke out, Lavalette's operations were seriously impeded, and he lost heavily. The order thereupon withdrew its aid, allowed him to become bankrupt, and offered to pay the creditors in *masses*. This scandalous affair, which entailed a great number of actions, notably led to the suppression of the Jesuits in France and elsewhere. Fortunately Cazotte inherited sufficient from his brother to satisfy his moderate wants, and for the education of his children.

After settling down on his estate in the vicinity of Epernay, Cazotte turned his attention to literature, and in 1763 he produced his 'Olivier,' a rather weak heroic poem, but which still finds admirers in France. Of his other works the most remarkable is 'Le Diable Amoureux,' which appeared in 1771. This work was destined to exert a remarkable influence over the life of the author, for it brought him into connection with the Martinists. Cazotte, namely, had described in so masterly a way the demoniac temptations to which his hero was exposed, that the Martinists sought him out, in the hope of obtaining from him some explanations about the occult sciences. They were not a little astonished at hearing from him that what they took for the result of higher inspiration was the pure emanation of fancy.

The Martinists derived their name either from Louis Claude de St. Martin, who died in Paris in 1803, or from his teacher, Martinez Pasquali. Their doctrines

though not perfectly free from exaggeration, were, for all that, a strong reaction against the spirit of the age, and believers in them are stated still to exist in France.* Their most remarkable work is the well-known 'Des Erreurs et de la Vérité.' But we need not dwell on the Martinists, for Cazotte did not thoroughly join them, though his connection with them strengthened his innate tendency to religious speculations, and his belief in a supernatural world, and the possibility of a communication with it.

Cazotte did not retire from the world, however, but spent the greater part of his life in the literary circles of Paris, contending gently, though earnestly, by teaching and example, against the prevailing materialism. He is frequently mentioned in works of the day; and the effect he produced must have been great, for even the most decided opponents of his views and convictions, which he never concealed, spoke with unmistakeable respect of him.

Cazotte dared openly to avow his Christianity among the philosophers; and that was a remarkable fact in a city such as Paris then was. He also wrote several other novels and poems, although all are inferior to 'Le Diable Amoureux.' A collected edition of his works was published at Paris, in four volumes, in 1816.

* According to the Brother Goncourt's 'Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution,' the Martinists sprang up in Prussia, and went to France with Pernetty. During the revolution there were more than 10,000 devotees, and their political teaching was "insurrection against kings is a crime: if they are good they are sent by the mercy of God; if bad as a punishment for sinful nations." We cannot find any confirmation, however, of this origin.

As to the prophecy said to have been uttered by Cazotte, we are bound, in the first place, to remark, that it was not made public by the press until after the events had been verified. As far as we can learn, Jean François de Laharpe* was the first who repeated it, and the whole narrative has been several times, and more especially by the 'Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde,' declared to be a fiction of Laharpe's concocting. On the other hand, it is certain that Cazotte made other prophecies besides this one; that, further, it was the subject of conversation long ere Laharpe published it; and lastly, that there are witnesses to the truth of Laharpe's narration.

As far back as 1792, the last of the Guises, the Prince de Lambesc, French resident in Vienna, alluded to this prophecy in a conversation with General von Schwarz, and his story harmonizes to a great extent with Laharpe's. As Bülow very justly remarks, Laharpe would hardly have ventured to invent a fiction relating to such a recent occurrence, and in which such illustrious persons were mixed up, through fear of being contradicted. The same talented author also brings direct proof of the truth of Laharpe's story, by a reference to the 'Observations on the Curiosities of Nature,' a posthumous work of Mr. W. Burt, who declared that he was present when the prophecy was delivered.

After examining closely into the matter, we think

* Born 1739; died 1823, at Paris. He was a philosopher and revolutionist, but was converted in prison, and became a zealous Christian and prolific writer against the revolution.

that Cazotte really uttered the warnings we are about to describe, and that Laharpe, after the fashion of a true Frenchman, tacked on a considerable amount of embroidery. Nor must it be forgotten that prophecies of this nature were not at all unusual at the period—for instance, Retif de la Brotenne, so far back as 1770, inserted predictions of a similar character in his romance, ‘*Les Alliés*.’

In the year 1788, Cazotte supped with a distinguished party of guests at the house of the Duchess de Grammont. He sat silent at one end of the table, staring at his half-empty glass, and only rousing from his reverie when the victory of philosophy over “religious superstition” was too jactantly announced. Suddenly he sprang up, leant over the table, and said in a hollow voice, and with pallid cheeks :

“You have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, for you will all be witness of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. As you are aware that I understand something about prophesying, be good enough to listen to me. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost, lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon ; you, M. N——, will die of poison ; and you, M. N——, by the executioner’s hand.”

On hearing this strange outbreak, all began protesting that prisons, poison, and executioner, had nothing in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason, on whose speedy approach the soothsayer had just congratulated them ; but Cazotte coldly continued :

“It is as I tell you, and all this will happen in the

name of reason, humanity, and philosophy. All I have announced will take place when reason is the sole ruler, and has its temples."

"In any case," Chamfort retorted, "you will not be one of the priests of that temple."

"Not I, M. de Chamfort, but you assuredly will, for you deserve to be chosen before all for such functions. For all that, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and will not die till some months after that desperate operation. As for you, M. Vicq d'Azyr, it is true that the gout will prevent you opening your veins, but you will have them opened by another person six times in the same day, and die during the following night. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold; and so will you, M. de Malesherbes!"

"Thank heaven!" Richer exclaimed, "M. Cazotte only owes a grudge to the Académie."

But Cazotte quickly continued:

"You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a destiny for yourself and the rest of the company here present are all philosophers like you."

"And when will all these fine things happen?" some one asked.

"Within six years from to-day."

Laharpe also cross-questioned the prophet of evil in a mocking voice:

"And pray, what will happen to me? M. Cazotte."

"A great miracle, sir; you will be converted, and become a good Christian."

This put an end to the feeling of awe that had begun to creep over the company; and the Duchesse de Grammont, reassured by the general laughter, asked in her turn:

"The fate of us poor women, I assume, will not be so bad, for in revolutionary times we are neglected."

"Ladies," Cazotte answered, "this time your sex will not protect you; and though you may carefully refrain from interference, you will not fail to be treated exactly like the men. You, too, Madame la Duchesse, and many other great ladies, will have to mount the scaffold, and be taken to it in a cart, with your hands tied behind your back!"

The duchess, who regarded this as a jest, added:

"I trust, at any rate, that I shall have a mourning coach."

"No, no; a common cart will be your last carriage. Besides, greater ladies than you will be dragged to punishment in the same way."

"I hope you do not allude to the princesses of the blood?"

"To even greater than they."

"But we shall not be refused the comfort of a confessor, to exhort us in our dying moments?"

"Such a favour will only be granted to the most illustrious of all the victims."

"But pray, what will happen to yourself, M. Cazotte?" some of his audience asked, beginning to feel rather uneasy.

"The same thing will happen to me," he replied, "as

happened to the man who, during the last siege of Jerusalem, pronounced a final imprecation on that city, then on himself, and was straightway killed by a stone."

After saying this, Cazotte bowed to the company, and left the room. Everybody acquainted with the history of the French revolution will perceive how exactly the prophecy was fulfilled.

If this prophecy, then, be no fiction of Laharpe's—and we feel very confident that it is not, as Laharpe did not mention it until he had joined the church—the pious and brave Cazotte was firmly convinced that the revolution would swallow up the kingdom, the whole French society, and himself too. He could have emigrated, but he remained in Paris, working indefatigably for the monarchy, and was probably in close connection, at any rate, towards the end, with Marie Antoinette. Perhaps the connection was produced by the following circumstance. While staying at his estate of Pierry, near Epernay, Cazotte heard that the royal family had been stopped in their flight at Varennes, and were ordered back.* The National Guard of Pierry was detached to Chalons, to maintain order in that town during the short stay of the royal family. Cazotte's eldest son was commandant of these troops, and the venerable father bade the young man kneel down, and

* The Royalists feared lest the royal family might be murdered on their return from Varennes; but Cazotte consoled them. He had a vision in which he saw the prisoners surrounded by angels, like those who protected the kings of Israel, when they walked in the way of the Lord.—Goncourt's '*Histoire de la Société Française*.'

after blessing him said: "Go thither, my dear child—make use of the uniform you wear; God grant that you may offer some consolation to our beloved lord, the king."

Young Cazotte, on reaching Chalons, received orders to occupy the approaches to the Hôtel Rohan, where the royal family were to descend. He obtained from his little band a solemn pledge that they would keep shoulder to shoulder, and allow no one to force their ranks; and he had scarce posted his sentries ere the royal coach made its appearance, surrounded by an immense crowd.

Fearful yells and menaces saluted the several members of the family as they emerged from the coach, and the queen was before all the object of execration. At this moment young Cazotte shouted to the queen, in German: "Despise that! God is above all!" The daughter of the emperor thanked him with a glance for this consolation in her mother-tongue.

The queen, the princess, and Madame Elizabeth entered the house in safety; but then the crowd dashed so furiously at Cazotte's guard that the ranks were broken through, and the little dauphin, who was being carried by a garde-du-corps, was cut off. The terrified child shrieked for his mother. Cazotte took him in his arms, and conveyed him, uninjured, to Marie Antoinette. As the queen's dress had been trodden on and torn, he fetched the daughter of the landlord, who mended it with tears in her eyes.

Such was Cazotte, the son. His aged father was

imprisoned a few weeks later, because his secret correspondence with Ponteau, a secretary of the civil list, was detected. He would certainly have fallen a victim to the Septembrizers, had not his daughter Elizabeth, a lovely girl of seventeen, who accompanied him to prison, thrown herself between her father and his murderers. "The road to my father's heart is through mine!" the girl dauntlessly exclaimed. Her heroism affected even the bandits, and rendered the vacillating mob so enthusiastic that they insisted on the immediate liberation of Cazotte and his daughter.* But this feeling of humanity availed old Cazotte but little, for a few days later Pétion, ex-Maire of Paris and a Girondist, succeeded in obtaining Cazotte's arrest for the second time. He was led before the fearful tribunal; but even the men who constituted the sanguinary court could discover no crime on the part of the aged man, whose gentleness and kindness were universally known. With an odious hypocrisy, the public accuser, Fouquier Thinvillle, finally said: "Why, Cazotte, must I find thee guilty after a virtuous life of seventy-two years? It is not enough to be a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour—a man must also be a good citizen!" And with a similar hypocrisy the presiding judge continued: "Look death in the face without fear, Cazotte! Remember that it cannot terrify thee. It is impossible for a man such as thou art to tremble at such a moment!"

The truth was, he was condemned before trial. After

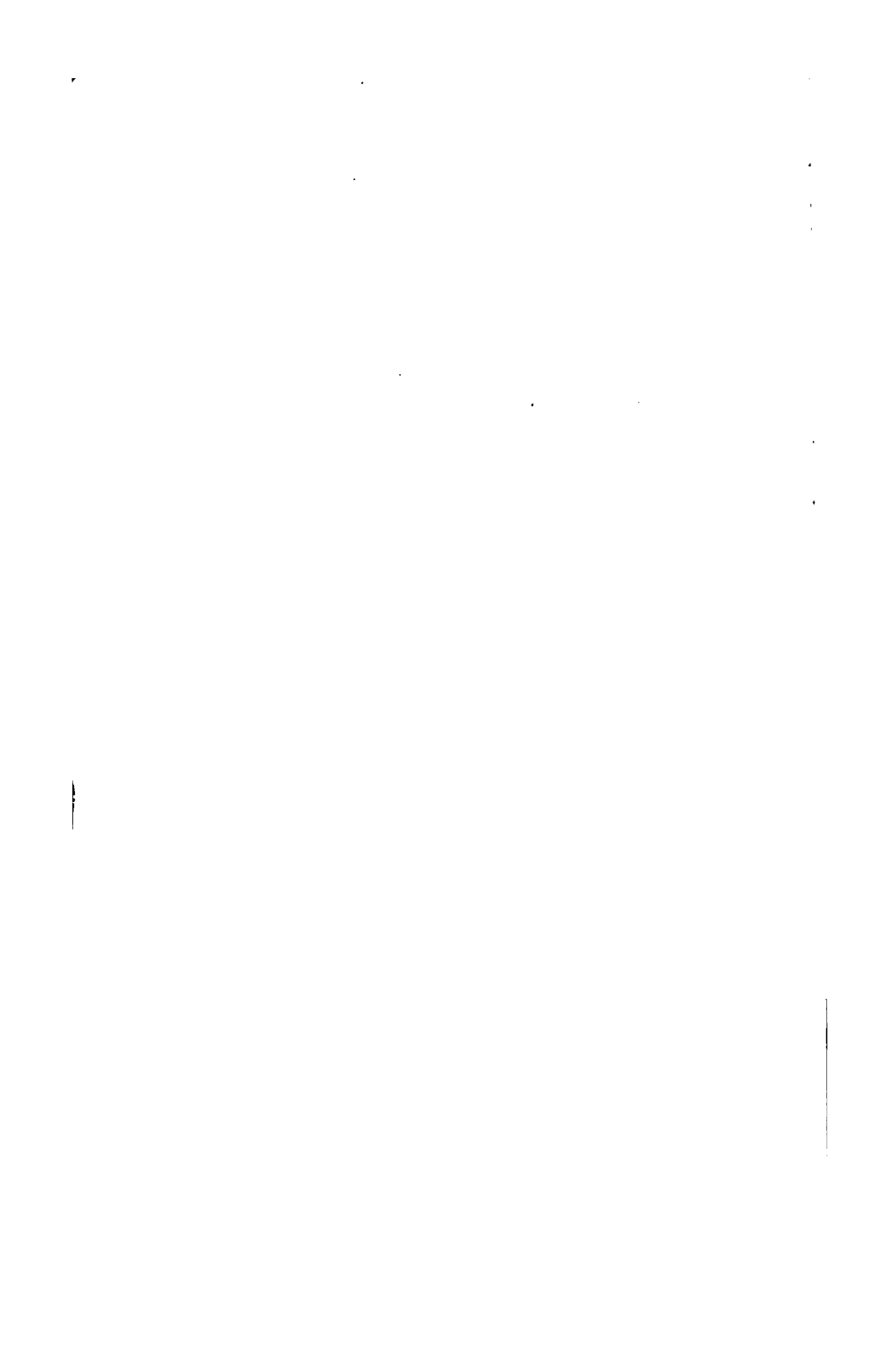
* There seems a remarkable coincidence between this narrative and certain scenes in a 'Tale of Two Cities.'

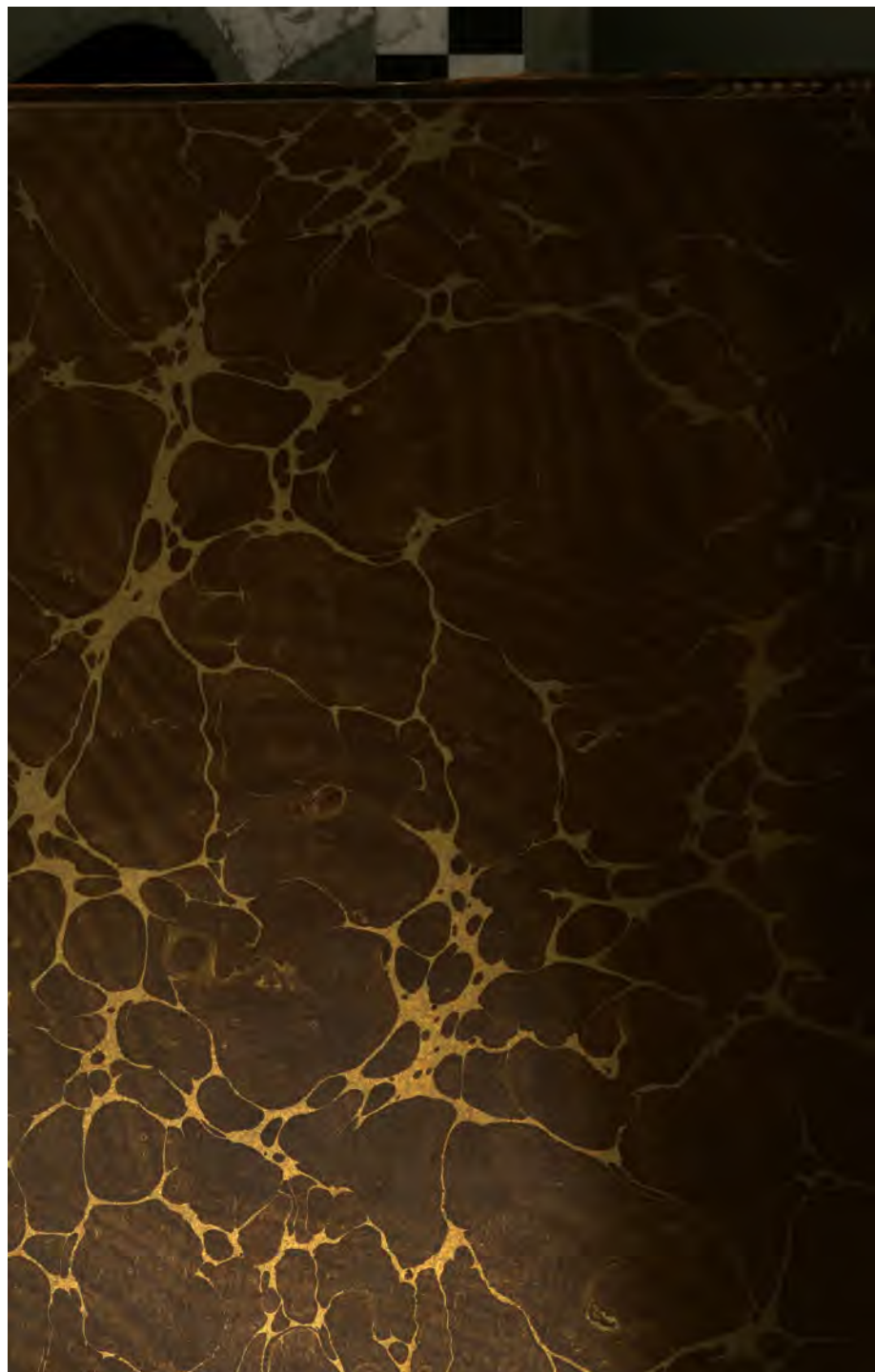
taking leave, in writing, of his wife and family in a letter which concluded as follows—"My wife, my children, do not weep for me—do not try to console me—and, before all, never fail in your duty to God!"—he ascended the scaffold with a firm step on the morning of September 25, 1792. He cut off one of his white locks, which he sent as a farewell present to his brave and lovely daughter, prayed fervently, and then laid his head on the block with the loud cry of "I die as I have lived—faithful to my God and to my king!" A second later and his white head rolled on the scaffold.

According to the statement of St. Meard, in his '*Agonie des Trente-huit Heures*,' Cazotte during the last days of his life lost none of his firmness or liveliness. He was enabled to offer sweet consolation to some of his fellow-prisoners, while to those who adhered to their incredulity he sought to prove, by the example of Cain and Abel, that prisoners were happier than individuals enjoying their full liberty, and declared that he had found their fate revealed in the Apocalypse. In this way his prophecy was fulfilled on himself. He had shouted "Woe over Jerusalem!" and was one of the first victims. Still, his memory ought to smell sweet and blossom in the dust, for he died as he had lived—a faithful servant to his God and king.

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END OF VOL. I.





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